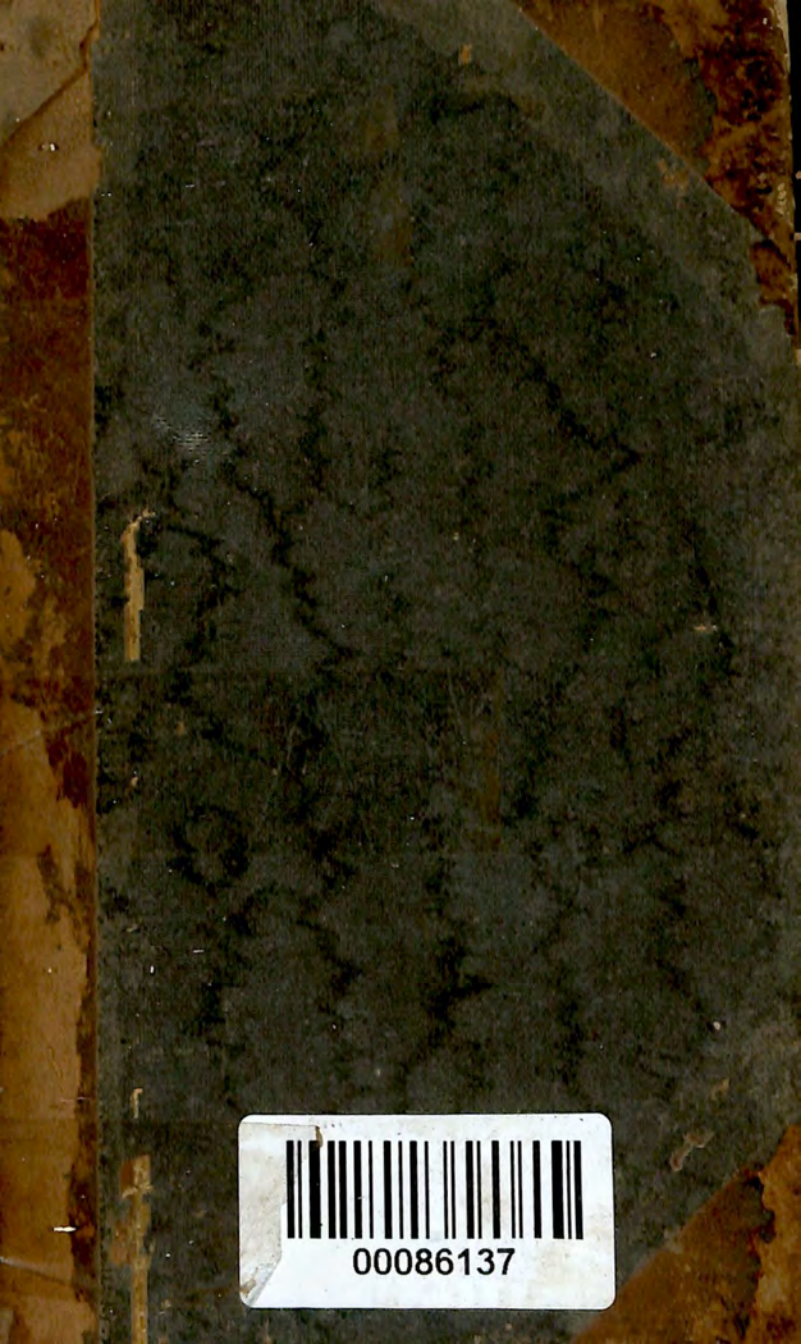
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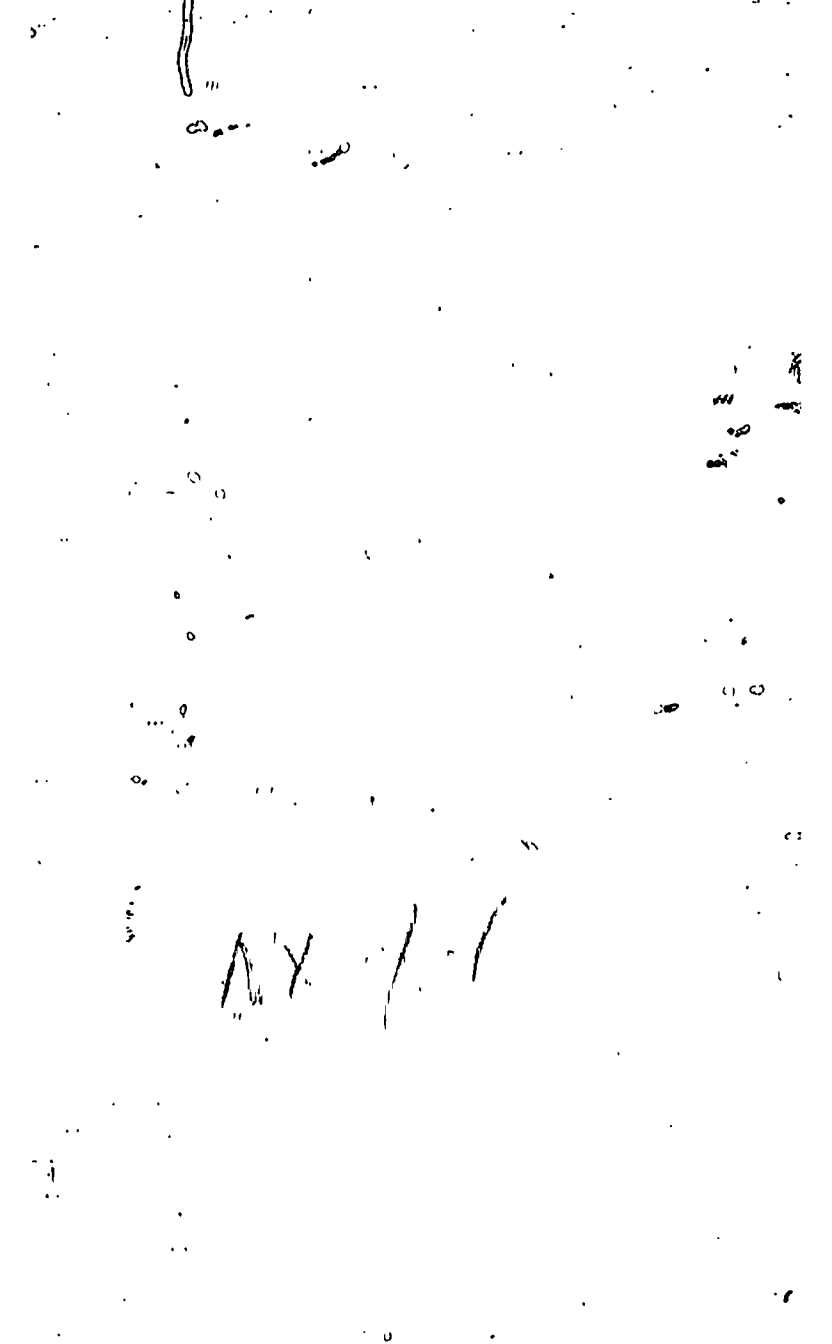

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A

# YEAR IN SPAIN.

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BY

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

3. h. 23

Bien se lo que son tentaciones del demonio, y que una de las mayores es ponerle a un hombre en el entendimiento que puede componer y imprimir un libro, con que gane tanta fama como dineros, y tantos dineros cuanta fama.

CERVANTES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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# YEAR IN SPAIN.

## CHAPTER XI.

### KINGDÓM OF NEW CASTILE.

Second Excursion.—Father Patrick.—The Carro.—Arrival at Aranjuez.—Jose.—The Palaces and Gardens.—Tedious Ride to Toledo.—Pause at a Venta.—Renew our Journey.—Wamba.—Arrival at Toledo.

On my return from Segovia, I received intelligence which made me anxious to depart with as little delay as possible for the south of Spain. Being, however, extremely unwilling to leave Castile without visiting Toledo, I determined to steal time enough to make a short journey to that famous old city, and to turn a little aside in the way, in order to see something of the palaces and gardens of the much boasted Aranjuez.

On the first of April I was ready to depart, and as there would be no diligence passing through

Aranjuez until Wednesday, I endeavoured to find some earlier conveyance. Of the many galeras which trade regularly to the four kingdoms of Andalusia, there were none just then ready; but I was able at length, with the assistance of my good friend Don Diego, to find a *carro* in the Calle Toledo, which was to start at an early hour on the following morning. Finding myself at the time in the neighbourhood of Father Patrick, and remembering that he had offered me a letter, in case I should go to Toledo, to an old friend of his—a canon in the metropolitan cathedral—I entered his house, and going up a single pair of stairs, rang the bell at the door of his apartment.

Father Patrick was an Irishman, who had come when a youth to Spain, and had studied theology, as many of his countrymen had done before, in the Colegio de los Irlandeses at Salamanca. Since then he had passed an eventful life, chequered with a more than usual share of that incident and adventure which has been the lot of the Spanish clergy, during the various revolutions which have of late convulsed the Peninsula. He had, doubtless, taken an active part in politics; for he was once a prisoner of the French, and with his liberty had like to have lost his life. But he had gone safely through all these troubles, and now that the church had again triumphed over the constitution, he was busily em-

ployed in securing the advantages of victory. For aught I know, he might have been connected with that vast system, by means of which the Spanish hierarchy not only influence, but control the leading measures of state; that parallel government, which, though unseen, runs beside the ostensible one—is constantly informed of every thing going on all over the world, of a favorable or unfavorable tendency to the cause of the church—and is ever ready with heart and hand to forward the great interests of that alliance, by means of which the Altar and the Throne still struggle to maintain their tottering dominion. Be this as it may, Father Patrick was often in possession of news, foreign and domestic, before they had reached the diplomatic circles; and I even once heard him say, when bewailing a disaster which had befallen the crusaders in Portugal, that he had been in possession of the particulars ere they were known at the palace.

Before I had time to give a second pull at the bell of Father Patrick, his own voice was heard within calling "*Quien?*" I gave the usual answer, and was at once admitted. He was no longer habited in the long hat, low robe and flowing cloak of the Spanish priest; but had on a dark surtout, beneath which were seen a pair of neat legs in black stockings. A small black neck-stock, having a narrow streak of violet, and a silk skull-

cap to cover the tonsure, alone indicated the man of God. As for his face, it was well fed and rosy, full of mirth, frankness, and good humor; in short, it was all Irish. He had been sitting at a table covered with books, breviaries, and newspapers, and in front of his chair was a half-written paper, which he presently covered, and which might very well have been a letter to the noisy Shiel or the noisier O'Connell.

And here, too, I would willingly tell the reader of a pilgrim, who was very often in the company of Father Patrick. He was the son of a protestant clergyman in Ireland, but had gone back to the faith of Saint Peter, and, by way of penance, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He was a tall man, with lank white hair hanging about his features, from under a broad-brimmed hat. In his right hand was the long staff of the pilgrim, whilst, for garments, he wore a surtout and breeches, which might have fitted him when he left Ireland, but which had grown far too capacious in less healthy climes. With the limbs and frame of a giant, our pilgrim had not only the simplicity, but even the squeaking tones of a child; for he had lost his voice in a fit of dysentery in Palestine. His language was simple and unaffected, and from much reading of the Bible, he had caught the Scripture phraseology, which was rendered still more quaint

by his cracked unmanageable voice, which would change from a bass to a treble, mount a full octave, and quaver off into a whine at the end of his sentences. He had many moving accidents by flood and field to tell of, and many wonders concerning the Holy Land, together with sore rib-roastings received from infidel Turks during his lonely pilgrimage; which meek and pious narrations would often be interrupted by a hearty fat laugh or a broad jest from Father Patrick, who held both pilgrimage and self-denial in great contempt, but whose lewd waggery was little regarded or perhaps understood by his simple-minded companion. To return from this digression, Father Patrick, when he found I was going to Toledo, at once offered me a note to the Canonigo, which he wrote upon the spot, and I returned home with every thing ready for the journey.

Having risen the next day at an early hour, I repaired in due time to the inn of my carro. And here, lest the reader should form too magnificent an idea of our vehicle from the favorable sound of its name, it may not be amiss to tell him that it was neither more nor less than a rough cart, made entirely with the broad axe. Instead of shafts, it had a single piece of timber projecting from the centre, by means of which and a transverse beam, the vehicle was sustained in a horizontal position, resting upon the backs of the two mules which

drew it. Like the galera, it had a canvas covering, under which, and upon a solid load of various commodities, the passengers were to be accommodated. All being ready, we got in and sallied through the gate of Toledo. The carro I soon discovered to be a very inferior conveyance to the galera. The latter, covering a very large space, is not easily disturbed, and rolls over the ground with a certain gravity of motion; but the carro is a restive, vivacious vehicle, hopping and jumping over every pebble, and, inasmuch as you cannot seat yourself at any great distance from the wheels, its caprices are all brought home to you.

Towards noon we had gone fourteen miles, which was half the journey, when we stopped to dine in Valdemoro—Valley of the Moor. Our meal was rather a homely one, consisting of a soup seasoned with garlic, which was served up in a large earthen basin, from which each one helped himself with a wooden spoon. Next came the puchero, from which the soup had been made; and then a salad. This being despatched, each one sought a bench or table, upon which to make a hasty siesta. At two we again departed from Valdemoro. The sun was very powerful. There was not a breath of air, and the heat became intense. Furthermore, it had not rained for some time, and the dust which covered the road was as fine as powder, and rose into the

air upon the slightest agitation. We had not got far from Valdemoro, when we were overtaken by two galeras of the king's stables, conveying furniture to Aranjuez, preparatory to the removal of the court. Each of them was drawn as usual by a great number of mules, so that they did not lack the means of kicking up a dust. Our charioteer, being young and ardent, was anxious to recover the lead. This the galera men would not consent to, so we galloped on, in the cloud of dust which followed them. Not content with outstripping us and choking us with dust, the galera men now rallied and ridiculed us. In this, however, they had no advantage of our man, who in his jokes treated majesty itself with little ceremony. "*Los caleseros del rey, poca honra!*"—"The king's wagoners, forsooth! small is the honor!" The Spaniards, though on ordinary occasions grave and taciturn, when they become excited by a race, or by any other contest for superiority, are the wildest creatures in the world.

In due time we reached the bold bank of the Jarama, and caught a view of that stream, of the more distant Tagus, and of the verdant groves of Aranjuez, all contrasting most gratefully with the dusty sterility of the country through which we had been passing. We descended by a winding road to the valley of the Jarama, crossed that noble

bridge of which I have elsewhere spoken, and before five o'clock our carro had traversed the Tagus, and paused for us to descend in the Plaza of Aranjuez. I had scarce reached the ground before several lads offered their services to carry my little travelling bag. All looked disappointed except the successful candidate, who took the prize under his arm, and led the way to the posada.

Having shaken off a portion of the dust, which had gathered round me during the journey, I walked forth to refresh myself in a ramble along the banks of the Tagus. In crossing the Plaza to join the river, I was accosted by a lad, whom I presently recognised to be one of those who had offered to conduct me to the posada. He asked me if I had lost any thing when I got down from the carro, and at the same time took from his cap a cut glass ink-stand with a brass cover, which fitted tightly with a screw. I was pleased with this little act of honesty in a needy boy, and on turning to take more notice of him, was struck with his frank sunburnt face, and keen black eye. Having asked him to show me to a pleasant walk, he took me at once across the bridge, and as we traced a foot-path which lay along the margin of the river, I drew from him a story which was more than melancholy.

Jose—for such was the name of the lad—had

never known his father; as he had been born to sorrow, he might also have been begotten in guilt. All that he knew of himself was, that three years before, at the period when the entry of the French troops into Spain had restored the priest party to preponderance and power—at that period of universal licence, when from a pulpit in Madrid it was publicly proclaimed to be no sin to kill the child of a Constitutional, though in its mother's womb—two royalists had entered their dwelling in the dead of night, and despatched his mother with their knives. Jose could not tell whether this murder had been instigated by religious or political fanaticism, or by revengeful jealousy—it was enough for him that they had killed his mother. Since that fatal night, he had wrestled for his bread, as best he could. His character seemed to have formed itself prematurely, and though only twelve years old, he had already something of the bearing and dignity of manhood. Yet his ragged clothing and uncombed hair showed that he still needed a mother's care.

I was greatly struck with the solitary and unfriended condition of this poor boy, and determined to employ him the next day in showing me the wonders of Aranjucz. In returning towards the posada our road lay through the market place. It was thronged with laborers, returning from their

work in the palaces and gardens, and who paused in groups to talk over the gossip of the day. All the men wore the undress of royalist volunteers. I had no where seen so many of these birds of evil omen. In one group near which we passed, I noticed a stout, powerful man with thick hair and long black mustaches. His jacket was hanging carelessly from the left shoulder, and a red cockade of most royal dimensions was stuck under the ribbon of his hat. He followed us with his eyes as we went by, and when we had turned a corner, the boy drew towards me and said, "It was he who killed my mother!"—"*Es el, quien mató á mi madre!*"

The next morning I was waked at sunrise, by my little companion of the day before; and we went at once to the principal palace. This building was commenced by Charles V., who delighted in Aranjuez. Since then many ranges of buildings have been erected for the accommodation of the throng with which this court is always accompanied. They are all built with arcades and terraces. Had a uniform plan been observed throughout, they would form a noble assemblage. The arrangement and furniture of the interior have nothing striking, and there are few good paintings. But it is upon its gardens, rather than upon its palaces, that Aranjuez founds its reputation. They are indeed delightful. The Tagus, being dammed up, is rendered navi-

gable above for the amusement of the court, and at the same time its waters are poured at pleasure over the grounds, and led to the roots of every shrub. This may account for the unequalled size and luxuriance of the trees. A portion of the river being thus diverted to irrigate the garden, the remainder rushes over the dam, forming a perpetual cascade beneath the windows of the palace. The garden is laid out in straight walks, adorned by arbors, parterres, fountains, and groups of statues, and the trees, instead of being trimmed to the quick, are left to their own luxuriance.

Leaving the palace, we now struck into the *Calle de la Reyna*, a fine wide road, which runs along the Tagus, and is shaded by noble trees. The river in its windings sometimes receded from the road, sometimes approached it closely. The space between them formed one continuous orchard, called the Garden of Spring, planted with peach, pear, plum, almond, and cherry trees, which were then covered with flowers, exhaling the most grateful fragrance. Fruit trees certainly add a wonderful charm to a mere pleasure garden; for they carry with them that idea of utility which raises every thing in human estimation. Nor did Flora withhold her aid in decking forth this Garden of Primavera. On every side were seen bushes of roses and beds of the gayest flowers, enclosed in hedges

of odoriferous shrubs, whilst the vine, clambering along the trunks of the trees, was preparing, with shoot and tendril, to send abroad its airy festoons. My enjoyment of the garden was shared by the whole feathered tribe, for the groves and shrubberies resounded with their songs. The nightingales are said, especially, to delight in this favored abode, where they arrive in incredible numbers about the middle of April, to pass their joyous season of love and matrimony.

Never have I made so pleasant a walk as this along the Calle de la Reyna, and beside the Garden of Primavera. The time was that auspicious hour, when the sun had just strength enough to dissipate the coolness of the morning without bringing in exchange the least feeling of languor, and ere he had yet drunk up the dewdrops, which still clung to the leaves, the blossoms, and the branches. The place, too, was Aranjuez, the land of Galatea, the scene of many a pastoral ditty; whilst the river which glided by with scarcely a ripple, reflecting the flying clouds, the azure sky, the hovering birds, the stately trees which skirted its banks, or the humbler willows which plunged their branches into its current, was the *Tajo dorado* of Cervantes, Gongora, and Garcilaso. As for the season of the year, it was that very vernal time, sung by poets and eulogized by moralists, when nature, escaping from the

dreary durance of her wintry sleep, arrays herself once more in the habiliments of joy; that spring, which we love by comparison with the past and in anticipation of the future, whose promises we value higher than the realities of summer, because not having yet reached maturity, it does not bring with it the idea of decay, just as we prefer virgin beauty to the perfection of womanhood, or the blowing to the full-blown rose.

Tracing the stream upward, we came at length to the Casa de los Marineros. This is a naval arsenal in miniature, with its buildings, its dock-yard, its ships, and even its sailors, who come from the sea-coast, and wear the naval uniform. Opposite is a little battery with embrasures for cannon, and, in the time of Bourgoanne, a number of frigates in miniature might be seen with spread canvas and fluttering pennons, coursing it over the Tagus, engaged in mock combat with each other, or in bombarding the battery. The only boat which I saw was the king's barge. It was gorgeously decorated, and seemed manned with statues, rising like mermaids above the water.

Leaving behind the naval arsenal, we next came to the Casa del Labrador. This fairy palace was built by Charles IV., a prince who added a passion for rural enjoyments and a refined taste in the arts to a singular destitution of every honorable feeling

Its exterior forms three sides of a square, with busts and statues standing in niches in its walls, or upon the balustrade which surrounds the court-yard. The decoration of the interior is rich, elegant, and tasteful; but, by a singular caprice, the apartment usually doomed to the most scrupulous concealment is here the most conspicuous of all. Its windows command the pleasantest view of the surrounding country; whilst within it is decorated with the costliest tables, vases, and time-pieces, and even hung round with four superb paintings, drawn by the magic pencil of Girodet, and presented by Napoleon.

The court comes to Aranjuez in April, and remains until the dog-days, when it removes to La Granja; for, when the violent heats of summer set in, the air of this place is loaded with exhalations from the swampy valley, and becomes so noxious, that even the inhabitants are forced to withdraw to the neighbouring highlands. Thus Aranjuez, which in May has a population of nearly ten thousand, has no other inhabitants in August than the few that are detained by poverty *. From La Granja the court retires, as we have seen, to the Escurial, and thence, in November, to Madrid. From Madrid it goes to the Prado, and thence, again, in the spring,

* Bourgoanne.

to Aranjuez. Each of these *Sitios Reales*, not to mention several minor palaces, has its separate administration and train of attendants—a monstrous state of things, utterly inconsistent with the beggarly condition of the national resources.

Of all the *Sitios Reales*, however, none may compare with Aranjuez. Indeed, when the powerful sun of this elevated region strikes with unmitigated fury upon the naked plains of Castile, here one may find lofty trees to intercept the burning rays, and shade that is ever impervious. The smell is greeted with the most grateful perfumes, and the singing of birds, and the rushing of water in subterranean canals, or its splash as it falls from ever-gushing fountains, or the louder roar of the tumbling cataract, come cheeringly upon the ear.

After being detained a day longer at Aranjuez than I had contemplated, for want of a conveyance, my little friend Jose at length procured me the means of reaching Toledo. Indeed, I was just thinking of the expediency of departing afoot, on the fourth morning of my absence from Madrid, when Jose knocked at my door, and told me that he had got a horse for me, and that he was to go along, to bring him back, on a borrico. I liked this arrangement well. So, paying my bill and packing up my sack, I sallied out into the court-yard, to commence my journey. I did not expect

to be very splendidly mounted, but my astonishment and confusion were indeed great, on finding that I had to ride upon a miserable *rocin*, that had lost its hair by some disease, especially upon the tail, which was as long and as naked as the trunk of an elephant. The only flesh the animal had left seemed to have descended into its legs, and as for his hips, his backbone, and ribs, they were every where conspicuous, save where covered by a huge pack-saddle, stuffed with straw and covered with canvas. What made the matter still worse, the master of the beast, an old man in a brown cloak, held his hand before me, as I was approaching to take a nearer view, and told me that if it was *igual* to me, he would take the two dollars beforehand. I explained to the old man how very possible it was that his horse would not live to complete the journey; to which he replied, with some indignation, that he would carry me to *las Indias*, much more to Toledo. As he continued to hold out his hand with a resolute air, I dropped the required sum into it, and grasping the pack-saddle for want of a mane, I vaulted at once into the seat. The back of the poor animal cracked and twisted under the burthen, and as he gave some indications of a disposition to lie down, I drew forcibly upon the halter. Thus roughly handled, his neck bent backward like a broken bow, and, making a few retrograde steps,

he backed full upon Jose, who, well pleased with the idea of so long an excursion, was drawn up behind, upon a little mouse-colored ass, with the game-bag, which contained all my travelling equipage, hung round his neck and hanging from his shoulder. Three or four sound blows from the cudgel of Jose, accompanied by a kick under the belly from the master of the beast, corrected this retrograde motion, which being changed for an advance, we sallied out of the inn and took our way through the market-place, to the admiration of all Aranjuez.

Leaving the palace on the right, we entered a fine road which passed through the royal possessions, and was skirted on either side with fine trees, planted in a double row. This part of Aranjuez is similar to Flanders in its level surface and the fertility of the soil; whence its name of Campo Flamenco. Having passed the barrier, which marks the royal domain, the trees, which had originally been planted a mile or two farther, became rare and scattering. The few that still remained were either wounded in the trunk, or had a ring of bark removed, with a view to destroy them; a singular evidence of that inveterate antipathy to trees, which has already been noticed as being prevalent throughout the central provinces of Spain.

During the remainder of the seven leagues, which

lie between Toledo and Aranjuez, we passed through a country, once, perhaps, by the aid of irrigation, rendered as fertile as the neighbouring fields of Aranjuez, but now a complete desert, without inhabitants and without cultivation. The valley of the Tagus continued level as we advanced; but towards Toledo, the course of the river seemed to be arrested by a rocky barrier, upon one of the pinnacles of which the city was seen, conspicuous by its lofty Alcazar. We did not follow the circuitous course of the stream, but left it far on the right. Sometimes it approached the road, and then receded from it again; but where the water itself could not be discovered, its meanderings might easily be traced by a winding track of verdure. But the distant vegetation, the cooling noise of the water, and the shade of the trees, were all lost upon us, or, still worse, seemed placed so near only to mock our suffering. The heat was intense; for, as is usual in this climate, a cloudless sky left a free action for the rays of the sun. The dust, too, set in motion by my horse, had time to envelope me, ere he could get beyond it. Nor was there any comfort in my seat. The pack-saddle was hard and uneven, and, being without stirrups, my legs, abandoned to their own support, seemed at each instant to grow longer and heavier. I had tired them, too, in kicking the ribs of my beast, in order to make him keep up with

Jose and his borrico, which moved its feet so quickly over the ground, that it seemed even to be getting on much faster and leaving me behind, though it preserved always the same interval. It was a long and a weary ride this; for the lofty Alcazar of Toledo seemed ever to maintain the same distance as when we first discovered it, in emerging from the groves of Aranjuez.

Towards noon, we reached a part of these desert and barren downs, where some laborers were constructing nórias to raise water for the purpose of irrigation. Hard by stood a solitary *venta*, which we gladly entered, to procure some food, and to escape awhile from the fury of the sun. A muleteer accompanied by two women had paused just before us, and was busy skinning a hare which he had just shot, and from which they were about to make their dinner. As we carried no gun, and had not been so fortunate, we asked a coarse-haired, dark-eyed old woman, what she had to eat; and, being answered that there were eggs, we ordered a *tortilla*. Our hostess went into the next room, whence some hens had just come cackling forth to join the group that were picking the crums in the kitchen, and presently returned with half a dozen new-laid eggs, breaking them at once into a frying-pan, the bottom of which she had previously covered with oil. Whilst this operation was going

on, Jose led his beast to the shady side of the house, and, taking a few handfuls of barley from a canvas bag which hung from the back of the borrico, he threw it upon the ground, and left the two animals eating together in peace, like Rosinante and the Rucio.

The eggs were soon emptied into an earthen dish, where they floated at large in a sea of oil; the dish was placed on a low table, which, for want of a bench—the only one in the house being occupied by the party of the muleteer—we drew close to the door, so as to take our seats upon the sill. Now that we had our meal before us, however, it was not so easy to eat it. The bread and the wine, indeed, gave us no trouble; but the eggs were as much beyond our reach, as fishes that you see in the water, but have no means of catching. In vain did we ask for a spoon or a fork. Our hostess only regretted that she could do nothing for us. Until a week before, she had two wooden spoons and one horn one, for the accommodation of cavaliers, who did not carry their own utensils; but some *quintas*, or conscripts, had passed by, on their way to the frontier of Portugal, and halted during the heat of the day at her house. Since then, she had seen nothing either of her horn spoon or of the two wooden ones, and she never meant to buy another. As our invention was sharpened by hunger,

Jose and I bethought ourselves to cut the bread into slices, and to use two pieces as chop-sticks, after the manner of the Chinese. In this way, and by lending each other occasional assistance in catching a refractory egg, we were enabled to drive them, one by one, into a corner, and draw them out, until nothing remained but the oil.

Leaving the venta, when we had finished our meal, we set forward anew. Soon after we came up with a curate, who was doubtless going to pass the holy week in Toledo, with his *ama* or housekeeper, and a good number of little orphans and nieces. The *pádre cúra* was seated upon a mule, with his robes drawn up around him, so as to make room for the back of the animal, and displaying a pair of legs which seemed all unused to the saddle. As for his long hat, it was tied under the chin by a white handkerchief, which passed over the crown. He had, altogether, a very helpless, roasted look, yet seemed to take every thing with much christian resignation.

At length, towards three in the afternoon, we drew near the end of the valley, and began to approach the rocky pinnacle upon which stands the city of Toledo. Our journey became more pleasant towards the close; for a rugged mountain, along whose base the road wound its way, protected us from the scorching heat of the sun, whilst here

and there a scattering tree relieved the monotony. Presently after, we drew near some country inns, where groups of people had halted to refresh themselves on their way to or from the city; and hard by was a fountain, at which horses, goats, and asses were slaking their thirst; whilst a young girl came, like Rebecca of old, with a stone jar upon her head in search of water. Being unwilling to enter Toledo, where I was to remain a few days, in the same state in which I had sallied from Aranjuez, whither I might never return again, I now slid down from my rocin, as he stood drinking from the full curb of the fountain, and discharged Jose, with many good wishes on both sides. Then having shaken off the dust which had gathered about me, I took a long draught from the cool jar of the maiden, and crossed the road, to take a nearer view of the coarse and defaced statue of the good king Wamba.

The road now wound up a rocky eminence, and presently after came to an abrupt precipice, connected with a similar one, which stood opposite, by a convenient bridge. These precipices were the banks of the Tagus. On reaching the middle of the bridge, I paused to look down upon the stream, and could hardly persuade myself that the Tagus, which at Aranjuez glides so peacefully through a level valley amid groves and gardens, was indeed

the same with the noisy torrent, which now foamed and fretted its way between rocks and precipices, and at such a fearful distance beneath me, that I grew dizzy as I gazed. From the bridge the road led, by winding approaches, along the rocky cone upon the pinnacle of which Toledo is situated, until it brought me at length to one of the portals of the city. Over the centre of the arch was a two-headed eagle, reminding me that I was about to enter an imperial city, the residence of two emperors, Alonso el Sabio and Carlos Quinto. Having traversed a huge square, enclosed by ranges of buildings with arcades and balconies, I found comfortable quarters in the Fondadel Arzobispo.

*Lady and Gentleman of Castile with Moorish girl.*

## CHAPTER XII.

### KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE.

Toledo.—Present Condition.—Father Thomas.—Cathedral.—Private Habitations.—Alcazar and other Buildings.—Vega.—Sword Manufactory and Quemadero.—Evening Ramble.—Leave Toledo in a Coche de Coleras.—Amusing Ride.—Venta Scenes.—Return to Madrid.

TOLEDO is a very old city; so old, indeed, that there is a vulgar tradition among its inhabitants, that Adam was the first king of Spain, and that Toledo was his capital; nay, more, at the moment when the machine of creation was set in motion, the sun started from the meridian of Toledo.

Under the Roman domination, Toledo was the capital of the Carpitania, and had the privilege of coining money, though it never rose to the dignity of a colony. The people of this province were among the bravest in Spain; for it included within its limits that Numantiæ so famous for its bloody and terrible resistance against the Romans, and which was at length annihilated by Scipio Africanus. The long residence of the Goths in Toledo accounts sufficiently for the existence of so few remains of those noble monuments with which the Romans were used to mark their dominion; for

the Goths are said to have been so eager to destroy all record of the Roman power, that they would demolish the finest columns, and even throw medals into the Tagus. Traces of an amphitheatre may, however, be seen near the city. A single arch is still standing, and the outline of the whole may yet be discovered.

It was in the neighbourhood of Toledo that Taric, the Moslem general at the time of the conquest of Spain by the Arabs, found that precious table adorned with hyacinths and emeralds, which Gelif Aledris, in his description of Spain, calls the table of Solomon ben David. This table is supposed to have been saved by the captive Jews, with other precious and sacred vessels, from the pillage of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar, and brought with them into Spain. It was probably the same table of the shew-bread * spoken of in the book of Kings and by Josephus, and which, with the candlestick and

* There can be little doubt that this was the original table of shew-bread made by Solomon, and that it was secreted by the Jews when the treasures of the temple were carried by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon. That table which Titus brought with him on his triumphal return to Rome was not the same; for when the city and temple were rebuilt, after the first destruction, by the order of Cyrus, the sacred vessels were made anew, similar indeed to the old, but of inferior excellence, wanting, as they did, the anointing oil, which Moses had compounded at the divine command. See Prideaux's Connexions; Horne's Introduction; Book of Exodus.

the altar of incense, constituted the three wonders of the temple *.

Under the Arab domination, Toledo rose to a high degree of prosperity. The Christians were protected in the possession of their property and in the exercise of their faith; and the Jews found in the Moslems a people of more congenial origin and of a spirit infinitely more tolerant, and were allowed to give full scope to their diligence and industry. The system of agriculture which the Arabs introduced into Spain was likewise calculated to increase the productiveness of a country, where cultivation is greatly retarded by the extreme dryness of the climate. The soil was every where irrigated by calling in the aid of streams and rivers, where they were convenient, and elsewhere by the digging of wells and the construction of nórias. Thus some tracts were rendered very fertile which had hitherto been little so, and verdure was introduced amidst rocks and ravines.

Toledo declined in prosperity after it was conquered by the Christians in 1085, owing to the unwise oppression of its Moorish inhabitants. According to the terms of the capitulation, the Moors were to be allowed the free possession of their property and exercise of their faith; but the sti-

* Josephus, Antiquities of the Jews, book viii. chap. 2.

pulations were gradually forgotten by the conquerors. Their churches were taken from them, one by one, and purified, and their property plundered by force or fraud; until, at length, they were glad to escape from a city, which, though dear to them as the place of their nativity, was embittered by the recollection of ruined privileges and lost liberty.

After a considerable lapse of time, Toledo again rose from its ruins, and became a most flourishing commercial and manufacturing city. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it had a population of not less than two hundred thousand souls, and there is even extant a petition of the inhabitants for a redress of some grievances, which states that manufactures were in such a fallen condition, that there no longer remained more than thirty thousand artisans. In the present century, the entire population of Toledo does not amount to twenty thousand. This unexampled decay is partly owing to the removal of the court, partly to the bloody persecutions of the descendants of the Jews, who had become Christians, in order to save their property and remain in their native land, at the time of the general expulsion of that vagrant and unhappy people. They were among the most industrious and richest of the inhabitants; and it is, perhaps, to this fact that they were mainly in-

debted for the solicitude of the Holy Office. The loss of its liberties and privileges in the time of Charles V., and the gradual enslavement of the whole nation under his successors, are, however, the chief causes of the decline of industry and wealth in Toledo, where it is even more remarkable than in any other part of Spain.

But though the prosperity of Toledo has passed away, though the industrious classes have dwindled, and well nigh disappeared, the priests and friars still remain, and maintain themselves without diminution. There are now in Toledo near one hundred religious establishments, whether parish churches, convents of monks and nuns, chapels or hermitages. Many of these are endowed with rich estates in the city or surrounding country, and are supported in a style of great magnificence. The Cathedral alone is said to have six hundred people connected with it, including priests, singers, and familiars. Previous to the Revolution, the archbishop's share of the *dismes* and other revenues belonging to the Cathedral amounted to the enormous sum of six hundred thousand dollars. Though doubtless much reduced by the alienation of their estates, by the imperfect payment of the disme, and by the heavy subsidies annually granted to the king, in his present emergency, yet, according to the admission of the clergy themselves, it is still

worth two hundred thousand dollars. The canons, inferior dignitaries, and servants, are all provided for on the same princely scale.

Toledo, indeed, furnishes a striking epitome of the national decay. Here you may see the monuments of past magnificence crumbling to pieces, and ready to crush the squalid habitations of modern times. If you go forth into those streets, which were once thronged with busy artisans and bustling soldiers, you are met by burly priests in unwieldy hats and sable garments, or filthy friars, with shaven crowns and robes of dirty flannel, their well filled and sensual faces giving a flat denial to the humility of their attire. These, with the realistas and hordes of able-bodied beggars, who receive their regular meals at the convent doors and bring up families without labor, compose no inconsiderable part of the population of Toledo. Instead of the noise of the loom and the shuttle, and the voice of cheerful labor, which announced the presence of an industrious and happy people, you may now hear the tinkling bell of the host, or the louder tolling of some convent clock, calling the lazy inmates to the daily duties of the refectory. The stirring sounds of martial music are exchanged for the nasal monotony of perpetual masses. But though there is much religion in Toledo, there is very little morality. There is, on the contrary, a

vast deal of libertinism in this same sainted city. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when so large a number of robust and high fed men are interdicted from the open enjoyment of domestic and family endearments, and, at the same time, provided with money to purchase the gratification of every desire? Many of the clergy, doubtless, observe their vow of celibacy, many have domestic establishments and families, many lead a roving life, and prey upon the community. Hence the privilege of legitimating three hundred misbegotten children, conceded in the thirteenth century by the papal see, to that great prelate, Don Roderic, though inadequate to the wants of Toledo, must, if it still exist, be very useful *. The offspring of this clerical intercourse furnish monks and nuns for the convents of Toledo; just as the mendicants rear their hopeful offspring, to nourish and keep alive the beggarly fraternity.

On the afternoon of my arrival I went to see the *Canonigo*, to whom Father Patrick had addressed me. The people of the inn gave me the name of his street, and, after inquiring my way through many very short, narrow, and crooked lanes, and up and down several hills, I came at length to the one I was in search of. It was not more than five or

* Mariana.

six feet wide, and there are many such, not only in Toledo, but in all the old Moorish cities of Spain. I had not penetrated far into this dark defile before coming to the house of the Canonigo. The inner door, at which I knocked, was opened, after the customary challenge and reply, by a cord from the upper corridor, connected with the latch. Having asked for the Canonigo, the housekeeper said she would see if *Su Merced* had finished his siesta, and returning in the next moment, bade me pass on, and ushered me into his study.

I found Father Thomas a tall, thin man, about sixty years of age, with a dried up abstemious look, as of one who had ever been true to his vows. His outer cloak was thrown aside, and, instead of the long hat, he wore a square cap of black velvet, surmounted by a tassel. He sat at an antique table covered with books and papers; and was arrayed in a long gown of bombazet, from beneath which emerged his well polished shoes, decorated by a pair of large silver buckles. The serene and benevolent aspect of Father Thomas impressed me favorably from the first; and this feeling increased, when, after reading the note of his old friend Father Patrick, he inquired with much interest after his health, and welcomed me to Toledo, making the usual offer of his dwelling with great kindness. Having offered me chocolate, he proposed a walk,

and taking his hat, cloak, and staff, he led me to the esplanade north of the city, and showed me the magnificent hospital of San Juan Bautista. Learning, in the course of our ramble, that my stay was to be very short, Father Thomas promised to set at once about showing me all the curiosities of Toledo, and accordingly made an engagement to meet me the next morning in the Cathedral, ere we separated at the door of the Posada.

The next morning found me in the Cathedral, agreeably to appointment. The ten o'clock mass was not yet concluded; but I did not regret the detention, for the music that accompanied it was indeed heavenly. In addition to one of the noble organs, placed beside the central nave, which are among the finest in Spain, there were a variety of bassoons, viols, and violins, and a powerful choir of voices, among which three or four, from their silver and flute-like tones, had evidently been purchased at no trifling sacrifice. The association, though painful, had become familiar, and I listened with admiration to a sublime and exquisite harmony, which borrowed a grave, foreboding, and melancholy cast, from the approaching solemnities of the Passion.

The mass over, I found Father Thomas near the baptismal fount, where he soon deposited in a chest the sacred vestments, in which he had been officiating.

Then, having resumed his ordinary garb, he began the circuit of the Cathedral. It appears that, so early as the sixth century, there existed a church on the site of the present edifice. At the period of the conquest it became a mosque; and when Toledo was again restored to the Christians, it returned to its original destination, although guaranteed to the Moors by an express article of the capitulation. Scarce, indeed, had King Alfonso departed from the captured city, which he left in possession of Constance his queen, when she, at the instigation of Bernard the archbishop, sent a party of soldiers, who entered it in the night, and drove out by force the Mussulmans, who were at their prayers. The whole was then carefully purified, altars were erected, and a bell being placed in the tower, the faithful were the next morning convened by its sound to their matin devotions. When Alfonso came to hear of these things, he was very indignant at this open violation of his royal word. He returned towards Toledo, resolved to punish the turbulent priests; nor would he be appeased, though they went forth to meet him dressed in mourning, until the Moors themselves, dreading the further vengeance of the clergy, sent an alfaqui to soothe the anger of the king. Since then the Cathedral has ever maintained its original destination, and in the thirteenth century was greatly enlarged and rebuilt,

as we now see it. It is four hundred feet long by two hundred broad, and has five distinct naves, sustained by the walls and by eighty-four gothic columns, placed in four rows. This edifice is lower than gothic churches usually are; but the central nave rises to an elevation of one hundred and sixty feet, and would appear to great advantage if the whole extent were seen. Being, however, cut up into a variety of divisions, for the choir and for altars, the grand effect is entirely destroyed. Upon the whole, this Cathedral metropolitan of all Spain is a noble and imposing edifice.

The Cathedral possesses few fine paintings on canvas, those which were good having disappeared during the war of Independence, when the French and Spaniards plundered every thing promiscuously. During that period of licence, the church treasure was carried to Cadiz, and thence brought back again, on the downfal of Napoleon. Its value is inestimable. Among the mass of gold, silver, and precious stones with which my eyes were dazzled, I was particularly struck with a large custodia for the exposition of the sacrament. It weighs seven thousand ounces of silver and gold, and is studded with precious gems. In the centre is a shrine of gold, weighing fifty pounds. Its chief value consists, however, in its elaborate workmanship, being constructed in very small pieces, which, when screwed together, form a

gothic tower, covered with the most beautiful fret-work. The most remarkable object among the treasures is an ample robe of state for the image of the Virgin. It is of satin, but so richly embroidered with pearls and studded with emeralds, amethysts, rubies, topazes, and diamonds, that the silk is entirely concealed. Clad in this robe, and holding an infant of solid gold, adorned with eight hundred jewels, the image of the Virgin is placed on certain occasions on a silver throne, weighing more than half a ton, and borne through the streets upon men's shoulders.

But if the treasure of the Cathedral be valuable, its reliquiary is, by the devout, esteemed still more so. Not to mention sundry pieces of the true cross and other relics, which may be found anywhere, it may be sufficient to name the veil of Santa Casilda. The story connected with this relic is very singular, and carries one back in imagination to a distant and peculiar age. San Ildefonso, one of the most distinguished worthies of the Spanish church, when archbishop of this same Cathedral, wrote a book in defence of the immaculacy of the Virgin, which had been attacked with much force of reasoning by the cavillers of that day. The Virgin, well pleased with this zeal of Ildefonso, sent her confidant, Santa Casilda, to signify her high satisfaction. The sainted patroness of Toledo appeared accordingly before the

archbishop, whilst performing mass in presence of the king and court, and paid him a very handsome compliment in Latin. Ildefonso, far from being terrified at this apparition, called to the king for the knife which he wore in his girdle, and cut off a piece of the veil, lest skeptics should set his story down as an invention. This fragment of the veil, and the king's knife, have ever since been preserved among the most sacred relics. Not satisfied with this honor conferred upon the defender of her reputation, the Virgin appeared publicly to Ildefonso in the church, and threw over him a garment of heavenly manufacture. This precious gift was carried to Oviedo at the time of the invasion by the infidels, and there it still remains; for the people of that city would by no means consent to relinquish their prize, and were once ready to revolt at the mere mention of such a thing. The stone upon which the Virgin alighted received the impression of her feet. It is still preserved in a chapel of the Cathedral, and is much worn by the hands of the faithful, who touch it with the ends of their fingers when grieved by disease or affliction. It would seem, however, that, notwithstanding all these miracles, this question of immaculacy is still in dispute, and has given rise to the watchword, common in Spain, of "*Ave Maria purissima!*"—"Hail, Mary most pure!" which must be replied to with "*Sin pecado concebida!*"

—"Conceived without sin!" In Toledo they have a very ingenious way of repeating these ejaculations frequently during the course of the day, and of gaining the annexed indulgence conceded by the holy see. Every person, before entering the door of another, instead of knocking, utters the exclamation, "*Ave Maria purissima!*"—The rejoinder of "*Sin pecado concebida!*" is considered a fair invitation to come in. In the fonda, where I lodged, every chamber had this watchword painted on the outside of the door, so as to remind the person about to enter of the sacred obligation. This singular salutation embarrassed me greatly at first; but having informed myself of the matter, I presently learned to shout the required response as loud as any *.

This Cathedral contains the sepulchres and remains of several of the kings of Castile. They are rudely represented by statues placed upon the tombs in a recumbent posture. The choir is surrounded within by a singular assemblage of uncouth figures. One of them represents the Moorish shepherd who was compelled to guide Alfonso VIII. and his army through an hitherto unknown pass of the Sierra Morena, where he fell unexpectedly upon the in-

* This salutation is in fact universal throughout Spain; and the mode of summoning the inhabitants of a house is to shout "Ave Maria" at the portal, or in the vacant chambers.

fidel host, and gained the bloody battle called Las Navas de Tolosa. Here is also a statue of the alfaqui who went forth to meet and pacify the irritated Alfonso, on his way to Toledo to punish the archbishop for breaking the capitulation.

On one side of the Cathedral is a square court, enclosed by ranges of columns and a covered cloister. The walls are beautifully painted in fresco by Bayeux; and it is greatly to be regretted that such noble specimens of the arts should have been placed in the open air, where they must suffer premature decay. The lives of Saint Eugenia and Leocadia, two patronesses of Toledo, furnish the subject of most of these pieces. There is one, however, placed beside the principal door, in which I admired not less the singularity of the group, than the excellence and vivacity of its execution. It represents a number of men in the old Spanish costume, who are busily employed in crucifying a lad not more than ten years old. One man stands upon a ladder, in the act of drawing the heart from an incision which he has made in the child's side. After some hesitation, Father Thomas gave me the history of the painting.

It appears that, some two centuries before, there were in Toledo many descendants of those Jews who had become converts to Christianity at the time of the expulsion. These, though they con-

formed to the outward observance of the faith, were believed to lean secretly to the religion of their fathers. They were seized upon from time to time by the Inquisition, plundered of their property, which was often great, subjected to many terrible tortures, and often roasted in the *Quemadero*. Whilst these persecutions were raging, one of the most zealous inquisitors chanced to die suddenly. It was at once said and circulated, that he had been poisoned by the *marranos* or porkers. Many of the new Christians, as they were also called by way of distinction, were at once seized upon and made to confess, in the secret dungeons of the Inquisition, that they had kidnapped a boy who disappeared suddenly about that time from the village of Guardia; that they had crucified him, as their ancestors had done with Christ, and taking out his heart, had prepared a powder from it, which they caused to be administered to the inquisitor. This extorted confession was enough to cause the sequestration of much property and the roasting of many *marranos*. I was astonished that so absurd a story should, scarce fifty years before, have formed the subject of a piece painted in the most public part of the Spanish metrópolitan; and not less so a week after, when, on my way to Andalusia, I passed through the native village of the supposed victim, to learn that El Niño de la Guardia—the

Little-one of Guardia—was still an object of great adoration.

It was pleasing to turn from this disgusting painting to the uncovered area in the hollow of the court, which is laid out in a delightful garden, planted with odoriferous shrubs and fruit-trees, and having a fountain in the centre. It was the beginning of April—the shrubs were strewed with flowers, and the trees with blossoms, whilst numberless birds poured forth their melody in unison with the ceaseless falling of the fountain. This custom of having a garden beside the church is, doubtless, borrowed from the Arabians, who usually had a court like this at the entrance of their mosques. It is indeed more than likely that the one in question, like those of Cordova and Seville, was of Arab origin.

Having seen all the wonders of the Cathedral, Father Thomas took me home with him. As I had expressed much admiration of the extreme cleanliness observable in the houses of Toledo, which was the more striking from the poor and decayed condition of the city, he took a pleasure in showing me the whole economy of his own dwelling. It was two stories high, built round a square, and having a double corridor within, sustained upon columns of marble. The roof was flat or nearly so, and at one side was a small open belvidere, over-

looking the city and surrounding country, and offering a cool and pleasing retreat. The most remarkable part of the house, however, was under ground, consisting of several arched vaults, now used as cellars; but which the Arabs, who constructed them, inhabited during the noontide heats. The space immediately beneath the court-yard was occupied by two brick *algibes*, or cisterns. One served as a reservoir for the drinking water, brought upon the backs of asses from the Tagus, and which, soon depositing its sediment, became cool and pleasant. The other received the rain collected by the roof; and, when full, the lifting of a plug at one corner of the court sent the residue into a conduit, and thence into one of the many subterranean canals of Moorish origin leading to the river, which carry off the filth of the city. The whole establishment of the Canonigo was, by the aid of an antique housekeeper and her daughter, maintained in a state of neatness and polish comparable to any thing to be met with in Holland. This was especially the case in the study of the good man, where he sat enclosed by a well-ordered collection of parchment-covered tomes, in Latin and Spanish, with a small French library and some odd volumes of English; for he had partly mastered our obstinate language during his intimacy with Father Patrick. The small oaken table, upon which stood an ebony

cross, flanked by a painting of the Virgin, and the heavy arm-chair beside it, were waxed and rubbed to an exquisite polish.

In the afternoon we went to the Alcazar, a stupendous pile, first erected by Alfonso X., to serve as a palace and strong-hold. It had long been abandoned as the residence of the Spanish kings, when that learned and benevolent prelate, Cardinal Lorcuzana, the last archbishop but one of Toledo, caused it to be refitted at an expense of two hundred thousand dollars, which he paid from his own income. He then established manufactories of silk and woollen, where the poor were voluntarily received and entertained, or else taken by force from the doors of the churches and convents, and made to work according to their abilities. They received the product of their labour after defraying their maintenance. This wise and beneficent institution soon became very flourishing. Upwards of six hundred persons were maintained in it by the produce of their own exertions, and many idle vagrants were won to the pursuits of industry. Several branches of manufacture came at length to attain a high degree of perfection in the Alcazar.

The next afternoon we went to the noble building erected by the Cardinal Lorcuzana for the university; next to the hospital for the insane, a charitable institution, for which Toledo is indebted

to the same benevolent prelate. On our way to the western gate, Father Thomas explained the object of a series of iron links, festooned round the cornices of the church of San Juan de los Reyes. The church was built by Ferdinand and Isabella, in fulfilment of a vow made by them during the siege of Granada. The iron links were the chains found upon some hundreds of Christians, released from captivity by the taking of that magnificent city.

Leaving the western gate, we now descended into the famous Vega of Toledo; a beautiful and highly cultivated plain, which forms the right bank of the Tagus, and is every where divided into gardens and orchards. After walking a mile or two, we came to the Royal Manufactory of Arms, re-established by Charles III. at the close of the last century. Here are made all the swords, halberds, and lances required for the royal armies. The establishment is on an admirable footing, and the weapons now made in it are said to be nowise inferior to those famous *Toledanos*, which, in more chivalrous times, were the indispensable weapon of every well-appointed cavalier. Toledo was celebrated not only in the time of the Moors, but even under the Romans, for the admirable temper of its swords, which is chiefly attributed to some favorable quality in the water of the Tagus, used in temper-

ing the steel. As a proof that this is the case, one of the workmen told me, that in the early period of the French invasion the manufactory was removed to Seville, where the National Junta then was; but the swords manufactured on the banks of the Guadalquivir were found to be very inferior to those which the same workmen had made in Toledo.

Returning from the Manufactory, we passed the site of the old Roman amphitheatre. Only one arch remains perfect. With the lapse of twelve centuries, the materials have been gradually removed as from a quarry, to build or repair the neighbouring city. They have likewise been freely used in the construction of a convent which stands hard by, now also in ruins, and which will doubtless disappear entirely, as the *Quemadero* of the Holy Office has done, before the fall of the remaining arch of the amphitheatre. For the Quemadero, of which I had read in Llorente's History of the Inquisition, I looked in vain. It had been utterly demolished in the revolution of 1820. The place where it stood was still marked by a small hollow, over which we walked, and which Father Thomas pointed out, without looking back or stopping. The Quemadero, or furnace, was substituted for the stake and faggot by the illustrious Torquemada, because it was found to save fuel; since a number could be roasted by a single fire. It consisted of a huge

hollow statue of plaster, erected upon a stone oven. The fire was kindled beneath, and the victims being let down from above perished slowly, rending the air with horrid yells.

The last evening of my stay in Toledo, I rambled alone in the environs, clambering among the ruins which skirt the bold bank of the Tagus. Here I found a battered column surmounted by an old stone, with an inscription setting forth that it had been erected on the site of the demolished dwelling of Don Juan de Padilla and his wife Donia Maria Pacheco, and stigmatizing them as traitors to their king and country. It had been newly restored as a beacon to warn the patriots of modern times. This monument, meant as a stigma, called at once to my remembrance the noble self-devotion of the young nobleman in defence of Spanish liberty; his affectionate appeal to his wife, when waiting for the summons of the executioner; and above all, the glorious conduct of Donia Maria herself, who, smothering her griefs and rejecting all womanish fears, fought in the same noble cause, and even outdid the noble actions of her husband *.

Crossing the bridge, I ascended the rocky mountain that lies opposite, and having gained the summit turned to look on Toledo. Beneath me lay the

* Robertson, Charles V.

city, placed on the pinnacle of a round hill, and well-nigh encircled by the Tagus. This stream would seem to have taken its course originally to the right, and subsequently to have opened itself a narrow pass through the rocky bulwark which lay opposed to it; for the opposite banks are very similar, and bear evident marks of having once been connected. After escaping from these straits, the Tagus expands its bed; its course becomes more quiet, and verdant islands rise midway between its banks. The left, upon which I stood, gradually lost its rugged and rocky character, and was thrown into a pleasing succession of swelling hills, covered with orchards of olive. In front lay the delicious Vega, irrigated in every direction by the fertilizing waters of the Tagus, and divided as far as the eye could discover into verdant strips running backward from the river. The declining sun sent his departing rays obliquely upon the tranquil surface of the stream, which showed itself from time to time in its meanderings, like a succession of glassy lakes, shedding, at the same time, a warm and mellow lustre over the varied vegetation of the Vega. The scene had remained unaltered by the lapse of centuries; but how changeful had been the fortunes of that ancient city!

Where once appeared a fair combination of domes, and columns, and arches, I now looked upon an

uncouth mass of misshapen tenements, many of which were already abandoned and fallen, and many preparing to follow. A few listless inhabitants, lazily enveloped in their cloaks, were seen passing through the crazy gates of the city; whilst groups of dusty asses, looking as old as Toledo, moved down the steep hill-side, picking their way carefully amid the ruined fortifications, to have the earthen jars with which they were laden filled from the waters of the Tagus. The ruined piers of the many bridges that, in times gone by, gave access to a great city, are now converted into mill-dams, to prepare the hard-earned bread of a small and needy population. The wide road, too, beneath me, which has been trod in succession by the Carthaginian and the Roman soldier, the fearless Goth, and the rapid Arabian, or by the steel-clad warrior of the days of chivalry, going forth with poised lance and closed visor in search of adventures, now offered no other company than a few loitering priests and friars, dressed in their unmanly garb, and moving onward with slow and solemn composure; while here and there a student, hidden under a sable cloak and cocked hat, sat, like a crow upon a parapet, conning his lesson from a ghostly volume, or gazing on the trembling waters of the Tagus.

On Saturday morning, being the 7th of April, I took leave of the good Canonigo and of Toledo.

It was a ruinous and dull old place, yet I felt pleased with it in spite of myself—there was about it such an air of quiet repose and solemnity, so little of that stir and turbulence which I had associated with the idea of a warlike city, ever prone to revolt and mutiny. Having taken my chocolate and roasted egg, I was summoned to depart by the old hostler, who, having prefaced with an *Ave Maria purissima!* pushed the door open to tell me the coach was ready. On reaching the front of the posada, I found, drawn up before the door, the *coche-de-coleras* that was to take me to Madrid. It was an antique vehicle, just like those I had seen so often upon the Prado, except that instead of the postilions riding one of the wheel mules, it had a wide wooden platform, planted firmly between the fore wheels, for the accommodation of the drivers. The bag of barley, which was to furnish the beasts with provender during the journey, served as a cushion. The mules, six in number, were fat and valiant; furthermore, they were tattooed and harnessed like those of the Catalonian diligence. The master and owner was a dried-up, mummy-looking old man; but he had as assistant a merry young Biscayan, who had followed mules from his earliest youth, and who had been cast in his wanderings into the centre of the Peninsula, where he was now thoroughly established, having first become the

zagal of the old man, and afterwards his yerno or son-in-law. Both were dressed in velvet jackets and breeches, studded with brass buttons, gray stockings, long-quartered shoes, round hats, covered with brass points, and beads, and ribands, with red sashes round the loins. The most remarkable part of their dress, however, was an outer jacket of brown cloth, ornamented with patches of red and yellow, like those worn by the caleseros of Madrid. This dress, though strictly Andalusian, and not common in Castile, is worn by the fraternity of the whip all over Spain. Indeed, it would be deemed heretical to smack a whip in any other, and I have my doubts whether a Spanish mule would budge an inch for one not thus accoutred. The old man had his jacket fastened tightly about him, but the zagal's hung jauntily from his right shoulder. As I surveyed my present conveyance, I could not help thinking that it was vastly better than the carro that had taken me to Aranjuez, and the rocin and rucio that had brought me away again. I felicitated myself on the change. The old landlady of the Fonda del Arzobispo came out from her usual station in a large arm-chair within the doorway, to take leave of the *joven Americano;* the chambermaid brought my little sack, which she insisted upon conveying; and the hostler lent me his arm to mount to the step. I had no need of such

assistance, yet I gave it a thankful acceptance. The little man cried out, "*Arre yerno!*" and the young fellow, who had taken his station between the two head mules, gave way to their impatience, and away we went at a gallop. "Go with God!" was the universal greeting; and the ancient landlady and the chambermaid, as they stood shading their eyes from the sun with the left hand, shook the right in parting salutation, and added, "*Y con la Virgen!*" (and with the Virgin!)

I was not the sole occupant of the coche. It was brimming full of young girls, who were going a short distance from the city, partly for the sake of the ride, but chiefly to take leave of one of their number, who was to keep on to Madrid, whither she was going to serve a *Condesa*. I soon found, from their conversation, that two of them were daughters of the old man. The eldest, a close-built, fast-sailing little frigate, with an exquisitely pointed foot, a brilliant eye, and a pretty arch face —not at all the worse for two or three pock-marks —was the newly married wife of the zagal. The one who was now about to leave her home, for the first time, was a younger sister of the bride, and the rest were cousins and neighbours. They had all grown up together, and now, as they were whirled furiously down the hill-side that leads away from Toledo, were as merry as crickets, laughing,

giggling, and shouting to such of their acquaintances as they passed. By and by, however, we got to the bottom of the valley, and began to toil up the opposite ascent. The excitation of the moment was over, and they remembered, that at the top of the hill they were to part with Beatriz. Their laughing ceased, the smiles passed from their countenances, a painful expression came instead, and, when the coach at length stopped, they were all in tears. Poor Beatriz! she cried and kissed them all; and when they got down from the coach, and left her all alone, she sobbed aloud, and was half ready to follow them.

Margarita, the eldest sister, seeing poor Beatriz so much afflicted, begged her husband to let her go along and come back the next trip. Andres would not at first listen to the proposal, but fastened the door. When she began, however, to grow angry at the refusal, he took the trouble, like a thoughtful husband, to explain how inconvenient it would be for her to go without any preparations; if she had but spoken in the morning, or the night before, the thing would have been easily settled. All these reasons availed nothing. Margarita grew more and more vexed, until Andres was driven from his resolution. He slowly opened the door, saying with a half-displeased air, "*Entre usted!*" Contrary to all reasonable calculations, she stirred not a step

towards accepting the offer, and her embarrassment and vexation seemed only to grow greater, at thus losing the cause of her displeasure. By this time, the old man, who had thought it was all over when he had kissed the children, began to grow impatient, and gave the word of command. Away went the mules. Andres would not part in anger. He went to receive a farewell kiss from his wife; but Margarita turned away pettishly, striking her little foot on the ground and shaking her head, as though she would have torn her mantilla. Without more ado, he left her to her ill-humour, and overtaking the coach, caught the left mule by the tail, and leaped to the wooden platform beside his father.

Meantime, Beatriz and I put our heads out of the window; she from interest and affection, I from curiosity. The girls remained where we left them, throwing up their handkerchiefs, and sending after us a thousand kind words and well-wishes. Margarita alone stood motionless in the same place, with her head turned away. Gradually, however, she moved round to catch a sight of us; and when she saw that her husband was not looking at her, seemed to be sorry for what she had done, shook her fan at him fondly, and cried out at the top of her voice, "Until we meet, Andrew!"—"*Hasta la vista, Andres!*" But it was too late, he would not hear, and beating the mule nearest him with

great energy, we were soon descending the opposite hill. The last I saw of Margarita, she had hid her face in her hands, and her companions were drawing round to offer consolation.

Andres forgot his wife and his vexation at the bottom of the second hill, and went onward laughing and joking with every one whom we either met or overtook upon the road. Sometimes he walked beside the mules, cheering them with a tuneless ditty; sometimes he sent them galloping down one hill and up another, himself standing with one foot in the step and holding by the door, as he spoke comforting words to Beatriz, telling her how many fine things were to be seen in Madrid, and describing the palace and the Prado. Sometimes he ran away to exchange a word with a fellow zagal; for we met many coaches going to Toledo, to be there in the holy week, when it is one of the most wonderful places in Christendom. The cardinal archbishop was among the number. He had no other attendants than his confessor and a single servant, who rode with him in a plain carriage, drawn by four hired mules. His own heavy well-fed pair followed a league or two behind, conducted by an ancient postilion, half lost amid cocked hat and leather. This prelate is said to be the head of the ultra-faction, as he is of the Spanish church, and one of the prime movers of the Portuguese rebel-

lion. For the rest, he is of very simple and unostentatious habits, giving most of his substance in alms to the poor.

Before sunset we arrived at the little village where we were to pass the nigh. The mules were soon led away to Andres, who helped them to some barley, and the old man proceeded to search the coach-box for the rabbit, the rice, and the garlic, which were to be stewed for our supper. Taking my cloak, I seated myself upon the stone bench outside of the door, where the landlady was nursing her child. I had not been there long before a traveller arrived with quite a fine horse, which he tied carelessly to one of the bones driven into the wall for the purpose. The horse, in rubbing his head, chanced to disengage the bridle, and, finding himself at liberty, strayed out into the street. The hostler, coming out at that moment, went slowly and slyly towards his head to catch him; but the knowing horse cocked his tail, and throwing his heels into the air, set off at the top of his speed, the sides of the saddle standing far out like a pair of wings, and seeming to account for the extreme velocity of his motion. The whole village was presently in a hue and cry. The women ran out and caught up their children, and the traveller started, bareheaded, in search of his beast. But the animal only wanted a little diversion, and when he had

rolled in a neighbouring wheat-field, and stretched his legs a little to please himself, as he had done all day to please his master, bounding onward with the lightness of a deer, and throwing his raised head round with a joyful air, he presently grew tired of his liberty, and returned towards the door of the posada. Finding that we had made a line, and were throwing our cloaks up to keep him from going past, he trotted boldly into the court-yard.

This source of disturbance was scarcely over before a loud grunting announced the arrival of the public swineherd, bringing home the hogs of the village from their daily pasture. He had on a tattered cloak, a sugar-loaf hat, and a pair of ruined leather gaiters. In his left hand was a long staff, pointed with a nail, and in the right a singularly sculptured cow-horn, through which he uttered a fearful noise, that brought the tears into my eyes. The hogs which had minded the horn of the swineherd, and followed him very obediently hitherto, when they reached the first corner of the village, suddenly gave a loud and general grunt, which might be interpreted "the devil take the hindmost;" for they all, with one accord, set off at a full gallop in different directions, each bolting into the open door of his own house, and hopping over the threshold, to the terror of the little children.

Before eight we were seated round our supper,

which was placed on a small table in my own bedroom. It consisted of bread and wine, besides a well-seasoned preparation of rice and rabbit, which, that it might keep the warmer, was served in the same iron stewpan in which it had been cooked. A board was placed beneath, to keep the cloth from burning; and Andres, having politely turned the long handle towards himself, that it might incommode no one else, stirred the viands briskly with his spoon; and, as the savoury vapour rose curling along his hand, he smacked his lips, and said, "Here, sirs, is food for great folks!"—"*Esto es para señores!*" The old man would have served me in a separate plate; but as it is considered among these worthy roadsters a friendly and fraternal act to eat from the same dish, I declined the offer, and we fell to with one accord.

Supper over, I was left in quiet possession of my chamber, and soon went to bed. I did not, however, get at once to sleep; for some of the guests were talking in the neighbouring court-yard, without my door. In the various changes of conversation I found that I myself furnished a topic. One asked what countryman I was. The old man answered, *Ingles*. One said then that I must be a *Judio*, and another a *Protestante*. Beatriz took my part: she had seen me cross myself as I went into church, where we stopped at noon; and Andres,

who, being a Biscayan, was more enlightened than the rest, contended that I was an *Irlandes* and a *Cristiano*.

The next morning we departed before the dawn, and ere the sun was many hours high we began to approach the capital. The surrounding scenes had nothing new for me; but it was not thus with Beatriz, who had never before been a league from Toledo, and who saw and caught at every thing that was peculiar. The day before she had partly got over the grief of a first parting from friends and home, and, when she saw any of the cocheros and arrieros, whom she knew, she would salute them kindly, and halloo to them with much vivacity as they came up; but when they had passed, and she looked back upon them as they went their way to Toledo, the delighted expression forsook her countenance. Sometimes a tear burst from her eye and hung quivering from the lid, until, growing too big, it fell heavily along her cheek; sometimes she eased her grief by a sigh and a long-drawn yawn. I noticed that, at each yawn, she crossed her open mouth devoutly with her thumb; and once or twice, when Andres stood on the step, beside the carriage, talking with us, he had interrupted his discourse, to utter the invocation of, "*Jesus, Maria, Jose!*" —a call for protection which I had never before heard made, except on the occasion of a sneeze.

Now, however, every object was a novelty to Beatriz; and presently, when we came in sight of Madrid and the Manzanares, she was completely lost in admiration—asked what this was, and what that —then fell to exclaiming, "*Que de torres—que puente—quanta gente!*"

In this merry mood we entered the city, where, having taken leave of the old man, of Andres, and of Beatriz—who, from being pleased, had again become melancholy and tearful, at finding herself in a dirty inn-yard, surrounded by so many strange and noisy people—I took my sack under my arm, and covering all under the full embozo of my capa, made for the Puerta del Sol, where I presently after received the hearty greeting of my friend, the old woman, of Don Valentin, and of Florencia.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE—JAEN AND CORDOVA.

Final Departure from Madrid.—Ocaña.—Cacaruco and his Robber Band.—The Guadiana.—Manzanares.—Val de Peñas.—Dispeñaperros.—New Populations.—Fate of their Founder, Olavide.—Carolina.—Baylen.—The Guadalquivir and Andujar.—Herds of Horses along the Road to Cordova.

On the eleventh day of April I took my last leave of Madrid. It was with no little regret; for, with all the magnificence of a great city, and all the splendor of a brilliant court, it had something quiet, retired, and unhackneyed. My departure was the more painful, that several friends came to take leave of me at the office of the diligence. We shook hands heartily, and being summoned by the conductor, I took my lonely station in the rotunda. The cabriolet and the interior had a supply of passengers: I was all alone. "May you arrive with sound ribs!" said one; and just then the clock struck twelve. The postilion mounted on one of the fourth pair of mules which composed our team, smack went the whip of our conductor, and away we went. In a twinkling we had reached the Puerta del Sol, and as we were drawn at a gallop

through the dispersed crowd, I for a moment caught sight of the balcony of my apartment, that favorite lounging place, where I had passed so many happy moments in pleasant company, gazing upon the varied and characteristic scene below. Florencia was in her old station. She, too, was alone, and waving her handkerchief. I had scarce time to answer, before the white-washed wall of the clumsy house at the corner introduced itself between us, and snatched her from my view.

Traversing the Prado and taking into rapid review the Retiro, the Museum, the Botanic Garden, and that beautiful promenade, over which I should never again ramble, we passed under the Gate of Atocha, and halted without the portal. Our conductor, a fine stout fellow, in the prime of life, who had a military air, and had doubtless been a soldier, got down to take leave of a young woman with an infant in her arms, who had come thus far to greet with well-wishes the beginning of his journey. He kissed his wife on either cheek with great affection; then hugged the child to his bosom, and abandoning it to its mother, jumped to the box of the diligence. When we had crossed the Manzanares and were on the point of losing sight of Madrid, I thought that I had never seen it look so beautiful. Its steeples and cupolas were gleaming to the powerful sun of this elevated and cloudless

region, while the alamedas of trees leading to it had just put forth their foliage; and the neighbouring hills and plains, in winter so naked and monotonous, were now covered everywhere with young corn, forming one vast expanse of velvet verdure.

Crossing the valley of the Jarama and the Tagus, at sunset we arrived at Ocaña: I had already passed through Ocaña in coming from Valencia, and it may serve to give an idea of the imperfect state of communication in Spain, that the Valencia and Seville high roads are confounded for a distance of thirty-six miles, though those two places are situated in nearly opposite directions from Madrid. The Valencia road was probably constructed when Toledo was the capital and great manufacturing city of Spain.

We found the diligence from Seville already drawn up in the court-yard, and the passengers waiting for us to sit down to supper. Having shaken off the dust, with which we were literally whitened, we hastened to take seats beside our temporary companions. The Spaniards, from most of the provinces of Spain, are very agreeable travelling companions. This is particularly the case with the Andalusian, who always endeavours to make himself agreeable to those into whose company he is thrown, though never so transiently.

So much, it is true, may not be said of the Catalans and Valencians, who are rough and uncouth. As we, however, had none of these in our little party, we enjoyed ourselves much; and many a hearty joke went round at the expense of a good friar of the order of Mercy, who was one of our number, and who was accused of being too polite to the buxom Manchegas who served us. The good father joined in our mirth with as loud a laugh as any, and if we did not set him down as immaculate, we at least acquitted him of hypocrisy. The order of Mercy originated in those days when many Spaniards were torn from their homes, either by the chances of war, or by the incursions of Barbary corsairs, to languish in slavery. This order was then instituted, with the benevolent motive of ransoming captives; money being collected for the purpose by mendicant expeditions through the country. As our friar was going to Malaga, I took it for granted that he was bound on some benevolent errand to Algiers or Tunis; but I learned by accident, some time after in Malaga, that the bishop of that city, who had lately died, had left all he possessed to the convent of our companion, of which he himself had long been an inmate, and that the good friar in question was hurrying on to secure the prize.

Supper being finished, we found our way to the long

bedroom, furnished with a double row of mattresses on stretchers, where, as is usual in Spain, the passengers were lodged together, so as to be called up with greater ease and certainty. Now a lady and her son had their beds in the antechamber, which furnished the only passage to our room; for in this land of suspicion there is a great poverty of doors and windows. When, therefore, his mother was snug, the young man came to conduct us through; and when he had succeeded in driving us all into our pen, he double-locked the door. We were to be called up at two in the morning; so I jumped at once, boots and all, into bed. The others were more dilatory, especially the padre. Having taken a huge gold snuff-box from the bag sleeve of his outer garment, which served as a pocket, he fairly loaded his nostrils with tobacco, and then placed the box beneath his pillow. This done, he took off, one by one, his flowing robes of soiled flannel, and laid them over a chair, hanging on the corner his huge long clerical hat; until at length nothing remained of all this covering to hide the individual, but a black silk nightcap and a jacket and drawers of the same white flannel. When I beheld this portly, helpless man of God so suddenly metamorphosed into as strapping and raw-boned a sinner as ever stripped at a boxing match, I could scarce persuade myself that the friar was not still leaning over the chair at his devotions,

and that a loquacious and sinewy Biscayan of our number had not taken his place at the bedside.

We renewed our journey the next day at an early hour, and arrived by eight at Madrilejos, being escorted the whole way by four wild horsemen, armed with a singular collection of guns, pistols, and sabres. It chanced to be Holy Thursday, an occasion of great solemnity in the Catholic church. It is the custom in Spain to abstain from meat throughout the whole passion week, and the innkeeper of Madrilejos, whose pocket would be no less benefited than his conscience by giving us meagre fare for our three pesetas, was preparing to serve us up a most catholic breakfast of eggs and codfish. But our female companion protested that her rest had been sadly disturbed the night before by the garlicky soup of Ocaña; and since it was impossible to travel without proper nourishment, she insisted on a pullet or a partridge. I put in a plea of indigestion, and when the birds were at length produced, even the padre joined in eating them, and none observed the fast in strictness, except our Biscayan, who seemed a truly conscientious and single-minded man. On our way to regain the diligence, we were surrounded by beggars, who besought alms in a suppliant tone. It would have been impossible to give to one without giving to all, and to give to all would have been poor economy; so I pushed my

way through, closing my heart to their supplications. I found, however, the door of the rotunda in possession of a poorly clad friar, with a shaven crown. He opened it for me, offering at the same time a small money box, upon which was erected a copper mage of the Crucifixion, and saying, in accents that thrilled through me, "*Señor! por la Pasion de Jesu Cristo!*" The appeal would have been irresistible at any season, much more upon Holy Thursday; so, dreading the misgivings of conscience, felt on a similar occasion by Yorick of old, I dropped him a peseta, and as we drove away he said, "Go in a good hour—God will reward you!"

Leaving Madrilejos, we travelled on, through a solitary country, until we came to the venta of Puerto Lapiche, the very house in which Don Quixote watched over his armour and was dubbed knight errant in the beginning of his adventurous career. The conductor had taken his seat beside me in the rotunda, and we were yet talking over the exploits of that renowned hero, when our conversation was suddenly and unceremoniously interrupted by the discharge of muskets, the loud shouting of eager, angry voices, and the clattering of many hoofs. Here, indeed, is an adventure, thought I.—O for Don Quixote to protect us!—In the next moment the diligence stopped, and on looking out at the

window, the cause of this interruption became manifest.

Our four wild partisans were seen flying at a fearful rate, closely pursued by eight still more desperate looking fellows, dressed in sheepskin jackets and breeches, with leathern leggings, and montera caps, or cotton handkerchiefs, on their heads. Each had four pistols at his saddle-bow, a steel sabre at his side, a long knife thrust through the belt of his cartouch-box, and a carabine, in this moment of preparation, held across his horse's neck in front of him. It was an animated scene this, such as I had frequently before seen on canvas, in Wouverman's spirited little pictures of robber broils and battle scenes, but which I had never before been so highly favored as to witness in reality.

Whilst this was going on in the road behind us, we were made to get down by one of the party, who had been left to take care of us, and who now shouted in rapid succession the words "*Ajo! a tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!*" As this is the robber formula throughout Spain, its translation may not be unacceptable to the reader. Let him learn, then, that ajo means garlic, and the remainder of the salutation, "To the ground! mouths in the dust, robbers!" Though this formula was uttered with great volubility, the present was doubtless the first

attempt of the person from whom it proceeded; a youth scarce turned of twenty, and evidently a novice—a mere Gil Blas—at the business. We did not, however, obey him the less quickly, and took our seats as ordered, upon the ground, in front of the mules and horses, so that they could only advance by passing over us; for he was so much agitated, that his musket shook like the spout of a fire-engine, and we knew full well that in such situations a frightened is not less to be dreaded than a furious man. Our conductor, to whom this scene offered no novelty, and who was anxious to oblige our visiters, placed himself upon his hands and knees, like a frog when he is about to jump, and asked if that was the right way. He took care, however, to turn his unpleasant situation to account, putting a huge watch into the rut of the road, and covering it carefully with sand. Some of the party imitated this grasshopper attitude, and Fray Antonio availed himself of the occasion and the devotional posture to bring up the arrears of his Paters and Aves.

We had not been long thus, before the captain of the band returned, leaving five of his party to take care of the guards, three of whom stood their ground and behaved well. Indeed, their chief was no other than the celebrated Polinario, long the terror of La Mancha, until he had been brought over to

guard the diligence, and had turned royalist volunteer. We could distinctly hear them cursing and abusing the robbers, and daring them to come *tantos por tantos*—man for man. As honor, however, was not the object of these sturdy cavaliers, they contented themselves with keeping the guard in check, whilst their comrades were playing their part at the diligence. The first thing the captain did, when he rode among us, was to call to the conductor for his hat; after which he bade him mount upon the diligence, and throw down whatever was there. He cautioned him at the same time to look around, and see if any thing was coming—adding, with a terrible voice, as he half lifted his carabine, "And take care"—"*Y cuidado!*" The conductor quietly obeyed, and the captain having told us to get up and not be alarmed, as no harm was intended, called to us to put our watches and money into the conductor's hat, which he held out for the purpose, much in the ordinary way of making a collection, except that instead of coming to us, he sat very much at his ease upon his horse, and let us come to him. I threw my purse in, and as it had nine or ten silver dollars, it made a very good appearance, and fell with a heavy chink. Then, grasping the bunch of brass keys and buttons which hung from my fob, I drew out the huge watch which I had bought at Madrid, in contemplation of some such event, and whose case

might upon emergency have served the purpose of a warming-pan. Having looked with a consequential air at the time, which it marked within six hours, I placed it carefully in the hat of the conductor. The collection over, the captain emptied purses, watches, and loose money all together into a large leathern pocket which hung from his girdle, and then let the hat drop under his horse's hoofs.

"*Cuñado!*"—"Brother-in-law!" said the captain to one of the worthies, his companions, "take a look into those trunks and boxes, and see if there be any thing in them that will suit us."—"*Las llaves, señores!*"—"The keys, gentlemen!" "And do you, zagal, cast me loose those two horses on the lead; a fine fellow is that near horse with the saddle." The two persons thus summoned set about obeying with a very different grace. Our cuñado dismounted at once, and hitched his horse to the friar's trunk. He then took from the crupper of his saddle a little bundle, which being unrolled expanded into a prodigious long sack, with a yawning mouth in the middle. This he threw over his arm, with the mouth uppermost, and with a certain professional air. He was a queer, systematic little fellow this, with a meek and Joseph cast of countenance, that in a market-place would have inspired the most profound confidence. Having called for the owner of the nearest trunk, the good friar made his appear-

ance, and he accosted him with great composure. "Open it yourself, padre; you know the lock better than I do." The padre complied with becoming resignation, and the worthy trunk inspector proceeded to take out an odd collection of loose breeches that were secured with a single button, robes of white flannel, and handkerchiefs filled with snuff. He had got to the bottom without finding aught that could be useful to any but a friar of Mercy, and there were none such in the fraternity, when, as a last hope, he pulled from one corner something square that might have been a box of diamonds, but which proved to be only a breviary fastened with a clasp. The trunk of the Biscayan came next, and as it belonged to a sturdy trader from Bilboa, furnished much better picking. Last of all he came to mine; for I had delayed opening it, until he had called repeatedly for the key, in the hope that the arrival of succour might hurry the robbers away, or at least that this double sack would fill itself from the others, which was certainly very charitable. The countenance of our cuñado brightened up when he saw the contents of my well-filled trunk; and not unlike Sancho of old, when he stumbled upon the portmanteau of the disconsolate Cardenio in the neighbouring Sierra Morena, he went down upon one knee, and fell to his task most inquisitively. Though the sack was already filled out to a very

bloated size, yet there remained room for nearly all my linen and summer clothing, which was doubtless preferred in consideration of the approaching heats. My gold watch and seal went in search of its silver companion; for Señor Cuñado slipped it slily into his side pocket, and, though there be no secrets among relations, I have my doubts whether to this day he has ever spoke of it to his brother-in-law.

Meantime, our female companion had made acquaintance with the captain of the band, who for a robber was quite a conscientious and conversable person. He was a stout athletic man, about forty years old, with a weather-beaten face and long whiskers, which grew chiefly under his chin, in the modern fashion, and like the beard of a goat. It chanced that among the other contents of the trunk was a brass weight neatly done up and sealed, which our minister had procured from the Spanish Mint, and was sending with some despatches to the United States. This shone well, and had a golden look, so that our cuñado would have put it in his pocket, but I showed him that it was only brass; and when he had smelled and tasted it, and convinced himself that there was neither meat nor drink in it, he told me I might ask the captain, who graciously relinquished it to me. He also gave orders not to open the trunk of the lady, and then went on to apologize for the trouble he was giving

us, and had well nigh convinced us that he was doing a very praiseworthy act. He said that if the proprietors of the diligence would procure his pardon, and employ him as escort, he would serve them three months for nothing—"*Tres meses de valde. Soy Felipe Cano, y, por mal nombre, el Cacaruco*"—said he—"I am Philip Cano, nick-named the Cacaruco. No ratcatcher am I; but a regular robber. I have no other profession or means of bringing up a large family with any decency *."

In twenty minutes after the arrival of these unwelcome visiters, they had finished levying their contribution, and drew together to move off. The double sack of the inspector was thrown over the back of one of the horses that had been taken from the diligence; for in this part of the country the leaders of the teams were generally horses. The horse now loaded with such a singular burden was a spirited animal, and seemed to understand that all was not right; for he kicked away among the guns and sabres of the robbers, until one of them, thus

* A ratcatcher means one who does not follow the profession habitually, but only makes it a subsidiary pursuit Thus, a contrabandista who has been plundered and dismounted by an aduanero, and who requites himself on some unhappy traveller, and a carbonero, who leaves his charcoal heap to put himself in ambush at the road-side, are both *rateros*.

roughly handled, drew his sword to kill him, and would have executed his purpose, had he not been restrained by Cacaruco. Before the robbers departed, the postilion told Cacaruco that he had nothing in the world but the two horses, and that if he lost them he was a ruined man: he begged him, at least, to leave him the poorer of the two. After a short parley, the request was granted, and then they moved off at a walk, talking and gesticulating, without once looking back. We kept sight of them for near half an hour, as they moved towards a ravine which lay at the foot of a neighbouring mountain.

We now commenced packing up the remnant of our wardrobes. It was a sorrowful scene. Here a box emptied of some valuable articles, and the shavings in which it had been packed driven in every direction by the wind; there another, which had been broken in by the but of a musket, that had passed with little ceremony through the shade of an astral lamp; here shirts, and there waistcoasts —and there a solitary pair of red flannel drawers; everywhere, however, sorrowful faces and plaintive lamentations. I tried to console myself, as I locked my trunk, with reflecting upon the trouble I had found the day before in shutting it down—how I had tugged, and grated my teeth, and jumped upon it; but this was poor consolation. My little port-

manteau, yesterday so bloated and big, now looked lean and flabby. I put my foot upon it, and it sunk slowly under the pressure. I now looked round for the robbers. They were still seen in the distance, moving away at a walk, and followed by the horse, upon which was mounted that insatiate sack, which would have touched the ground on either side, had it not been crammed so full as to keep it from touching the horse's ribs. There was a singular association of ideas between the fatness of the bag and the leanness of my trunk; and as I still stood with one foot on my trunk and turning my thumbs about each other, I set up a faint whistle, as a baffled man is apt to do. By a singular coincidence I happened to hit upon that very waltz in the Freyschutz, where the music seems to accompany the waltzers, and gradually dies away as they disappear from the stage; and that at a moment too when the robbers, having crossed a slight elevation, were descending into the hollow beyond. The apropos seemed excellent; so I continued to whistle, winding up as the heads of the robbers bobbed up and down, and just blew the last note as they sank below the horizon.

By this time a number of galeras, and carts, and muleteers, whose progress had been arrested on either side of the road, got once more in motion, and when they had come up with the diligence

halted around it to learn the particulars of what they had only seen at a distance and in pantomime. The sufferers were willing enough to let out their sorrow in words; and our pains-taking Biscayan, who had very exactly ascertained the amount of his loss, told over the missing articles with a faltering voice and a countenance so sorrowful, that to have heard him and to have seen him must have drawn pity even from the stern Cacaruco. "A new brown cloak that cost me thirty hard dollars only a week ago in Bilboa; six shirts—two most beautiful, with sleeve and breast ruffles; and a long list of trousers, drawers, and socks!"—"*Calzones, calzoncillos y calcitines!*" At first I almost forgot my own losses in the misery of the disconsolate Biscayan, who, in sooth, had been more unfortunate than the rest of us, having lost his cloak, that indispensable appendage of a Spaniard; but at every place where we either ate or changed horses, until our arrival at Cordova, he would ring over the changes of his *capa parda, calzones, calzoncillos y calcitines*, until at length I only regretted that Cacaruco had not carried off the owner.

Having received the consoling commiserations of the many passing travellers who had witnessed our misfortune, we once more set forward with our curtailed team and lightened burden. The escort, who had returned to take their station at the side

of the diligence, and with whose conduct we could not, reasonably quarrel, now commenced railing terribly at the authorities of the villages, who, they said, were openly protecting the robbers, and persecuting them. As a reason for this singular conduct, they told us, that the alcaldes and ayuntamientos, a kind of a mayor and aldermen appointed from the inhabitants by the king, were bribed by the innkeepers and wagoners, who had conspired against the diligence, and had even vowed to burn it. The motive of this hatred to the devoted diligence is, that formerly travellers loitered slowly through the country, leaving a little of their money at every venta, whereas now they are whirled along without stopping, except at distant intervals.

Shortly after renewing our journey, we came to an extensive morass, which we traversed by a long causeway. This is the river Guadiana, which has here disappeared as a stream, and hidden its lazy waters under ground. This morass, in which the waters of the Guadiana are lost, has an extent of nearly thirty miles from the first disappearance of the stream. As it is exceedingly rich in pasture, Antillon tells us, that the Manchegos are wont to boast that their river has a bridge which furnishes nourishment to many thousand heads of cattle. It was perhaps in allusion to this disappearance of the Guadiana, too, that a Spaniard, being a pri-

soner in Africa, and boasting, as people who go abroad are apt to do, of his native land, took occasion to say, that his king was the mightiest in the world, and that among other great and wonderful things contained in his dominions was a bridge seven leagues long and a league wide*. This singular phenomenon was no stranger to the ancients. Pliny, who came as procurator to Spain, speaks of it in his Natural History. "The Ana," says he, "sometimes confounds its waters with some lakes; sometimes passes through mountains, which appear to absorb it; sometimes hides itself in the earth; and after disappearing often, for its own pleasure, at length empties into the Atlantic." It would seem that the inquisitive of more modern times have not been inattentive to the subject; for Cervantes, who ridiculed every thing that was ridiculous, makes his hero discover the true secret of the weeping Guadiana. It was in this very neighbourhood that Don Quixote descended into the cave of Montesinos. Thus we met with that valiant knight just before and just after our disaster, and only missed him at the moment that we needed his assistance.

On our arrival at Manzanares, the whole town came forth to hear the story of our disaster. Among

* Peyron.

the troops of children who gathered round to look at the smoking mules, and to gaze at and envy the strange people, who were going so swiftly to the happy land they had heard of beyond the Sierra Morena, we were shown the daughter of the man who robbed us, the identical Cacaruco. She was an interesting girl of seven or eight, very neatly dressed, with a gold cross and rosary. The poor little thing, on seeing herself the object of general attention, shrunk behind the door of the stable-yard, and kept out of sight, until we had passed on. We here learned that Felipe Cano had commenced his career of honor as a *guerilla* soldier in the war of independence. By his superior courage and conduct, he rose to command among these wild warriors; and when Ferdinand came back from his French visit, he made him a captain. When the Constitution was restored, in 1820, Cano entered into it with ardor, and of course became a free-mason. It occurred to me that had I been a brother, I should certainly have saved my effects; and I secretly determined to avail myself of the first occasion to get the brand of the hot iron. In his new political career, our hero, leaving behind the duller spirits of his time, managed to make himself very obnoxious to the opposite party; for on the return of the king from Cadiz, he was sent to Ceuta for his excesses, to pass the remainder

of his life in the Presidios. The Presidios are remote fortresses, where criminals are confined and kept at hard labor, a punishment which has been substituted for the galleys. As is not unfrequent with Spanish prisoners, Felipe Cano contrived to escape from his ball and chain, and returned once more to Manzanares, and the poetic but shadeless plains of La Mancha. Finding no easier means of gaining a livelihood, he collected a band of worthies, not less conscientious than himself, and commenced levying contributions under the nickname of Cacaruco, which has become the terror of the whole country. He does not appear publicly at Manzanares; but comes and goes in the night, passing much of his time with his family, who are living comfortably without any visible means of support. Nay, we were told that it was more than likely he would return to sleep at home that very night. His worthy brother-in-law, the trunk inspector, is another robber quite famous in La Mancha under the name of *El Cochinero*, the pig-driver, probably from having once been of that profession *.

* As the reader may feel some interest in the history of Cacaruco and his followers, the following information, contained in a letter from a friend, may not be unacceptable.

"So you were stopped on your way to Andalusia, and made to pay toll to the knights of the highway. By the way, the robbers must have had a particular respect for you with your two watches. You must have been as great a personage

Leaving Manzanares, we arrived at Val-de-Peñas towards dark. It was Holy Thursday, and the entire population had formed in procession along the principal streets. We did not join it, but contented ourselves with kneeling in the balconies of the posada, and crossing ourselves as the host went by. We were well paid for this act of penance by passing in review a whole army of handsome Manchegas. The women of this province are said to be lively, animated, and full of fascination, great singers of seguidillas, and dancers of the fandango. Of course we saw nothing of this on Holy Thursday; but the well-modulated harmony of their voices told that there was much music in them—and the elasticity and precision of their step, and the vivacity with which they fluttered their fans and adjusted their mantillas, making the action an excuse for turning their faces towards us, and darting upon us their full and flashing eyes, gave sufficient assurance that they would appear well in the fandango. The females were dressed as

in their eyes,—as that renowned chieftain, Two-guns, was among the Indians. I hope you told them you had bought one for their express accommodation. L—— has been more fortunate: he escaped unharmed, which now-a-days is somewhat extraordinary. But perhaps you have not heard that the leader of the gang who robbed you has been shot by soldiers sent in pursuit of him, and that his band is broken up."

usual in black—mantle, gown, and stockings, all were of the same solemn color. The men wore blue stockings, with breeches and jackets of brown, and montera caps of the same, or of black velvet. The ample capa parda hung loosely from their shoulders, or was thrown into a variety of graceful folds.

Val de Peñas is famous for the delightful wine of the Burgundy kind, which grows in its neighbourhood. There is, perhaps, no pleasanter table wine than this; for it adds the strength of port to the rich and pleasant flavor of the original stock; and yet is so plentiful, and so cheap, that you may buy a bottle of a very tolerable quality for two or three halfpence. This is quite a fortunate circumstance; for the water in La Mancha is generally very bad, and here is hardly potable. The people of La Mancha drink freely of their generous wines from necessity, as is done in other parts of the country from choice, and yet there is no intoxication. Indeed, drunkenness is so rare in Spain, that it may be said to be unknown. The French are deservedly praised for their temperance; but this praise, both as it respects eating and drinking, is due in a far greater degree to the Spaniards. During nearly a year that I remained in Spain, I do not remember to have seen one single man reeling drunk. The Val-de-Peñas wine, though so

excellent, is but little known out of Spain. The reason of this is found in the great imperfection of conveyances throughout the country, and in the consequent expense of transportation. The only Spanish wines well known in foreign countries are produced near the sea; whereas, in France, where transportation is cheap, with few exceptions—such as of the Bordeaux and Marseilles wines—all the finer qualities come from the highlands of the interior. The central provinces of Spain, from their high and hilly character, their dry climate, and powerful sun, are perhaps better calculated to produce wine than any other country in Europe; and this may become manifest at some future day, when Spain shall have taken the station for which nature destined her among the nations of the earth.

Though we had small cause for gladness, our supper at Val de Peñas was, nevertheless, a very merry one. We rallied each other on our losses, and especially did we direct our face towards the poor Biscayan, whom we christened *Caballero de la Triste Figura*. We took infinite pleasure in making him recapitulate his losses; and as we had already heard them often enough to know them by heart, if perchance he forgot any article, one of us would refresh his memory,—and then another, joining in and increasing the interruption, would send him back to recommence the sad narration.

Thus, in the sorrows of the disconsolate Biscayan, each sought an alleviation of his own. Nor did the friar escape so well from our hands as from the followers of Cacaruco. We ascribed all our calamities to the unchaste desires which he had cherished the night before, on the eve of so solemn a festival, and to his having eaten the thigh of a pullet on the morning of Holy Thursday. In order to make him do penance for these sins, we would not let him eat any thing but bread and lentils, and doled the wine out to him in portions that served rather to excite than to gratify. But our merriment was at its height when he took his huge snuff-box, which he did very often, from the bottom of his sleeve. We insisted that he ought to have given the gold box to the robbers, who, called repeatedly for tobacco, as the having kept back part might lead to future misfortunes. Our padre contended, on the contrary, that the robbers asked only for cigarros and cigarillos, and that they never so much as mentioned the word polvo. To the lady and her son, who, thanks to the courteous demeanor of Cacaruco, had saved every thing, we offered our congratulations with the best grace we could, but, in spite of ourselves, with the envious air of men who had much rather the case had been their own. Thus was our supper seasoned by mirth and good-humour. But when it was eaten, and the toothpicks were handed

about in a wine-glass, and it became a question of paying, each, as he rummaged his purseless pocket, was overcome with confusion. We could only promise to hand the money to the conductor at the end of the journey. As for the postilions, escorts, serving-maids, poor friars, the lame, the blind, and askers of alms in general, we uniformly referred them to Cacaruco.

Before the day dawned we once more set forward. The face of the country, which had maintained its level and monotonous character since we crossed the valley of the Tagus, now became broken and uneven. The day before I had looked in vain for the Sierra Morena, which I expected to have seen rising in bold perspective toward the south, to form a barrier between Castile and Andalusia. It was only in advancing that we found ourselves in the mountains, without having had the labor of an ascent. Nor was it until we saw ourselves surrounded by precipices and ravines, and crags and chasms, that we knew that we had abandoned the plain of Castile, and were prepared to estimate its singular elevation. At the Dispeñaperros—Pitch off Dogs, so called from the abrupt and sudden nature of the declivity, the crags rose round us in such rugged and hardy confusion, that, when we looked back upon them, their tops seemed to be connected overhead. Yet this wild region, which scarce furnishes a resting

place for a scattering growth of pines and brambles, is traversed by one of the most safe and beautiful roads in the world.

The road of Dispeñaperros was constructed in the time of the good king Charles III., by M. Le Maur, a French engineer, and is a noble triumph of art over the obstacles of nature. The difficulty of its execution may be estimated from the number of its bridges, which, large and small, amount to four hundred. Yet the road is nowhere so steep as to require the chaining of a wheel in the descent, even of a heavy diligence, or to occasion inconvenience and danger to the team and passengers; a rare merit in a mountain highway, which may not always be said of the celebrated Simplon. To gain such a result over a piece of ground which has merited the name of Dispeñaperros, required infinite art. Sometimes, the road follows the course of a torrent, until, met full in the face by some impassable barrier, it crosses to the opposite bank, over a yawning chasm, on a bridge of a single hardy arch; sometimes its way has been blown by gunpowder along the face of a crag; sometimes, an arched slope is run along the edge of a nearly perpendicular cliff, clinging to the inequalities of the precipice by a tenure so slight, that it seems unequal to support the weight of the mason-work, much less of the loaded diligence, the mules, and the passengers,

who are only separated by a low barrier from a deep abyss, where a fall would be fatal. It rained hard as we passed through this wild region, and the bottoms of the ravines were everywhere torn by torrents, which often dashed through bridges beneath the road, covering it with their spray. The rain did not, however, hinder me from stretching my neck from the window to gaze, now at the rugged and saw-like crests of the overhanging mountains, rending the heavy clouds as they rushed furiously by; now at the deep ravine below, white with the foam of the dashing water; or at the well-soaked mules and muleteers, that might be distinctly seen at no great distance from us, toiling up the weary side of the mountain, and turning first to the right hand, then to the left, as the road made angles, to overcome the declivity. Sometimes we appeared to be coming towards them, and they towards us, with inconceivable rapidity, passing and repassing many times; the intervening rocks and trees seeming likewise to partake of the celerity of our motion, and the whole landscape changing at every step.

The declivity of the Sierra, below the Dispeñaperros, softens into beauty, retaining merely enough of its wild and romantic character to add to its attractions, and from its sheltered situation, its southern exposure, and well watered and fertile soil, is admirably adapted to be the residence of man. It was,

however, until near the close of the last century, abandoned entirely to the caprice of nature, and inhabited only by wolves and robbers. In the paternal reign of Charles III., Don Pablo Olavide, who, by his own merit and the mere force of his character, had risen to various offices of trust and honor, became intendant of Seville. Not content with doing good in that city, which is indebted to him for many excellent institutions, fine edifices, and pleasant public walks, he sought to extend the sphere of his usefulness. He saw and lamented the unpeopled state of Spain, and succeeded in interesting the king in a plan to people some of the most fertile parts of Andalusia, which the vices of an impolitic government had deprived of inhabitants and converted into a wilderness. The Sierra Morena especially attracted his attention, and became the scene of his first experiment.

Olavide saw, however, that the stock of cultivators in Spain was rather a bad one, and that their prejudice against labor, which has descended from those days when arms, and not servile offices, were the proper occupation of a Christian, together with the listlessness and indolence which his meager participation in the fruits of his own labor has engrafted upon the character of the Spanish peasant, would be heavy impediments to the execution of his scheme. He determined, therefore, to seek a popula-

tion for his infant colony in some distant land, and thus to avail himself of that impulse which emigration, like transplantation in the vegetable world, usually gives to human industry. Settlers were brought at a great expense from Germany, and each family received a portion of land, a house, the necessary implements of labor, and a certain number of domestic animals. When an emigrant had cultivated and put in order his first allotment of land, he received an additional field. The houses were all built alike, and so placed as to form one or more wide streets on either side of the highway. Particular attention was paid to the health of the infant colony, and no emigrant was allowed to settle near a morass. The new settlers, to the number of seven thousand, were for a time supported at the public expense; but first turning their attention towards producing the immediate necessaries of life, they were soon able to go alone. Being directed by the aid of science in the choice of their crops, and freed from the support of an idle population of priests and friars, from the burdensome taxes, ruinous restrictions, and thousand evils which bore so hard upon the rest of Spain, they began in a few years to produce some oil, wine, and silk for exportation, in addition to the wheat, barley, rye, oats, peas, and Indian corn required for their own consumption. Some of the towns

had also domestic manufactures of glass, earthenware, hemp, silk, and woollen. Such was the transformation wrought by Olavide, in the hitherto uninhabited regions of the Sierra Morena. The haunts of wild beasts became the habitation of man; the wilderness was converted into a garden; the howl of the wolf and the whistle of the robber were exchanged for the rattle of the loom and the gleeful song of the husbandman.

But what was the fate of Olavide—the man who had done so much for civilization and for Spain? Olavide hated the monks both theoretically and practically. He made a fundamental regulation, which excluded them entirely from the new colonies, and is even said to have built his house upon the ruins of a convent which in times past had given shelter to a band of robbers, in return for a share in their spoil. The monks in return most cordially hated Olavide. It chanced that one Father Romauld, a German Capuchin, came on a mission to the Sierra Morena, and was well received by Olavide. The good father was delighted with the settlements. He had an eye to enjoy the beauty of the situation and the charms of the scenery; nor was he unmindful of the amenity of the climate, the sparkling purity of the water, the generous and well-flavored quality of the wine, and the excellence of the eating. Fa-

ther Romauld thought what a fine station this would make for a convent of Capuchins. He therefore advised Olavide, since his colonists were all Germans, to get some German friars to come and teach them how to get to heaven. But Olavide professed his satisfaction with the curates attached to the different parishes, and declared that their services were quite equal to the spiritual wants of the colonists. Though Father Romauld was thwarted and baffled, he dissembled his disappointment, as became the humility of his office, but he did not forget it. Some time afterwards, he availed himself of the intimacy to which he was admitted by Olavide, and caught up some imprudent expressions concerning the Spanish clergy, which dropped from him in the unguarded confidence of domestic life. These were reported to the council of Castile, and Olavide was called to Madrid under the charge of reading prohibited books, and speaking disrespectfully of the catholic religion.

Olavide had been a year in Madrid, and began to believe that the threatened storm had passed by, and that Father Romauld had forgotten him, as he had forgotten Father Romauld; when he was suddenly seized, with all his papers, and taken by force from the bosom of his family. His friends

heard nothing of him for more than a year. The first intelligence they received of him was when he was called up to receive the sentence of the Inquisition, of which he had all this time been the prisoner. Olavide was confronted with his judges in the presence of many illustrious personages. He was dressed in a *sanbenito* of yellow, covered with flames and devils, and carried a green taper in his hand. He was accused of being a heretic, a believer in the doctrines of the *Encyclopédie*, and of having frequented the society of Voltaire and Rousseau. He was therefore exiled from Madrid and all other places of royal residence; from Seville, where he had long resided; and even from Lima, the place of his nativity. His property was confiscated for the benefit of the Holy Office, and he was at the same time declared incapable of any public employment. Lastly, he was condemned to be shut up eight years in a convent, and employ his time in reading such pious volumes as should be placed before him. His sentence was at once executed, and he was confined in a convent of La Mancha, but his health and spirits sank together under such accumulated misfortune; and his tormentors, who had no desire of destroying life, and thus curtailing their vengeance, sent him to recruit at some mineral waters of Catalonia. There, Olavide was so fortunate as to elude his keepers, and to escape for ever from a

country, to promote whose interests and welfare had hitherto been the business of his life *.

But, to return to our journey. As we descended the mountains at a rapid rate, the clouds grew gradually thinner and thinner, and the rain lighter, until by-and-by the sun occasionally emerged to cheer our progress and give us a wider view of the softening scenes of the mountain, shining out at length full and clear, to greet our arrival into the village of Carolina. Leaving the diligence in the spacious inn-yard, and pushing my way through the crowd of worthies, to whom our fellow-travellers, with the Biscayan at their head, were recounting their misfortunes, I wandered forth to look at this beautiful village in the mountains.

La Carolina is traversed throughout its whole extent by the noble road of Andalusia, which forms its principal street. The other streets run either parallel to, or at right angles with this, and not a scattering dwelling rises in the neighbourhood of the town, or, indeed, anywhere in the new settlement, without a reference to some future street. Thus, the possibility of great future convenience is purchased without the slightest present sacrifice. In the centre of the town is the *Plaza Mayor*, which serves on ordinary occasions as a market-

* Antillon—Townsend—Bourgoanne.

place and general rendezvous, and on festivals as the scene of bull-fights and public spectacles. Here stands the village church, with its clock and bell; the Ayuntamiento; the large and commodious inn, at which we were about to breakfast; the smithy for the accommodation of the town's people and travellers, and a variety of shops, where may be bought a little of every thing. The various buildings which surround the square are uniform and connected, and their fronts being supported upon a series of arcades, they furnish a covered walk round the whole, where the villagers may at all times find shelter from the heat of the sun, or the inclemency of the weather. I noticed with regret that several of the houses which surround this little square were ruined and tenantless. It would appear from this, that the colonies partake in the general decline of wealth, industry, and population. Indeed, they are now subject to the pressure of all the evils common to the rest of Spain, and are no longer, as formerly, exempt from the many burdens and restrictions which bear so hard upon the Spanish cultivator. As I wandered in the direction of the Paseo, which lies on the south of the town, the children, weary of their morning's confinement, were availing themselves of the returning sunshine, to sally forth to their daily

pastimes. The flaxen heads of a few told that the Saxon stock had not yet been modified by a southern sun, nor lost in the blood of Andalusia.

The Paseo is a beautiful spot, planted with wide-spreading trees, whose thick foliage covers as with an awning the stone benches which are placed below. In the centre of the area is a stone fountain where the water is ever full and ever falling, and which, whilst it cools the air and gives animation to the scene, serves likewise to refresh the passing travellers and cattle. There are many such fountains in Carolina, supplied with excellent water by an aqueduct. The public walk is as essential an appendage of a Spanish town as the parish church. Thither the inhabitants repair at an hour established by custom, and which changes with the season. In summer, the cool of the evening is chosen for this salutary recreation. I seated myself for a moment upon a bench, and, though it was far from the hour of Paseo, the scene was so familiar to me, that I was able to people the walks and benches, and pass in review the whole assemblage; the old indefinido, with his rusty cocked hat; the high stepping royalist volunteer; the village alcalde, with his gold-headed cane, his stained fingers, and paper cigarillo. Nor did I forget the young mountaineer, with his round hat, covered

with beads and turned gracefully aside; nor, least of all, the pretty Andaluza with her coquettish movements, and her full black eye.

Leaving the Paseo behind me, I extended my walk to the scattered dwellings without, and wandered on, enchanted by the beauty of the surrounding landscape. The country was abundantly watered with mountain streams, running in open channels, or else led off in wooden pipes to furnish the means of irrigation. On every side were fields of wheat, oats, barley, flax, and garbanzos—orchards of olive and algarroba, and sunny hill-sides, covered to their summit with the vine. Each house, too, in addition to its shady arbor, had a little plantation of fruit-trees on either side. It was the month of April, and they were all decked in their vernal livery, blending the young foliage of the fig with the gaudy pink of the peach, and the more modest, though not less pleasing, tints of the pear, the cherry, and the apple.

It was delightful to gaze abroad upon this varied and wide-extended landscape, where the wild beauty of mountain scenery was rather softened than subdued by the magic touch of cultivation. The south wind had already floated away the moist clouds to the higher mountains, and the last thin veil of vapor alone lingered lazily in the heavens, where the sun blazed out in a sky of transparent blue,

clear and unsullied, and with Andalusian splendor. The whole vegetable world seemed to have waked up renovated and refreshed by the showers of the morning. The wheat was higher and greener, and the meadow lands looked so inviting, that I was half disposed to envy the luxurious indulgence of the cattle, as they cropped the herbage. The atmosphere I breathed, too, seemed to be of some happier world; for the breeze came burdened with sweet exhalations, newly sent forth by the thousand plants of the Sierra. What a transition was this from the unvaried monotony of La Mancha, where, but the day before, we had gone forward for leagues and hours over an endless plain, without once encountering a tree, a rock, or a habitation!

On leaving La Carolina, the country became more and more lovely the whole way to Baylen, which lies at the foot of the mountains. Baylen makes a distinguished figure in the history of the late war of independence; and indeed in the history of Napoleon. It was there that the French were first beaten by the Spaniards in a pitched battle, and General Dupont was compelled to capitulate to the patriot army under the Swiss Reding. At Baylen, then, the imperial arms received the first check in their career of victory.'

When we left Baylen our anxiety was again awakened lest we should encounter robbers, for

our road lay through a country much infested by them. There was also a good deal of excitement amongst the three men who composed our escort, as though they were in expectation of an attack. One of the men had lamed his horse the day before in the mountains, whither the escort had been sent with the horsemen who came with us from Guarroman, to find and break up a nest of bandits. The laming of a horse was, however, the only result of the expedition. Rather than leave this man behind, the conductor, at the moment of starting, made him take his seat beside me in the rotunda, with sabre and carbine, ready to repel an attack. He was a hard-visaged veteran, with long mustaches of mingled black and grey hairs. He had served in the northern campaigns with the auxiliary Spaniards, under the Marquis de la Romana. When Napoleon undertook his most unholy war against the independence of Spain, Romana eluded the vigilance of his perfidious ally, and escaped with his army by sea, to share in the defence of his unhappy country. Our dismounted horseman followed the fortunes of his chief, until the day of his death, and then continued to fight against the French until the downfal of Napoleon. He had entered the escort about four months before in the place of one who had been killed in defending the diligence. Not long since they had skirmished with the rob-

bers on the same fatal spot, and were now anticipating a more decisive attack. We feared now, not for our pockets, but our ribs; for the robbers always beat those who have no money. Having crossed a bridge, we began to approach the spot. It was a low hollow, opposite an olive orchard, which furnished a convenient lurking-place. One of our guards, a thin, long man, with a Moorish complexion and lank black hair, unslung his carbine, and, having looked at the priming, rode slowly and composedly in advance. The other was evidently neither a muleteer, a soldier, a contrabandista, nor a robber, but a townsman, unused to this kind of work; for he had a big belly and a frothy pot-valiant look, and sat his horse very badly. He was, moreover, but slightly armed, having left his carbine with the blacksmith to be repaired. As we approached the place of danger, therefore, the heart of our citizen soldier began to fail him, and he came to the rotunda to beseech the veteran to lend him his musket. The latter hooted at the idea of being left alone in the diligence with only a sabre; but being still pestered, he cocked his piece and pointed it out of the window, crying—"*Anda!*" The poor man, thinking the action, as well as the word, was meant for him, spurred his beast into a gallop, and guiding him with an unsteady hand, posted away to the front. As he drew one of three

pistols from his capacious belt, he looked more as if he were going to the gallows than to battle.

The sun had just disappeared behind the western horizon, when, on crossing a gentle sloping hill, we came suddenly upon the Guadalquivir. The noble stream was gliding silently, and with scarce a ripple, between verdant banks covered with horses, and sheep, and oxen, whose sleek condition bore witness to the richness of the pasture. Some of them were wading along the shore to crop the tender herbage which grew upon the margin of the stream; whilst others, more adventurous, pushed further into the current to drink of the clear water, as it stole rapidly past. The shepherd and the herdsman were either collecting their charge, or else were still stretched along the grass, gazing listlessly upon the current, and half chanting, half murmuring some of those wild melodies, which give such a distinct character to Spanish music. This then was the Betis of the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, the Guadalquivir of the Arab and the Castilian! Can we wonder that they should have sung its praises boastingly—that they should have fought hard for its possession?

Andujar made a very pretty appearance as we entered it; for its streets were clean, and the houses white-washed. Each balcony was crowded with flowers, and formed into a miniature parterre. But

though the country was Andalusia, and the people Andalusians—famous, all the world over, for their light and festive temperament—every thing was now grave, and solemn, and noiseless. The people of the place were just returning from a ceremony representing the Passion of the Saviour. Afterwards they had followed in solemn procession the bloody image of their Redeemer, preceded by the instruments of his torments—the cross, the crown of thorns, the spear, and the nails. The dress of the whole population partook, in a measure, of the general mourning, and a few penitents, attired in black, and concealed in a mask which terminated in a tall steeple over their heads, might be seen moving slowly homeward. In this disguise, they had taken a part in the ceremony of the Passion, as a self-imposed penance for some real or imaginary crime. The next day at noon, however, Judas was to be stoned and beaten to death, to be hanged, and to be drowned in the Guadalquivir; and then the people of Andujar were to return to meat and wine, to the song, the dance, and the revel; to *bolearse* and *menearse*, and, in short, be once more Andalusians.

In the evening I went in search of the banker, named in my circular of credit., I found a respectable looking old gentleman seated among his family, and just about to qualify his fast with a cup

of chocolate, which he hastened to offer me. When he found that I had just come in the diligence from Madrid, he inquired the particulars of the robbery, which he had already heard of in a general way. I had heard the story many times, but had not told it once. In consideration, however, of the audience, I made the attempt, and being occasionally assisted by two or three pretty Andaluzas, when at a loss for a word, I was able to finish the sad narration. The old man every now and then exclaimed—"*Caramba!*"—and his daughters stamped their little feet, and tried to frown, and called the robbers *demonios* and *tunantes*. They seemed indignant that a stranger should have met with such treatment in España; but were somewhat consoled in learning that it had happened among the rough Manchegos, and not in Andalusia. The old man hastened to place his house and purse at my disposition. I thanked him for the first, and agreed to take from the latter as much money as would carry me to Seville. He took me over the way to his *tienda*, where he sold almost everything, and made his young man tell me out the required sum, for which he would not receive any per centage. I afterwards found that the Spanish bankers are not in the habit of charging for small sums, advanced as an accommodation to travellers.

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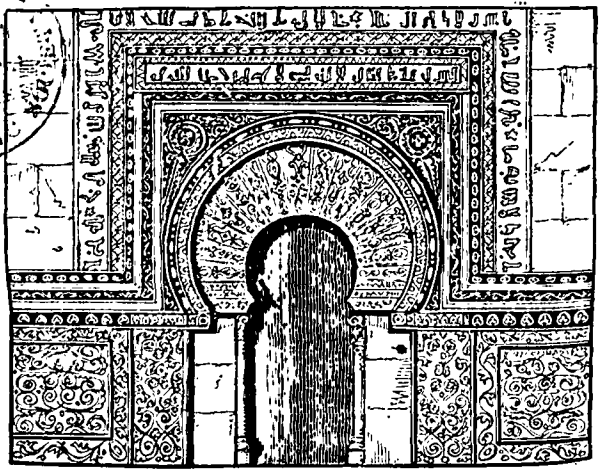
The one in question, like most others I had business with, was at the same time an importing merchant and a shopkeeper. This circumstance sufficiently shows the fallen condition of commerce in Spain, where we see nothing of that subdivision of its pursuits which is found in more flourishing countries. These humble members of the *comercio* are, however, the most liberal people in Spain, and have the clearest perception of the evils which distress their unhappy country. They are likewise distinguished for an unshaken probity, not universal in other parts of the world, where business is done upon a larger scale.

The next morning we renewed our journey at an early hour, crossing the Guadalquivir by a rickety bridge, over which we preceded the diligence on foot. Our morning's ride was indeed delightful, leading us through a country of gently swelling slopes—of hills, and dales, and trees, and streams, and pasture land. The meadows were thickly dotted with cattle, and the banks of the Guadalquivir were everywhere alive with mares and colts. The herdsman would either be seen sitting on a knoll, directing the efforts of his dogs, or else, catching the nearest beast by the mane, he would bound upon her back, and scamper away, Numidian like, to check the wanderings of the herd.

The horses raised here are the finest in Spain. They have been famous ever since the time of the Arabs, who brought the original stock with them at the conquest. Spain has, however, always been famous for the excellence of its horses, which are supposed to have been derived from the African barb. The most esteemed horses of the present day, such as those of Baylen, Xerez, and Cordova, and the famous cast of Aranjuez, from which the Spanish kings mount their domestics and body-guard, and which they send as presents, are evidently of the stock of Arabia. They have lost nothing of their native beauty, grace, and docility, by emigrating to the banks of the Tagus and the Guadalquivir. Indeed, the Spaniards have a proverb that the water of the Guadalquivir fattens horses better than the barley of other countries. I saw a greater number of truly beautiful horses, in my short stay in Spain, than I had before seen during my whole life. The Spaniards treat and ride the Arabian after the fashion of the East, and though they wound the ox with a steeled goad, and beat the mule and the ass most unmercifully, they never strike the horse, but frequently dismount to lighten his journey. They caress him, speak to him kindly and encouragingly, and sometimes cheer his labors with a song.

Having recrossed the Guadalquivir by a noble bridge at Ventas de Alcolea, our road led us onward through gardens and orchards, until we at length entered the once imperial Cordova—Cordova, the Colonia Patriciæ of the Romans—the birth-place of Seneca and of Lucan.



*Gate at Cordova.*

# CHAPTER XIV.

## KINGDOM OF CORDOVA.

Kingdom and City of Cordova.—Introduction of the Saracens, and Creation of Western Caliphat.—Its Day of Glory.—Decline and Downfal.—Present Condition and Appearance.—The Cathedral.

CORDOVA, one of the four kingdoms of Andalusia*, is situated on either side of the Guadalquivir. That far-famed and really beautiful stream divides it into two widely different tracts, called Sierra and Campiña. The Sierra is a prolongation of the Sierra Morena, along whose southern base the Guadalquivir takes its course westward, towards Seville and the ocean. It is plentifully watered with springs and rivulets, producing abundance of food, pasture, medicinal herbs, fruits, flowers, and honey, and giving nourishment to great quantities of wild game, beside sheep, cattle, goats, and horses. Antillon well remarks, that "in spring it furnishes

* At the invasion of the northern Barbarians, in the fifth century, the Vandals settled in the ancient Betica, and retained possession until driven out by the Goths. Hence the name of Vandalusia. The Arabs called the whole peninsula Andaluz, from the first province with which they became acquainted.

a most delicious mansion." The Campiña, or Plain, is famous for the abundance of its wines and oil, which are extensively exported to the provinces of the Peninsula. Both sections are rich in minerals. Yet, notwithstanding these natural bounties, the state of agriculture is so much depressed, on account of the number of entailed estates and the rich possessions of the church, combined with the consequent poverty of the cultivators, that the kingdom of Cordova does not even produce the wheat necessary for its own consumption *.

The city of Cordova stands upon the right bank of the Guadalquivir, and at the foot of the last dying swell of the Sierra Morena. The country around is thrown into a pleasing variety of hill and dale, laid out in plantations of wheat, vines, and olives, with meadows of the most luxuriant green, and many orchards and gardens. The sky of Cordova is cloudless and transparent, the air balmy and refreshing, and the water of a sparkling purity.

Cordova is a place of very great antiquity. Indeed, Peyron says—upon I do not know what authority—that, even before the Carthaginians and

* Martial has made the Campiña the subject of one of his most beautiful odes. He speaks in other places of Cordova as the renowned and the ancient.

Romans, it possessed a school, where the sciences were publicly taught, and in which were preserved the poetry and laws of the Turdetani.

It was under the Arab domination, however, that Cordova attained its highest prosperity; and particularly under the reign of Abderahman, the last and only descendant of the dynasty of Omeya. His family had been driven from the throne, which they had possessed during many generations, by the rival Abassides—like them descended from the prophet—and had been hunted like wild beasts, and cruelly put to death. Abderahman alone remained, and, passing from Syria to Egypt, where he led the wandering life and shared the toils of the Bedouin Arabs, he was at length driven by his hard fortune to take refuge among the tribe of Zeneta in Barbary. His mother had been of that tribe; and this circumstance, combined with his singular merit and unequalled misfortunes, secured him protection and hospitality. It was there that he received the embassy inviting him to take possession of Spain, and it was thence too that he set out at the head of seven hundred and fifty fearless cavaliers, furnished him by his friends, to reap an inheritance not inferior to the lost empire of his family.

Abderahman landed at Almuñecar in the beginning of 755. He was at once received by many Andalusian schieks, who swore allegiance to him,

taking him by the hand, as was the custom. An immense concourse of people, brought together by the occasion, set up the cry of "May God protect the king of Spain—Abderahman ben Moarie!" Abderahman was in the flower of manhood, full of grace and majesty, and with a figure not less prepossessing than noble. But, what was of more importance to him, he had been tried and proved in the school of adversity. He knew that the roving affections of the Arabs could be won only by brilliant actions, and that it was necessary to connect his name with glorious associations, and first to conquer his kingdom by dint of his own valor, that he might afterwards have the right of governing it with wisdom and moderation. Abderahman carried the war wherever there was a show of resistance, and, placing himself at the head of his cavalry, was always found in the hottest of the fight. In this way the conquest was soon complete, and Abderahman turned his attention to the arts of peace.

The principal revenue of Abderahman was derived from the dime, or tenth, which was received in kind of all the fruits of the earth, and which must have been immense in a country where agriculture was so well understood and so highly honored. This plentiful supply served to defray the expenses of so large a kingdom, and to maintain the court of Cordova in regal splendor. An idea

of the magnificence of this court may be gathered from the fact, that the body-guard of Abderahman alone amounted to twelve thousand men. Two thirds of these were Andalusian and Zenetian horsemen, splendidly armed and mounted; the rest were Sclavonian foot-soldiers, brought at a great expense from Constantinople, with whose emperors the kings of Cordova maintained the most intimate relations. These Sclavonians were charged with the immediate guard of the king's person. He had likewise large companies of huntsmen and falconers, who were ever ready in attendance, in the palace and at the camp, to supply the favorite amusements of the time.

The reign of Abderahman III. was not more glorious for the successful termination of the wars undertaken during its continuance, than for the enlightened protection extended by the king to learned men, and the rewards which he heaped upon those of his own country, as well as upon those who were drawn to his court from the cities of the East. Indeed, the king would have risen to distinction from his genius and poetical taste alone, even if his talents had not gained, as they did, by the lustre of royalty. He caused new schools to be everywhere founded for the instruction of youth, and established a university, where the sciences were publicly taught

with a skill at that time unknown in any other part of Europe. Public justice was placed upon a simple footing, and made accessible to all, and no laws were used in the kingdom but the Koran, with which every one was familiar. The cadis decided according to the dictates of this code. The criminal jurisprudence of the Arabs was even more simple and summary. The law of talion was applicable to every crime. This punishment might, however, be avoided by paying a certain sum of money, provided always that the aggrieved consented. The protection of these laws, together with the enjoyment of liberty, rights, and possessions, was equally extended to all, whether Mussulman, Jew, or Christian.

Commerce was on a flourishing footing during the reign of Abderahman. Roads and bridges were constructed to facilitate the internal communication between the different parts of the kingdom, and a powerful marine was created for the defence of the coasts, and for the protection of commerce. The ports of Seville, Cadiz, and Tarragona, were constantly filled with shipping, and new ships were each year launched from the arsenals. Alencria, which lies east from Malaga, was still more frequented. It was there that the trade was carried on with the Levant, and that the rich commodities of the East were exchanged for the productions of

Andalusia. This trade was almost entirely in the hands of the Jews, who were carefully protected by the Arabians.

Manufactures, which from their flourishing condition in the time of the Romans had fallen to the lowest state of depression and misery under the Gothic dominion, now rose again to eminence. The Arabs and Moors, who came together to the conquest, were ingenious, skilful, and industrious. They brought with them many arts then unknown in Spain; these they improved upon, as well as upon those which they already found there; and, their ingenuity being stimulated by the novelties of their situation and of the surrounding objects, they were led to invent others. The Arabs excelled in the manufacture of arms and of woollen cloths; the Moors, in their beautiful mode of preparing leather, weaving cotton, hemp, and flax, and especially in the manufacture of silk stuffs. Thus the Cordovan leather became famous throughout Europe, as it still is under the name of morocco, since the art, with those who practised it, has been driven beyond the Mediterranean; and the silks of Granada had such a high reputation in the East, that they formed a lucrative commerce to Syria, Egypt, and Constantinople*.

* It is generally believed that silk-worms were not known in Europe until the twelfth century, when they were brought

As for agriculture, every one who has been in Spain can testify to what the country owed and still owes to the Arabs. With that primitive people, the cultivation of the earth and the care of flocks were pursuits of peculiar predilection; and, by a happy coincidence, the rural economy of their native Arabia was well adapted to the soil and climate of the Peninsula, where, from the power of the sun and the frequency of droughts, irrigation is essential to fertility. The Arabs directed the course of the springs and streams with great labor and ingenuity, collecting the waters in vast reservoirs, whence they conducted them by earthen pipes or in open canals to the trenches of their fields. They also introduced that useful machine the *noria*, by means of which, where streams are not convenient, water may be raised from wells, and spread abroad upon the surface of the earth. Abderahman was well aware that agriculture was the certain and never-failing support of an abundant population, and consequently the true source of national wealth and power. He, therefore, encouraged by every means the strong bias of his people for the improvement of their lands. He assisted them, by constructing reservoirs and aqueducts, and thus gave a

by Roger, king of Sicily, from the Holy Land. There is, however, good reason for believing that they were found at a much earlier period in the kingdom of Cordova.

new stimulus to the spirit of agricultural enterprise. He gave them an example, in his immense gardens of Azarah, upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, of what could be done by taste and industry; for there the trees and plants of Africa mingled their foliage with those of Europe. The palm-tree and the banana grew beside the olive and the orange, which had emigrated into Spain at an earlier period; the sugar-cane sustained the helplessness of the vine. Like most of his subjects, the king had the simple and natural taste for plants and gardens; nor did he esteem it any degradation to labor with his own hands. Indeed, the most illustrious personages, those highest in dignity among the Arabs, loved to work in their own gardens, and to breathe a fresh and fragrant air, under a shade of their own creation. Scarce was the short winter of Cordova over, when the country was peopled at the expense of the city; whilst such of the villagers, in turn, as were devoted to the care of flocks, commenced the wandering life of their Arabian ancestors, passing from province to province, and from mountain to mountain, in search of the freshest pasture*.

This taste for gardens was combined with an

* Conde says that these wandering shepherds were called *moedinos;* and he supposes that a corruption of this word has produced *merinos*, the name given at the present day in Spain to the flocks which annually migrate from north to south.

equal bias for the pursuits of poetry. Verse-making may indeed be said to have been a mania among the Spanish Saracens. So prevalent was it, that extemporaneous versification – rendered easy, doubtless, by the character of the language, and by a study of the art—was quite general among the wits of that country. Several pieces of the kings of Cordova, preserved in the contemporary histories, have been translated from the Arabic by Conde. They are full of grace and fancy. All these learned men, these historians and poets, formed themselves into academies, assembling at stated periods, to augment the general stock of learning and science by free intercourse and by the clash of discussion. Nothing, however, so greatly tended to promote the cause of knowledge among the Arabs as the public library established in Cordova by Alhakem, the son of Abderahman, and afterward his worthy successor. It contained all the known works upon the sciences, history, eloquence, and poetry. To collect it, he sent agents, charged with the purchase of books, into Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Persia. The palace of the prince was ever open to the wise of all countries, who were made to promise, before they took leave, to procure all the rare, curious, and instructive works of which they had any knowledge. He himself classed the library in compartments, according to the various subjects, and the tables of

reference alone are said to have filled forty-four volumes of fifty leaves. This occupation was with the virtuous Alhakem but an episode to the cares of state; for Abderahman, who lived to a great old age, would have no other minister than his son, whom he sought to compensate in this way for the long privation to which he was subjected by the protraction of his own reign. He used often to say to him good-humoredly—"It is at the expense of thy reign, my son, that mine is prolonged." But when it at length ceased, and the good king bade adieu alike to the cares and enjoyments of life, it was too soon for Spain and for Alhakem.

So greatly had the population of Spain increased, in consequence of the improved system of political and rural economy introduced by the Arabs, that there can be no doubt that the country which lies south of the Sierra Morena contained more inhabitants than are now found in the whole Peninsula. The city of Cordova naturally rose to the rank and standing worthy of the capital of so vast an empire. It abounded in public edifices; among which were six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, and eighty public schools. All the streets were paved, and pure water was conducted from the mountains, in pipes of lead, to nourish the public fountains which stood at every corner. Lofty embankments resisted the overflowing of the Guadal-

quivir, and furnished, at the same time, a planted promenade for the public recreation. There were likewise many washing-places, and troughs for cattle and the cavalry; whilst no less than nine hundred public baths were kept constantly in order, to maintain health and cleanliness among the people, and to facilitate the observance of the ablutions prescribed by the Koran. The million of inhabitants ascribed by the Arabian historians to Cordova is, doubtless, an exaggeration. Yet the city must have been immense, to judge from the size of other places of far inferior importance under the Arab domination. Seville had four hundred thousand inhabitants, and Granada counted the same number when taken by Ferdinand and Isabella.

The picture we have given of the kingdom of Cordova, drawn after the descriptions of the Arabian historians, may perhaps convey an exaggerated idea of its wealth and power*. Indeed, it may rather be considered to have attained a high degree of civilization, in reference to the other

* The foregoing observations are chiefly taken—often literally—from the history of the Arab domination culled and translated by Conde from the valuable materials in the Escorial. This work has been handsomely rendered into French by M. De La Marles. It is full of interest, and contains abundant internal evidence of truth.

nations, of that day, than when compared with our own. Yet if an extensive development of local advantages and of the bounties of nature, combined with a flourishing, dense, and happy population, convey the idea of civilization, then does this qualification belong in an eminent degree to the Arabian kingdom of Cordova.

The prosperity of Cordova declined when the Arab power in Spain became broken up into petty kingdoms; and it received a fatal blow when reconquered by Fernando the Saint, who banished all the Moslem inhabitants. When they were gone, Cordova remained desolate: the grass sprang up in its streets and in its court-yards, and the cooling music of its fountains murmured unheard. The cattle had been driven homeward by the returning conquerers, and the face of the country no longer teemed with men and animals. The plough stood still and rusted in its furrow. It is one thing to sweep off and another to restore a numerous and flourishing population. At length, by grants of houses and lands, with exemption from taxes, a few thriftless people were induced to emigrate from other parts of Spain, and settle in the newly conquered region. The descendants of these men form the scanty population of the country, as it exists at the present day.

Cordova must, from its situation alone, be ever a delightful place; but as a city it has small claims to beauty, being everywhere surrounded by walls, in which the works of Romans, Vandals, Goths, and Arabs are connected by a modern patchwork. The extent of Cordova is the same now as in the day of its greatest prosperity, although it contains but little more than thirty thousand inhabitants. The walls remaining the same, the houses have shrunk from each other, and put themselves more at their ease; so that most of them have a vacant lot beside them, which is laid out as a garden. Here the fruits and flowers of the tropics flourish unprotected in the open air, intermingled with the productions of the temperate climes. The peach, the pear, and the apple, the orange, lemon, fig, and even banana tree, all attain an equal perfection. But the most singular feature in the gardens of Cordova is the lofty palm, which is seen towering far above trees, walls, and housetops. The palm is, indeed, among the first objects which the traveller discovers as he approaches Cordova, and for a moment he fancies that he is about to enter some African or Asiatic city.

It is said, that all the palm-trees in Spain—and they are very numerous in Andalusia, Murcia, and Valencia—proceeded from the one planted by the

first Abderahman in his favorite garden upon the bank of the Guadalquivir *. He had erected in the same place a lofty tower, from whose summit the eye took in a wide view of the surrounding country. The amiable prince loved frequently to climb in the evening to the top of his tower, and to contemplate from the eminence the outspread beauties of the very fairest spot in the vast domain won by his own valor. When his eye was wearied with roving over the remoter objects of the landscape, it returned to dwell upon the plainer beauties that lay below, and especially upon his favorite palm-tree, which awakened tender recollections of his lost country. He composed verses in praise of it, which still exist. "Beautiful palm tree! thou art, like me, a stranger in this land; but thy roots find a friendly and a fertile soil, thy head rises into a genial atmosphere, and the balmy west breathes kindly among thy branches. Thou hast now nothing to fear from evil fortune; whilst I am ever exposed to its treachery! When cruel fate and the fury of Abbas drove me from my dear country, my tears often watered the palm-trees which grew upon the banks of the Euphrates. Neither the trees nor the river have preserved the memory of my sorrows. And thou, too, beautiful

* Conde.

palm! hast also forgotten thy country?" The palm-tree is almost the only object that now remains to call to mind the glorious days of Cordova, and the dominion of her Abderahmans. The eye turns from the surrounding objects to dwell upon it with pleasure; and fancy seeks to forget the present amid the associations of the past.

But the palm-tree should not make us forget the orange, which after all furnishes the fairest ornament of the gardens of Cordova. This tree is nowhere seen in greater perfection than here, where it does not require man's sickly assistance, but, left to its own energies, grows up thick and sturdy and wide-spreading. It does not reach the height of the cherry, but has a larger trunk, an equally regular and symmetric growth, and a more impervious foliage. The Cordobeses leave the oranges unplucked from season to season. Thus in the middle of April, I saw the tree covered with fruit, at the same time that the blossoms were full blown and falling. Nothing in nature could be more enchanting than these noble trees, crowned at once with plenty and with promise, the rich verdure of their foliage blended with golden fruit and silver flowers. Their branches, too, sometimes projected over the garden walls, so that many of the streets were white with the falling blossoms. These being trod

by the passers by load the air, with fragrant exhalations.

The streets of Cordova are almost all narrow and crooked, as is the case in all the Spanish cities where the Arabs were long established; for wheeled carriages were not in use among them—and they made their streets narrow, that the projecting roofs of the houses might effectually exclude the rays of the sun. They are, however, kept quite clean, and the houses are neatly whitewashed, with each its latticed window beside the portal, and overhead a projecting balcony, filled with daffodils, carnations, and roses, and now and then a young lemon-tree, amid the foliage of which you may often catch sight of the full black eye and sunny cheek of some brown beauty, as rich as the ripe fruit that hangs around.

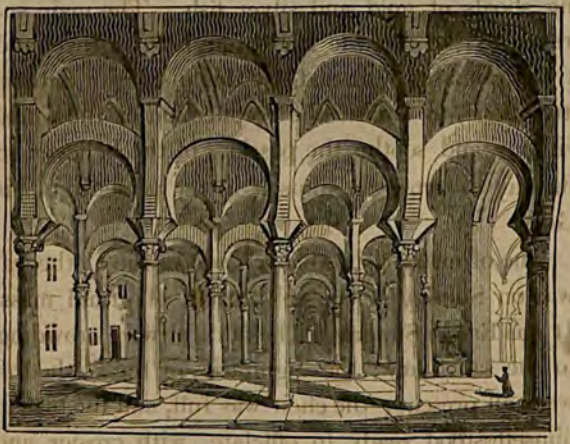
The only remarkable object to be seen in Cordova—the only monument which calls to mind the age of her Abderahmans—is the mosque, which Saint Ferdinand converted into the cathedral of a bishopric. It is one of the most singular structures in the world. The mosque of Cordova was erected after the establishment of the Western Caliphate by its founder, the first Abderahman. He resolved to give his capital the finest mosque in the world—superior in richness to those of Bagdad and Damascus, and a worthy object of veneration

among the believers, like the Caaba of Mecca, reared by the hands of Abraham and of Ismael, and the Alaska, or Temple of Resurrection, in Jerusalem. He is said himself to have traced the plan, and even to have labored an hour each day with his own hands, in order to give an example of diligence to the workmen, and of humiliation and piety to his people. The Arabian historians give a brilliant description of this wonderful temple. They say that it had thirty-nine naves one way by nineteen the other, and that these naves were sustained upon one thousand and ninety-three columns of marble. On one side were nineteen gates, corresponding to the naves. The central one was covered with plates of gold; the others with bronze, beautifully decorated. The minarets terminated in gilt balls, surmounted by golden pomegranates. This vast edifice was lit by four thousand seven hundred lamps, of which the oil was perfumed with amber and aloes. Such is said to have been this mosque in the time of the Arabs: it is much easier to vouch for and determine its present appearance.

The exterior of the Cathedral offers a quadrangle of six hundred and twenty feet by four hundred and forty. The walls are about fifty feet high, of hewn stone, and very solid. They are perfectly plain, without columns or other ornament, and ter-

minate at the top in alternate squares and vacancies, like the loopholes of a turret. The wonder of this building, however, lies within. Here you find yourself in a perfect forest of columns laid out in twenty-nine parallel rows. They are still more than four hundred in number, although many have been removed to make room for the choir and for chapels. These columns are of different forms and thickness, as well as of different materials—some being of granite, others of serpentine, porphyry, jasper, and marbles of every kind and color. They supported small arches thrown from column to column, on which rested originally a light roof of wood; but a century or two ago the edifice underwent many changes. The wooden roof was removed, and a second series of arches was thrown over the lighter ones of the original construction. But the most remarkable alteration that then took place was the erection of an immense Gothic choir, which rises, like a distinct church, in the centre of the quadrangle. It may be that at the same time ten of the naves were likewise removed to make room in front of the Cathedral, which would at once account for the difference in the number of the naves and columns, as described by the Arabs, and as they are found at the present day. Where the original walls remain untouched, they are covered with a profusion of minute ornaments, worked

upon a surface of plaster, and which, in the form of wreaths and garlands, contain sentences from the Koran.



*Mosque of Cordova.*

On one side of the Cathedral is still found the spacious garden planted by the third Abderahman, and which now serves as a vestibule to the temple. Over the portal which gives admittance to this place is an Arabic inscription from the Koran, beginning with "O true believers! come not to prayers when ye are drunk." The area is surrounded by high walls, within which are some very large orange-trees, said to be contemporary with the Moors. When I saw them, they were loaded with fruit and flowers, and enlivened with

the music of many birds. To complete the charms of the spot, there are several fountains of gushing water, falling into marble basins filled with glistening shoals of gold and silver fish. The main entrance to the mosque lay through this grove, and it was probably intended, by this display of natural attractions, to banish the recollection of the world without, and soothe the passions of the believer on his way to prostrate himself in the presence of his God.

One of many visits that I made to the Cathedral was on Sunday at the celebration of grand mass. It was Easter Sunday. The faithful were crowding to the sanctuary; the dignitaries of the Cathedral were all present; the choir was full, and the bishop himself stood ready to officiate, with crosier and mitre, and all the pomp of episcopacy. The Passion Week was past—the sufferings, the agony, the death of Christ, had been commemorated, and now they had come together to celebrate his resurrection from the dead. Mortification and sorrow and restraint were forgotten; happiness was in every heart, joy upon every countenance. The noble organ was touched by a master hand, whilst the stringed instruments, the bassoons, and the various and well-practised voices harmonized in the softest symphonies, or swelled into a pealing chorus, that resounded through the lofty choir and countless naves.

As I glanced round upon the work of Abderahman and upon the temple of Mahomet, over which thousands of lamps once shed a noonday effulgence, and upon the pavement which had been often strewed by the prostrate bodies of Moslems, I felt bewildered by the singularity of the associations *.

* This mosque was the third in veneration among the Mussulmans, being only inferior to those of Mecca and Jerusalem. It was customary, among the true believers, to make pilgrimages between Cordova and Mecca. Hence the Spanish proverb *"Irse de Ceca á la Meca,"*—"Going from Ceca to Mecca,"—applied to a person who wanders a long way on a fruitless errand; Ceca being, if my memory serves me, the Arab name for the mosque of Cordova.

## CHAPTER XV.

### KINGDOMS OF CORDOVA AND SEVILLE.

**Excursion to the Desert of Cordova.—The Hermano Mayor.—The Hermitage.—The Garden.—Return.—Start for Seville with Tio Jorge.—Cross the Guadalquivir.—Galera Party.—Azhara.—Ecija and her little ones.—Decayed Condition of Andalusia.**

THE afternoon before leaving Cordova, I went to visit a very famous hermitage, situated about five miles from the city, in the last range of the Sierra Morena. An old porter, who had shown me all the wonders of Cordova, was to have been my guide to the desert; but as he did not come at the appointed hour, I grew impatient and started alone, determined to inquire the way. As I passed through the beautiful public walk which lies without the gate, in the direction of the Sierra, a cut-throat-looking group of three or four occupied the stone benches beneath the trees; and whilst one of them smoked his cigarillo, the others were stretched flat upon their faces, enjoying a siesta, under the influence of the shade and of a gentle breeze which blew refreshingly from the mountains. Leaving the city walls, I struck at once into the road which had been pointed out to me the day

before as leading to the hermitage. I had not gone far, however, between waving fields of wheat and barley, before I discovered that I was closely followed by an ill-looking fellow, the same I had seen smoking upon the bench. This alarmed me, for the porter had told me several stories of people who had been robbed and beaten in this short pilgrimage; indeed, he had shown an unwillingness to go on this very account. It at once occurred to me, that if the fellow intended any treachery, it would be easy for him to spring upon me unseen from behind; so, crossing to the opposite side of the road, I slackened my pace suddenly and allowed him to go past. But he did not seem to like this new station in advance any better than I liked mine; for he presently seated himself by the road side, and when I had once more got before him, he again resumed his journey. This looked very suspicious. I laid my hand at once upon a dirk, which I had of late occasionally carried in my rambles by day and night, and, turning towards the fellow who thus pertinaciously followed my footsteps, I awaited his approach. He was quite a young man, but sturdy and athletic, with a soiled and neglected dress, and as dogged and ill-favored a face as I had seen for many a day. He passed the second time without noticing me; and on coming to where the road divided a little farther on, where, as is frequent

in such situations, a rough stone cross bore testimony to some act of violence, he took a different road from the one leading to the hermitage. It might be that, seeing me on my guard, he intended to join his comrades and waylay me in the cork wood farther on, or else upon my return to Cordova. I did not like the appearance of things, and still less to turn back from my undertaking; so I pushed on briskly, beginning to ascend the mountain.

The level lands, covered with grain and pasture and fruit-orchards, now gave place to a rugged rocky steep, covered with brambles, interspersed with a scattering growth of cork-trees and algarrobos, which soon concealed the hermitage from my view. As I advanced, the beaten road gradually branched into several paths that wound among the trees. In such a case it was very easy to miss one's way; and as bad luck had of late presided over my affairs, it was more than easy for me to miss mine. Thus perplexed, I chose the path which led most directly upward, until it brought me to a level spot, where there was a small farm-house surrounded by an orchard. There was nobody at home but a large mastiff, who gave me a very bad reception, springing at me fiercely, as I entered the gateway, the length of his chain,—beside a sunburnt urchin, who was scarcely able to hear and answer my questions for the howlings of his noisy coadjutor. Finding at

length what I was in search of, he told me that the road to the desert lay a long way to the left, and that I should scarce get there with the sun. I knew that the little fellow must be mistaken, for there were yet two hours of day; and though sweating with the heat, the toil, and the vexation, I determined to persevere. The lad could not leave his home to accompany me the whole way, but he showed me the road; and just before he left me, he pointed to a sudden angle of the path where an overhanging rock formed a cavern beneath, and told me how one Don Jose, a rich mayorazgo of Cordova, whom he seemed astonished that I should never have heard of, had been plundered in that very spot of his horse, his purse, and his clothes to his very shirt, and sent back to Cordova as naked as when his mother bore him. There was small encouragement in this parting information of my little friend; but I kept on, and, after many a winding turn up the side of the mountain, came at length to the gate of the hermitage.

I found the hermitage situated upon one of the wildest ledges of the mountain. It is bounded on the southern and eastern sides by a precipice of a fearful depth, and on every other hand the world is as effectually shut out by an irregular wall connecting and binding together the scattered rocks which had been rudely thrown there by the hand of Nature.

Having rung at the gate, I was presently reconnoitred through a small grated window by one of the hermits with a pale face and a long beard. He asked what I would have in a tone of meekness. I told him that I had come to see the Desert of Cordova. He disappeared to ask the permission of the chief brother, and soon after returned to give me admittance. My first sensation, on entering, was one of most pleasing disappointment. I had expected to find every thing within dreary and graceless, as became the abode of austere misanthropy; but instead of that, there were fifteen or twenty little whitewashed cottages, nestling among the rocks, and almost overrun and hidden amid vines, fruit-trees, and flowers. Nature here was as savage as without. The rocks and precipices were of equal boldness; but man had been busy, and the rain and the sun had lent their assistance. Indeed, vegetation could nowhere be more luxuriant, and the plants and flowers had a richness of color and of perfume that could scarce be surpassed.

On approaching the cottage of the hermano mayor or chief brother, he came to the door to receive me, signed the cross over me, and pressed my hand in token of a welcome. Like the other hermits, the hermano mayor wore a large garment of coarse brown cloth, girded round the middle with a rope, and having a hood for the head. The only

covering of his feet consisted of a coarse shoe of half-tanned leather. Yet was there something in his appearance which would have enabled one to single him out at once from the whole fraternity. He had a lofty and towering form, and features of the very noblest mould. I cannot tell the curious reader how long his beard was; for after descending a reasonable distance along the chest, it returned to expend itself in the bosom of his habit. This man was such a one as, in any dress or situation, a person would have turned to look at a second time; but as he now stood before me, in addition to the effect of his apostolic garment, his complexion and his eye had a clearness that no one can conceive who is not familiar with the aspect of those who have practised a long and rigid abstinence from animal food and every exciting aliment. It gives a lustre, a spiritual intelligence to the countenance, that has something saint-like and divine; and the adventurous artist who would essay to trace the lineaments of his Saviour should seek a model in some convent of Trappists or Carthusians, or in the ethereal region of the Desert of Cordova.

When we were seated in the cell of the superior, he began at once to ask questions about America; for I had sent in word that a citizen of the United States asked admission, having ever found this character to be a ready passport. He had been on

mercantile business to Mexico many years before, and had come away at the commencement of the revolution. He felt anxious to hear something of its present condition, of which he was very ignorant; and, when I had satisfied his curiosity and rose to depart, he gave me a little cross of a wood that had grown within the consecrated enclosure, and had been rudely wrought by the hands of the hermits. He told me that, if troubles and sorrows should ever assail me, if I should grow weary of worldly vanities, if the burden of existence should ever wax heavier than I could bear, I might leave all behind and come to their solitude, where I should be at least sure of a peaceful and a welcome home. Then, ordering a brother to show me every thing, he uttered a benediction, and bade me "Go with God!"

A good-natured friar of the convent of San Francisco in Cordova, who had come out to take the mountain air with two young lads, his relations, took his leave at the same time of the hermano mayor, and we all went the rounds together. The little chapel we found under the same roof with the principal cell. It has been enriched by the pious gifts of the faithful and devout; for silver, gold, and precious stones are everywhere in profusion. As the desert is dedicated to the Virgin, the altar of the chapel is decorated by a painting of her possessing heavenly sweetness of expression. I lingered

long on this consecrated spot. What a contrast between the dazzling splendors of that altar, and the humble garb and humbler mien of the penitents who lay prostrate before it!

From the chapel we went to see the different cottages of the brethren. They are very small, containing each a small sleeping-room, with a broad platform, a straw pillow, and two blankets for the whole bed-furniture. A second apartment serves as a workshop and a kitchen. Each brother prepares his own food, which consists of milk, beans, cabbages, and other vegetable dishes, chiefly cultivated by themselves in the hermitage garden. There is a larger building for the instruction of novices, where they pass a year in learning the duties of their new life under the tutelage of an elder brother.

The brother did not fail to lead us to the projecting point of the ledge upon which the hermitage stands, near two thousand feet above the level of the city, and which is bounded on three sides by a fearful abyss. Hence you command a broad view of one of the fairest regions of Andalusia. A rock which occupied the spot has been hewn away, so as to leave a stone arm-chair, just at the pinnacle. This stone chair has received sundry great personages: among others the French Dauphin, and Fernando Septimo, who halted here to review a part of his kingdom on one of his forced marches to Cadiz.

The august pressure which the chair had felt on former occasions did not, however, hinder us from seating ourselves in turn, and gazing abroad upon the splendid panorama. The view was indeed a fine one; the hour for contemplating it most auspicious; for the sun had well nigh finished his course, and was soon to hide himself—unclouded and brilliant to the last—behind a projection of the Sierra Morena. The country about us was broken and savage; precipices and ravines, rocks and half-grown trees, were thrown together in the utmost confusion; but below the scenery was of the most peaceful kind; for there the Campania spread itself in a gentle succession of slopes and swells, everywhere covered with wheat-fields, vineyards, and fruit-orchards. The Guadalquivir glided nobly amid the white buildings of Cordova, concealed occasionally in its meanderings as it wound round a slope, and emerging again in a succession of glassy lakes, which served as mirrors to the rays of the sun. The course of the river might, however, be constantly traced by the trees which skirted it, and by a broad range of meadow land sweeping back from the banks, and thickly dotted with cattle. In the distance rose the towering Sierras of Ronda and Nevada, the latter blending its snowy summit with the clouds. At its foot lies Granada, blest with a continual spring, and surrounded by that land of

promise—that favored Vega, over which the Genil and the Darro are ever scattering fertility.

But the pleasantest if not the most interesting portion of our ramble was when we came to wander through the garden. It was arranged in terraces, without much attention to symmetry, wherever the rocks left a vacant space, and levelled off to prevent the soil from being washed away. These terraces were occupied by plantations of pease, lettuce, and cauliflowers, interspersed with fruit-trees, which seemed to thrive admirably; whilst the vine occupied little sunny angles formed by a conjunction of the rocks, between which it hung itself in festoons. Nor was mere ornament entirely proscribed in this little seclusion. There were everywhere hedges of the fairest flowers, dividing the beds and creeping along the rocks; so that here the perfumes of the parterre were added to the wild aromas of the mountain. The roses of white, of orange, and of crimson formed, however, the chief attraction of the spot; for they had an unequalled richness of smell and color. We were allowed to select a few of these beautiful flowers, which are in such estimation throughout Andalusia, that you scarcely meet the poorest peasant, going to his daily toil, without one of them thrust through his button-hole or lodged over the left ear, his round hat being gaily turned aside to make room for it. This passion for roses is

of course stronger among the women. They wear them in the tresses of their hair, or at their girdle; and often hold them in the same hand that moves the fan, or else dangling by the stem from their teeth.

An occasion now occurred of seeing something of this, in the eagerness of the two lads, and even of their old uncle, who hastened to avail themselves of the privilege of carrying home each a bunch of flowers. One of these two lads had a pale, sickly, city look; the other was about thirteen, and one of the handsomest boys I had ever seen. He had come from Montilla with his sister, to spend the holy week in Cordova. It was the first time that he had been so far from home; and his city cousin and their common uncle, the friar, had brought him out to see the wonderful desert. He was dressed in the true majo style, as became the son of a sturdy cultivator—a low-crowned beaver with the brim gracefully turned upward, and ornamented with tassels and variegated beads; a shirt embroidered at the sleeves, the collar, and the ruffles; a jacket and breeches of green velvet, everywhere studded with gilt basket-buttons; with shoes and leggings of the beautifully tanned and bleached leather in use in Andalusia. The boy was enthusiastic in praise of the roses, which he allowed were finer than any to be found in Montilla, though but

a little while before he had been eulogizing his native place for the whiteness of its bread and the flavor of its wine.

By the time we had seen the garden, the sun had got low, and warned us that we had to sleep in Cordova. The friar had made himself acquainted with all my affairs; and finding that our roads lay the same way, he proposed that we should all go together. The proposition was gladly accepted, both for the sake of good fellowship, and because I had not forgot the possibility of an encounter in the dark with the fellows who had shown a disposition to escort me in my outward journey. I took leave of the hermits and their peaceful abode with a feeling of good-will which I had not yet felt in turning my back upon any religious community in Spain. These recluses take no vows at the time of their admission, so that they may return to their homes whenever they please. The hermano mayor had formerly been a wealthy merchant in Mexico, and afterwards in Cadiz, which place, the friar told me, he had left some years before, to bury himself in this solitude. There was another hermit who had been there twenty years. He was a grandee of Portugal, and had given up honors and estates to a younger brother, to turn his back upon the world for ever. The rest of the brethren were vulgar men, chiefly peasants from the neighbourhood, who had been

conducted to the desert by a deep-felt sentiment of piety, or by worldly disappointments and blighted hopes, or who had come upon the more difficult errand of escaping from the stings of remorse, and easing a loaded conscience by ceaseless prayers and unrelenting maceration. These humble brethren do not live by the toil of their fellow-men, but eat only the fruits of their own labor. Their wants, indeed, are all reduced to the narrowest necessities of nature. It may be that their piety is a mistaken one; but it certainly must be sincere; and if they add little to their own happiness, they take nothing from the happiness of others.

At the gate of the hermitage we met Fray Pedro, a lay brother and kind of porter to the convent of our monkish friend, and who, like him, wore the blue habit of San Francisco. He had come out with the party to lead the mule, which was browsing among the rocks; and when he had caught it, we all set out on the descent. After winding by zigzag paths half-way down the side of the mountain, we came to a little rill, springing up under a precipice, and which had been made to fall into a stone basin. Here Fray Juan commanded a halt, and when old Pedro had come up with the mule, he took down the alforjas, and produced a leathern bottle of plump dimensions, with some bread and a preparation of figs and other dried

fruit, called pandigo, or bread of figs, which is made into rolls like Bologna sausage. This simple food needed no other seasoning than the keen appetite which the exercise and the mountain air had excited to become very acceptable; nor did I wait a second invitation to join in, and take my turn at the leathern bottle, as it rapidly performed the round of our circle. Fray Juan had probably done penance in the holy week, and doubtless thought the occasion a good one to bring up arrears; indeed the bottle lingered nowhere so long as in his hands, until at length he became as merry as a cricket. The remains of our repast being stored away in the saddle-bags, and old Pedro having mounted the mule, with one of the lads before and the other behind him, we once more set forward. Fray Juan rolled his habit snugly round him, and tucked it under his girdle of rope, so as to leave his thin legs unembarrassed, when he set off capering down the mountain, the most ludicrous figure imaginable. By degrees he cooled down with the exercise, and then went on more quietly, striking up a royalist song of triumph to one of the old Constitutional airs. The others joined in at the chorus, and formed a music which in this mountain solitude was far from contemptible.

In this way we went merrily forward, and at

sunset arrived at a *huerta*, or fruit-orchard and kitchen garden, that lay in the road to Cordova. It belonged to the convent of San Francisco, and was kept by a friend of the friar. We walked in, and were well received by the farmer and his wife. The whole huerta was levelled off with a gentle slope, and in the highest part, near the house, was a large reservoir of mason-work, kept constantly full of water, by means of a never-failing brook, which passed along the outer wall, paying a tribute of fertility to many an orchard and garden in its way to the Guadalquivir. From the reservoir the water is sent at pleasure to any part of the field in little canals formed along the surface of the ground, and thus the inconvenience of a drought is always avoided. The field thus furnished with the means of fertility was laid out with beds of vegetables, interspersed with date, fig, olive, orange, lemon, almond, peach, plum, and pomegranate trees. The orange and the lemon still preserved their fruits; and they, as well as many of the other trees, were likewise covered with leaves and blossoms, in the full pride of their vernal decorations.

On our return from walking round this delightful spot, we found that the woman of the house had placed a little wooden table by the side of the reservoir, and had prepared a salad for us, which, with bread and sometimes meat, forms the common

evening meal in all Andalusia. We accepted this simple food with the same frankness that it was offered; and seated under a wide-spreading orange-tree, whose blossoms would now and then fall into our common dish, we talked, or ate, or amused ourselves in throwing bread to the gold fish that swam about in the reservoir, and now and then came to the top of the water to beg a part of our pittance. All was novel, all amusing to me; and when we took leave of the unbought hospitality of this humble roof, and reached the streets of the city, where I bade a first and last farewell to my kind-hearted companions, it was with feelings of no common good-will towards every thing belonging to Cordova. Yet the Cordoveses are spoken of by writers of travels, and even by Antillon, the Spanish geographer, as wanting education and politeness, and being in fact a brutal people. Of this I saw nothing during my short stay in Cordova, although I had frequent occasion to ask my way in the streets of the meanest people. The only thing that struck me unfavorably amongst them was an unusual number of royalist cockades.

Cordova being seen, the next thing was to think about getting forward in my journey; and this I was the more anxious to do, as my lodgings in the chief posada of Ronda, which stands next to the many-columned cathedral, were quite as mi-

serable as they could possibly have been in the meanest caravansary of the days of Abderahman. The diligence which had brought me from Madrid had gone on without delay, and I had taken leave of my friendly companions with the promise of finding each other out, and talking over our misfortunes, in Seville and in Cadiz. The next diligence would not arrive for a day or two—so I determined to take some other conveyance, which would carry me to Seville as quickly, and at the same time give me an opportunity of seeing something of the interesting country. It would have been too hot work with the corsarios, or regular trading muleteers, and my expedition to Aranjuez had given me abundant experience in the way of carros. I therefore decided for the only remaining alternative, that of getting a passage in some galera on its way from Madrid to Seville. The master of the posada, to whom I made known my intentions on the night of my return from the desert, told me that Tio Jorge (or Uncle George), the galera-man, was then in the posada; that his mules had rested the whole sabbath, and would go off for Seville with the better will the next morning after the matin mass; adding that he was sure he would receive *infinito gusto* from my company. Uncle or rather Gaffer George was accordingly sent for, and made his appearance in my room—a tall, robust

old man of fifty or sixty, with a weather-beaten wind-worn countenance, which expressed a droll mixture of round-about cunning, combined with bluntness and good-humor. He was dressed in a well-worn jacket and breeches of velvet, with coarse blue stockings below; an attire not at all calculated to improve his appearance, inasmuch as the old man was terribly knock-kneed, and had feet that were put together with as little symmetry, for his shoes were everywhere pierced to make room for the projection of corns and bunions. Tio Jorge and the posadero sat down on either side of me, like allied armies before a besieged city. Thus hemmed in, I surrendered after half an hour's parley; and the capitulation being made for something less than double the common price, the two worthies went away to divide the excess over an *alcarraza* of *vino tinto* (a jug of red wine), leaving me, in return, a pious prayer for my repose—"*Que usted descanse, caballero!*" (Good repose to you, cavalier!)

The next morning I was called at an early hour, and summoned to the galera: and then it was, to my no small dismay, that I discovered that I was to be fellow-passenger with near twenty noisy officers, who, the day before, had kept the whole house in a continual uproar. The eight mules, too, which, according to Tio Jorge's account, were so fat and arrogant, had as meager and broken-spirited a look

as one can well conceive. Instead of lifting their heads impatiently, shaking their bells, and endeavouring to break away from the zagal, as valiant mules are wont to do, they stood mostly on three legs, with each his head resting on the rump of his antecedent, or on the neck of his companion, or else turned back wistfully in the direction of the stable. The officers were all accommodated, and Tio Jorge sat upon the front, just within the penthouse of reeds and canvas that covered the wagon, inviting me to enter with the most guileless countenance in the world. My trunk was already in the galera, my bill was paid, and I had exchanged the parting *adios* with the landlord, the *mozo*, and the *moza*. There was no alternative; so, swallowing my vexation, I told the old man to drive on, and I would overtake him beyond the Guadalquiver.

The bridge, which was then emptying its current of market people, men and women, carts, mules, and asses, in front of our posada, and over which I followed the galera, has served during many centuries to effect the passage of the Guadalquivir. It is of very massive construction, and has towards the centre a shrine containing the image of the patron of Cordova, the archangel Raphael. A lantern hangs overhead, and is lit during the night for the convenience of such pious traversers of the

bridge as may be disposed to kneel upon the pavement, and indulge in a passing devotion. This bridge and the present station of Saint Raphael were once the scene of a singular and terrible tragedy. Soon after the period of the conquest, the Moors of the neighbouring provinces of Africa revolted against the Arabs, and drove an army of Syrians and Egyptians, under Baleg-ben-Bakir, to the sea-coast, whence they sought refuge in Spain. There Baleg was joined by certain factious chiefs, who were enemies of the Emir Abdelmelic, and who persuaded him to raise the standard of revolt, under the pretext that the emir was about to declare himself independent of the Caliph of Damascus. On hearing this unwelcome intelligence, Abdelmelic immediately mustered his forces, and marched against the rebels; but fortune betrayed him. His courage and self-devotion were of no avail, and, having lost the battle, he was forced to take refuge in Cordova. Baleg marched at once upon the capital, and the treacherous inhabitants, purchasing safety at the expense of honor, revolted against Abdelmelic, seized upon his person, and tied him to a stake in the centre of this very bridge, over which Baleg must needs pass in his advance upon the city. The head of Abdelmelic was severed by the first assailant, and carried as an acceptable offering to the rebel chief, whilst the rest of the

army took their way over the headless trunk of the murdered emir*.

The Guadalquivir at Cordova is a considerable stream; but it is not deep, except in the season of floods, when, like the other rivers of this mountainous country, it becomes very much swollen; for, being many hundred feet higher than the sea, its course is necessarily very rapid. As I now looked over the parapet, the bottom might be seen in several places, and I fully realized the possibility of the fact mentioned by Hirtius in the Commentaries, that Cæsar, in the siege of Cordova, passed his army over the Guadalquivir upon a bridge constructed by throwing baskets of stones into the bed of the river, and connecting them with a platform of boards†. We learn, however, from Pliny, that the river was navigable in his time as high as Cordova. This navigation had been long abandoned, when Marshal Soult caused it to be reopened, to facilitate the transportation of military stores between Seville and Cordova.

When we had reached the left bank of the Guadalquivir, the galera struck into a fine wide road, which was originally constructed by the Romans. By and by, however, I began to grow tired of treading this classic causeway, and then crouched quietly

* Conde. † De Bello Hispan. V.

into the narrow seat which Tio Jorge had offered me. Here I found my situation by no means so pleasant as in the galera of Manuel Garcia; for my present companions were not at all to my mind, and even had they been the best fellows in the world, there were too many of them. Among the number was a curate, who was going to Seville, to contend in the public convention for some one of several vacant livings in the gift of the archbishop, and which were to be bestowed according to the relative merit of the candidates. The rest were all officers from Biscay, who had been apostolical guerillos in the late counter-revolution, and who were going to join the garrison of Algeziras. Though disposed to be as civil as they knew how, they were low fellows, with nothing of the officer in their manners and appearance, and had probably been brought over, from being distressed mechanics or broken down shop-keepers, to rob, and plunder, and cut throats, in the defence of the altar and throne. From our numbers, we were necessarily crowded very closely. Indeed the wagon could contain us all only by our fitting ourselves together like a bundle of spoons; and thus accommodated, it was utterly impossible to turn round, except by common consent.

This unpleasant state of affairs within the galera furnished an excellent excuse for descending

frequently, and footing it onward during the greater part of the journey. The curate was much of the same mind; so we soon engaged in conversation. He was quite a handsome man of thirty, dressed in a round jacket and Andalusian hat; retaining no other badges of his clerical office except breeches and stockings of black, with silver knee and shoe buckles, and a silk stock streaked with violet. He was evidently a very good scholar; and, though he knew very little about the present state of the world, could tell all about the days of antiquity. What, however, contributed most to render his company agreeable, was the extreme amenity and courteousness of his demeanor. The regular clergy in Spain, and especially in Andalusia, are remarkable for the amiability of their manners; a quality which they acquire by constant intercourse with society, and by close attention to all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable, as the only means of riveting and extending their influence.

Tio Jorge, likewise, furnished much amusement when he occasionally alighted to stumble up a hill; for there was something very peculiar and original in his way of thinking. It seemed that he had contracted to carry the load of officers to Seville for a certain stipulated sum, which he now found, or pretended to find, deficient. This he endeavoured

to make up, by keeping them upon a low diet; doubtless not without a view to the benefit of their health; for they lay close all day, talking, singing, or sleeping, and took no exercise. The officers in return passed alternately from jest to abuse; and the old man gave them as good as they brought, growling quite as loudly. As I was not obnoxious to the charge of having held him to a hard bargain, he took a pleasure in telling me his griefs; nor did he fail to revile the officers, in a smothered tone, for their devotion to the priests and to royalty. He asked me if there were any chance that the English, who were then upon the Portuguese frontier, would march into Spain; ten thousand *casacas encarnadas* (red coats) would, he said, be sufficient to rally the whole country. I thought so too; with this difference, however, that where one Spaniard would go over to the English, there would be two ready to knife them. "What a fine thing," he added, "would it not be, if the English were to blockade the whole of Spain! There would then be no coasting trade; every thing would have to be carried inland. If they come, too, they will have a great deal of stores to carry; a Spaniard will go barefooted through the bushes, and march all day upon a crust of bread; but your Englishmen will only fight upon a full belly. To be sure they are

heretics, and a little brutish withal; but then they pay well. They give you few good words, but they count down the hard dollars."

As for the zagal of our galera, he was no other than the son of Tio Jorge, Juan by name, which the soldiers, in consideration of his youthful years, converted into Juanito and Juanico, when they wished to speak kindly, and by the *diminutivos despreciativos* of Juanillo and Juantonto, when they wanted to jeer him. The boy was indeed somewhat obnoxious to raillery, for he was quite as odd and old-fashioned as his sire. Though only in his fourteenth year, he had already filled the office of zagal nearly two years; and now walked almost every step of the way, smacking his whip and reasoning with the mules, from morning till night, notwithstanding the inconvenience of locomotion upon knock-knees and crooked feet; for the lad was his father's son, every inch of him, nay, to the very toes; a thing not always self-evident in Spain. Nor should I forget to mention the humblest of our whole party, a young Gallego, who did little offices about our vehicle, for the privilege of having his bundle stowed in it, and of walking the whole day within the sound of our bells. This young man was wandering away from home, as the poor of his province are wont to do, in search of employment. They usually stay away ten or twenty years,

and when they have accumulated a few hundred dollars, return, like the Swiss and Savoyards, to die quietly in their native mountains. He tendered me his services in the capacity of squire; but though I afterwards gave him something to do in Seville, I declined the offer, from the consideration that it was quite as much as I could do to take care of myself. I afterwards met him in the street at Cadiz. He had got a place, having found many countrymen there in the service of the merchants, who employ them as porters, and trust them to the utmost extent, even to the collection and payment of monies.

As we journeyed onward, I looked in vain for any remains of the wonderful palace of Azhara, constructed by the third Abderahman upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, a few miles below Cordova. The Arabian historians, translated by Conde, tell us that its vaults and arches were sustained upon no fewer than four thousand three hundred columns of marble. The pavement was composed of variegated marbles, cut in squares, circles, and diamonds; the walls were impressed with regular figures and inscriptions, intermingled with fruits and flowers; whilst the beams which sustained the ceilings were elaborately carved, and the ceilings themselves every where painted with gold and azure. Every apartment had one or more fountains of crystal

water, constantly falling into basins of jasper, porphyry, and serpentine. In the centre of the great saloon was a large fountain, from the midst of whose waters rose a golden swan, which had been made in Constantinople. Over the head of the swan hung suspended a very large pearl, which had come as a present from the Emperor Leo*. The curtains and tapestry were all of silk, embroidered with gold. Adjoining the palace were extensive gardens, planted with fruit trees and flowers. They contained also groves of laurel and bowers of myrtle, which enclosed numerous baths and glassy sheets of water, in which the branches of the overhanging trees, the clouds, and azure sky were seen again by reflection. But the great wonder of Azhara was the favorite pavilion of Abderahman, in which he used to repose after the fatigues of business or of the chase. It stood upon the summit of a little knoll, whence the eye overlooked without obstacle the palace, the garden, the river, and a wide extent of the surrounding country. The columns which sustained it were of the choicest marble, and surmounted by gilt capitals, whilst in the centre stood a porphyry couch, which served as a reservoir to a jet of quicksilver. Whenever the rising or setting sun sent his rays upon the falling drops and ever-undulating surface

* Probably Leo the Philosopher, emperor of the East.

of this wonderful fountain, they were reflected and dispersed in a thousand directions with magical effect*.

During the whole day's ride the country through which we passed lost nothing of its beauty. Indeed I had scarce ever witnessed a fairer scene than broke upon me, when, after toiling up a hill-side, behind which the sun had just sunk to rest, we at length attained the summit. Before us stretched the storied Genil, winding its way at the bottom of a deep and verdant valley, too soon to lose itself amid the waters of the Guadalquivir. The river was traversed by a time-worn bridge, at whose extremity lay the city of Ecija, long a border fortress between Moors and Christians, and famous in many a roundelay. The

* This description of Azhara may seem exaggerated and fanciful; it may indeed be so: but one who has seen the Court of the Lions at Granada, which, in a quadrangle of one hundred and twenty-six feet by seventy-two, has one hundred and twenty-eight columns, and which, in addition to a single fountain of thirteen jets, has sixteen others, which may be discovered simultaneously,—who has wandered through the halls of the Alhambra, gazing with wonder upon the curious painting and gilding of the ceilings, and upon the surrounding walls, everywhere elaborately impressed with fruits, flowers, and inscriptions,—finally, who has witnessed the ruin wrought in the old palace by the lapse of little more than three centuries,—finds little here to stagger his credulity. The fountain of quicksilver will appear the least wonder of all, if we remember that the mine of Almaden, in the neighbouring Sierra, produces annually twenty thousand quintals of that precious fluid.

walls which had once teemed with spears, with cross-bows, and with fighting men, were now fallen or overgrown with ruins and brambles; the clang of the trumpet and the shock of chivalry were exchanged for the lowing of herds, the bark of house-dogs, and the mournful toll of *las animas*.

In modern times Ecija has founded its reputation chiefly upon a band of robbers, who lived and exercised their depredations in and about the city; rendering the name of the Thirteen Children of Ecija, *Los Trece Niños de Ecija*, not less famous and formidable than that of the Forty Thieves. I knew a young noble of Ecija, a cadet in the king's body-guard, who was taken by them when a child, on his way to Madrid in a galera. He said they made all the passengers get down whilst they searched the cargo, and, seeing that he was quite small and a good deal frightened, they took him out and laid him on the grass by the road side, as carefully as though he had been a basket of eggs. It is a singular fact that, though these bandits were often pursued, and sometimes one or more of them were killed or taken, yet their number ever remained the same; it was still *Los Trece Niños*. After years of successful depredation, the fraternity has not disappeared until very lately. This long continuance is partly attributed to their not having wantonly murdered any of their non-resisting victims, but chiefly to the

singular regulation, which they religiously observed, of dividing their spoil always into three equal portions. One of these portions was conveyed to certain alcaldes of the vicinity; another to a convent of friars, who protected and concealed them; whilst the remainder only was retained as their own share.

The second night of our journey was passed at Carmona, which is situated upon the pinnacle of a mountain, overlooking a rich and varied view of the valley of the Guadalquivir. This city was quite famous under the Romans, and was for a short time the capital of one of those petty kingdoms which sprung up in the decline of the Arabian domination. Beside Ecija and Carmona, we met but a few villages between Cordova and Seville, and no solitary farms nor houses, other than the public ventas. Though the soil was everywhere fertile and capable of nourishing a numerous population, yet it was in general very imperfectly cultivated, and often abandoned to the caprice of nature. Nothing can be more painful than to behold this country, which rose to such a high degree of prosperity under the Romans and Arabs, now so fallen, so impoverished. The principal source of this depopulation may be found in the landed monopolies; nearly the whole country being owned by large proprietors, to whose ancestors it was granted at the time of the conquest. Hence the soil has to support, not

only the laborer who cultivates it, but likewise the idle landlord, who lives at court, and spends his income in the capital. They who preach the preservation of families and estates, and deprecate the unlimited subdivision of property, should make a journey to Andalusia. Other causes are found in the odious privileges of the *mesta*, in the exorbitance of the taxes, and in the vexatious system in raising them; in the imperfect state of internal communications, and in the thousand restrictions which check circulation at every step. Not to mention the clergy, the convents, and the robbers, have we not already causes enough of ruin and desolation?

## CHAPTER XVI.

### KINGDOM OF SEVILLE.

Arrival in Seville.—Casa de Pupilos.—History of Seville.—Its general Appearance and remarkable Edifices.—Cathedral and Giralda.—Amusements.—Murder of Abu-Said.—Isabel Davalos.—Guzman the Good.—Italica.—A poor Officer.—Seville at Sunset.

EARLY on the third day of our journey from Cordova, a more careful cultivation announced our approach to Seville, which we presently discovered in the plain before us, conspicuous by its lofty and far-famed Giralda. Towards noon we entered the suburbs of the city, and kept along the road which follows the arches of the aqueduct. In passing the front of the tobacco manufactory to reach the southern gate, I noticed on our left the naked carcasses of six horses, which a noisy congregation of crows and dogs were hastening to devour. These were the victims of a bull-fight that had taken place the day before in the Plaza de Toros. At the gate, we were made to stop and deliver our passports. Here, too, we were encountered by the wife of Tio Jorge, a withered and dark-skinned old woman, who came forth to meet her husband; bringing in

her hand something rolled in a bundle, which proved to be a diminutive baby, the child of their old age. Tio Jorge, when they had entered the galera, took the infant into his arms, and leaving Juanito between the head mules, which he guided with much dexterity through the narrow windings of Seville, he fell to kissing it with great pride and chuckling. Indeed, he seemed to have forgotten the mother, the mules, and Juanito, in his fondness for this imperfect production.

My first intention had been to take lodgings, during my short stay in Seville, in a posada, which had been recommended to me by a friend; but the curate counselled me to go with him to a boarding-house, where one would find more comfort, more retirement, and at the same time more society. I readily agreed to do so; and, leaving our baggage, we went to seek a place that would answer. We had not gone far with our eyes on the look-out for the required sign of *casa de pupilos*, when, coming to a barber's shop, we walked in to make inquiries; for the barbers here, even more than elsewhere, know every thing. It was a barber's shop in Seville, and, though the young man who rose to receive us —instead of the dangling queue and silken *gorra* of the genuine majo, his jaunty jacket and breeches covered with gilt buttons, his gaudy sash, well-filled stocking, and neat shoe-tie—was plainly

dressed in an embroidered roundabout of green, with linen trousers; yet the towel thrown over his arm professionally, the brazen basin, scolloped at one side, which hung from the wall, ready to receive the neck of the subject, and to remind one of the helmet of Mambrino; but especially his vivacious air and ready civility, as he hastened to hang his guitar by its flesh-colored riband upon a peg in the corner,—announced the son of Figaro. So soon as he had learned our will, he stepped forth into the street, with the elastic tread of one not unused to go forth in the waltz, proceeding to explain to us where we might find what we were in search of; and asking us to take the trouble to go a very little way in this direction, and then give a *vueltacita* round the left corner, where we should find ourselves in front of a house kept by a widow lady, where we could not fail to be *a gusto*. We thanked him for his advice, and having accepted his invitation to return to his shop when we should again require his services, soon entered the house in question.

The outer door was open as usual, and, on knocking at the inner one, it was presently jerked open by a string from the corridor of the second story, so as to admit us into the central court-yard. "*Pase ustedes adelante, Señores*"—"Please to pass onward!" was the next salutation; and taking the

speaker at her word, we made a turn to avoid a noisy fountain which stood in the centre of the court, and, ascending the stairs, wheeled round the corridor to the front saloon. This room was an oblong, with two balcony windows looking on the street, which were shaded from the sun by awnings or rather outer curtains of red and white stripes placed alternately. The walls and rafters were newly whitewashed, and the tile floor looked cool and cleanly. Its furniture consisted of a marble table, surmounted by a looking-glass, beside a good assortment of rush-bottomed chairs, the backs of which were prettily painted with French love-scenes. There were few ornaments here; unless, indeed, three young women—the two daughters and niece of the ancient hostess—who sat with their embroidery in the cool balcony, might be so esteemed. One of them was at least five and twenty; the next might be eighteen—a dark-haired, dark-eyed damsel, with a swarthy Moorish complexion and passionate temperament. The niece was a little girl from Ecija, the native place of the whole family, who had come to Seville to witness the splendors of the holy week. She was just beginning to lose the careless animation, the simplicity, and the prattle of the child in the suppressed demeanour, the softness, the voice and figure of a woman. She looked as though she

might have talked and acted like a child a week or two ago in Ecija, but had been awakened to new and unknown feelings by the scenes of Seville. As for the Morisca, she touched the guitar and sang, not only with passion and feeling, but with no mean taste, for she went frequently to the Italian opera. The other two waltzed like true Andaluzas, as I had occasion to see that very evening.

Such being the state of affairs, the curate and I decided that we would go no farther, and accordingly accepted the rooms that were offered us, and agreed to take our meals with the family. Nor did we afterwards regret our precipitation, for the house was in all things delightful. As for myself, it furnished me with a favorable opportunity of seeing something of those Sevillanas, of whose charms and graces, of whose sprightliness and courtesy, I had already heard such favorable mention. With these, and some other specimens which I saw of the sex, as it is in Seville, I was indeed delighted;—delighted with their looks, their words and actions, their Andalusian Spanish, their seducing accent, and their augmentatives and diminutives, from *grandissimo* to *poquito* and *chiquiti-ti-ti-to*.—Every thing is very big or very little in the mouth of a Sevillana: she is a superlative creature, and is ever in the superlative.

There was one thing, however, in my situation in

this *casa de pupilos* which was new and singular, to say nothing of its inconvenience, and which may furnish a curious study of Spanish customs. This was the position of my bedchamber. It had a grated window looking on the street, and a door opening into the court-yard. Next it was a long room, running to the back of the building. This also was a bedchamber, and the bedchamber of the old lady and of the three niñas of Ecija, who slept on cots ranged along the room. But it may not be amiss to tell how I came by this information. Now it chanced that the partition wall betwixt my room and this next did not extend to the ceiling, nor, indeed, more than two-thirds of the way up, the remainder being left open to admit a free circulation of air, and keep the rooms cool; for Seville, in summer, is little better than an oven. This being the case, I could hear every thing that was going on next me. We used to commend each other to God over the wall very regularly every night before going to sleep, and presently I used to hear the old woman snore. The girls, however, would go on talking in a whisper, that they might not disturb their mother. In the morning again, we always woke at the same hour and with the customary salutations. Sometimes, too, I would be aroused in the dead of the night, and kept from sleeping for hours, just by the

cracking of a cot, as one of my fair neighbors turned over; or may be on no greater provocation than the suppressed moan of a troubled dreamer, or the half-heard sigh of one just awoke from some blissful vision to a sense of disappointment.

But to return to graver matters, Seville is by far the largest of the four kingdoms of Andalusia. Nor is it surpassed by any province of the Peninsula, except perhaps Valencia and Granada, in fertility and abundance. It has mines of silver in the neighbouring Sierra, and produces everywhere generous wines and fruits of delicious flavor. The wheat of this kingdom, though unequal in quantity to the domestic consumption, is of the very finest quality *. Oil is, however, the staple production of this kingdom. It has a strong taste, from the way in which it is purposely prepared. The pickled olives of Seville are the largest and finest in the world.

* I do not know whether it be owing to a superior degree of excellence in the Spanish wheat over that of other countries, or to any other cause, but the bread certainly seems to me better and sweeter in Spain than anywhere else. This is especially the case in Seville, where the bread is unequalled for beauty and relish. It is not much raised, nor spongy, but rather solid, with a close grain and rich color. It retains its freshness a long while; indeed, I have tasted some a week or ten days old, that had been sent as a present to Gibraltar, even then far better than the best I had ever ate out of Spain.

Seville, the capital of this kingdom, is situated chiefly on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, and has a bridge of boats connecting it with the suburb of Triana. This is a very old city—so old, indeed, that its foundation is ascribed to the Libyan Hercules, who makes a great figure in the fabulous history of the Peninsula. This is even set forth in ancient inscription over one of the city gates. "*Hercules me edifico; Julio Cesar me cerco de muros y torres altas; y el Rey Santo me gano con Garci Perez de Vargas:*"—"Hercules built me; Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls and towers; and the Sainted King gained me, with the aid of Garci Perez de Vargas." The Sainted King was no other than Saint Ferdinand, who took Cordova from the Arabs; and as for Garci Perez, he was a right valiant cavalier—a second Cid—who, not only with word and voice, but also with lance and buckler, did many wonders in the siege of the city.

The population of Seville at present scarce amounts to one hundred thousand souls, and twenty-five hundred silk-looms alone survive the wreck of ruined industry. As for her commerce, it is now reduced to a petty trade with Barcelona and some other Spanish ports, with occasionally a foreign arrival. Seville may even be said to have fallen far below her fair value; for, situated as she is, near a hundred miles in the interior of a country where the

productions of the temperate harmonize with those of the tropic climes, and which for natural riches knows no superior in Europe, and upon a noble stream, which might easily be rendered navigable again for large ships, Seville is eminently calculated to hold a high station as an agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial metropolis.

Seville is by no means a handsome city; nay, so far as mere beauty is concerned, it may scarce be admitted to the rank of mediocrity. It is flanked on every side by ragged gates and towers which bear the impress of every age from a period anterior to the Christian era; and its streets have been rendered narrow, crooked, and irregular by the long residence of the Saracens. Notwithstanding all these defects, Seville is not entirely destitute of the grandeur belonging to a great city. Among a countless number of churches, chapels, and oratories, one hundred convents, and other public edifices in proportion, all of which offer some interest in the way of architecture, paintings, or historic associations, there are a few which attract more particularly the attention of the traveller. Among this number is the cannon foundery; an immense establishment, where have been cast some of the most beautiful brass pieces in the world. It is still in operation, though Spain is no longer troubled with the task of fortifying the many strong-holds of

the New World. The tobacco manufactory is in the outskirts of the city. It is a noble pile of quadrangular form and very solid construction; which, with the deep trench that surrounds it, and the drawbridge that rises every night and insulates it completely, give it the appearance of a fortress. Here is prepared the tobacco sold by government, of which it constitutes the chief monopoly. This oppressive system causes an extensive contraband trade, with much misery and more vexation. As for the establishment in question, it produces a revenue to the crown, which might be raised at half the expense in some other way. It further furnishes a semi-sinecure to a swarm of idle officers, and a vast seraglio to some dozen or two of old fellows, who strut round with cigars in their mouths, superintending the labors of many hundreds of young women, whom they search, as they tell me, *muy a menudo* (very minutely) every night as they go over the drawbridge, to see that they have no tobacco concealed. The Lonja or Exchange is the most regular and beautiful building in Seville. There are collected all the documents relating to the Indies. Here is also seen the only original portrait of Columbus. It was deposited here by his descendant, the Duke of Veragua, as the most proper place for the preservation of a thing so pre-

cious *. It is to be deeply regretted that this painting was found in the family gallery in a defaced condition; and having been retouched, the reality of the resemblance has become a matter of learned disputation. The Alcazar, often the residence of the Castilian kings, and the favorite abode of Peter the Cruel, is a most singular edifice, composed of a confused pile of Gothic, Arabic, and modern constructions. The inhabitants find a favorite promenade in the equally singular gardens which lie adjacent; once the lounging-place of the lovely Eleanor de Guzman, Maria Padilla, and the ill-fated Blanche de Bourbon.

The Marine Academy is pleasantly situated without the walls of the city. This institution was founded by Ferdinand Columbus, to educate a number of young men, with the view to their becoming masters of merchant ships. They pass several years in making a good theoretical study of navigation, and in learning seamanship from a number of very good books, aided by a little antique frigate, suspended upon a pivot in one of the rooms, which they tacked and veered for me with surprising dexterity. The absurdity of this system is self-evident. In the merchant service the future

* The Lonja is indestructible, the ceilings being vaulted and the floors paved.

master must learn the science of navigation whilst he is yet in a subordinate station, either in the interval of his voyages, or, better, from his superiors during their continuance. In the military marine, where a higher order of professional excellence is required, where the skill of the thorough-bred sailor must be added to the science of the mathematician and the gentlemanly accomplishments which raise a national character in the eyes of strangers, the necessary education can scarcely be acquired except in an academy: where theory should go hand in hand with practice, and where daily studies on shore should be alternated by daily exercise on shipboard;—not a ship moored head and stern, like the school of practice at Toulon; nor built upon terra firma, or rather on the tops of trees, as at Amsterdam; but a genuine little ship, that could loose her sails, and lift her anchor, and turn her back upon the land at pleasure. The periodical vacations, every where found necessary to relieve the mind of the student, might consist in little coasting voyages, which should at the same time be rendered parties of pleasure. This would furnish the young men with much minute information concerning their native coasts, which older sailors, engaged in the ordinary business of the profession, have no means of acquiring. Nor should the adventurous aspirant after naval glory shun to

launch out into the ocean, and learn thus early, in his little bark, to brave the element destined hereafter to become the scene of his triumphs.

But by far the most conspicuous monument of Seville is the Cathedral. It is indeed famous in all Spain, where the three principal temples are thus characterized: *la de Sevilla, la grande, la de Toledo, la rica, y la de Leon, la bella.* In Andalusia it even receives the disputed appellation of patriarchal. And indeed, whether we consider its extent and proportions, or the pomp and ceremonial of worship, it is certainly one of the noblest temples in all Christendom. The extent of the church itself is four hundred and twenty feet by two hundred and sixty, with a central nave rising to an immense height. The endowment of this temple accords with the magnificence of its construction; for so late as the last century the archbishop received the handsome income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with a corresponding provision for two hundred and thirty-five canons, prebendaries, curates, confessors, musicians, singers, and levitical aspirants*. Nor will this number of dependants appear extravagant, if we remember that they have to officiate at no fewer than eighty-two altars, and perform five hundred masses on a daily average.

* Townsend.

The exterior of the Cathedral presents a grotesque grandeur, produced by the combination of three utterly different species of architecture. The church itself is of gothic construction, partly erected at an earlier period than the eighth century. The sacristy is entirely in the modern taste, whilst the court and garden adjoining, with the thrice famous Giralda, date from the dominion of the Arabians. This wondrous tower of Giralda was built towards the close of the twelfth century, in the reign of Jacub Almanzor, by Algeber, a famous mathematician and architect *. Originally it rose to an elevation of two hundred and eighty feet, and was surmounted by an iron globe of prodigious size, which being splendidly gilded reflected and almost rivalled the brilliancy of the sun.

* The invention of algebra has been attributed to this Algeber of Seville, from whom it is said to derive its name. Though this science is known to have existed many centuries before, yet it is very possible that he introduced it among his countrymen; for it first became known in Europe through the Arabian Spaniards, who cultivated mathematics so successfully, that when Alonso the Wise arranged the celebrated astronomic tables which still bear his name, he got most of his calculations from the astronomers of Granada. Nor is there any good reason why Algeber may not have reinvented the science; for these things are not the accidental offspring of a single brain, but real existing combinations, growing out of the state of science, and waiting the grasp of the master mind who leads the van of discovery.

Immediately beneath this ball was the gallery, whence the mulzzims convoked the faithful to their stated devotions. The ascent of the tower is effected by a spiral stairway without steps, and of such gradual inclination that a person walks up with scarce an effort, as he would ascend a gentle hill. In more modern times the globe has been removed, and a small tower of inferior diameter has been erected above, making the entire present height of the whole construction three hundred and sixty-four feet, more than two-thirds of the higher pyramid. This immense mass terminates in a colossal statue in brass of a female, intended to represent the Faith. This is the famous Giralda or weathercock, one of the great wonders of Spain, and the subject of many a poetic allusion. It is certainly a little singular that any good catholic should have thought of setting the emblem of his faith up for a weathercock, to turn about with every change of wind; though the different destinies which have ruled Seville, and the widely different religious usages with which this same tower has been associated, all point to the possibility of variation. As I walked up the winding ascent in the interior of the tower, it was evident to me that two cavaliers, accoutred with spear, shield, and helmet, and mounted upon their war-horses, might easily ride side by side to the top, as is said to have been done

on more than one occasion; and as for the Knight of the Mirrors, though he told Don Quixote many a lie, he was at least within the bounds of probability when he recounted his adventure with the giantess Giralda. From the gallery at the top of the tower, too, one may estimate the difficulty and danger of the fearful feat executed by that wild warrior Don Alonzo de Ojeda *. The view from this immense elevation is necessarily a fine one. The huge cathedral below, and round about it the city with its many churches, its hundred convents, its Alcazar and amphitheatre; without these, the ancient walls and time-worn turrets of Hispalis; the masts, yards, and streamers of the vessels in port, and the leafy promenades that offer shade and shelter for the daily and nightly exercises of the Sevillians; and, in the remoter portions of the panorama, a vast tract of level country traversed by the winding Guadalquivir,—all combine to furnish a delightful picture.

But to return to the interior of the cathedral: it is very rich in paintings, statues, and relics, and contains the tombs of many cavaliers whose names are deservedly dear to the Spaniard. Here rest the remains of Ferdinand Columbus, a great benefactor of Seville; of Maria Padilla, the guilty mistress,

* Irving's Life of Columbus.

or, as some say, the unhappy wife of Peter the Cruel. Here too may be found all that could die of St. Ferdirand, by whom the Cathedral was conquered and consecrated; a man, according to Father Mariana, who was endowed with all the personal gifts and mental acquirements that any one could desire; of whom it was doubted whether he excelled for goodness, greatness, or good fortune. So pure, indeed, were his manners, that they won him while living the surname of Santo, and caused him after death to be regularly enrolled upon the list of the beatified *.

A far finer sight, however, than all these marble heaps that cover the bones of the departed, is found in the many beautiful paintings that adorn the walls and chapels of the Cathedral. They are above all praise. It is indeed only in Seville that one may properly appreciate the school of Seville. This school owes its chief celebrity to Murillo, born in Seville, like his great master Velasquez, and who spent the greater part of his life in painting for the churches, convents, and hospitals of his native city. Scarce a public edifice there but contains something from the pencil of this great man. The

* One of his saintly qualities was his detestation of heresy, which was so great that he personally performed the drudgery, on more than one occasion, of carrying wood to the bonfire of an unbeliever.

Hospital of Charity, near the bank of the river, is especially rich in these precious productions. Among the number are the return of the Prodigal Son, and Moses smiting the rock in Horeb. The men, women, children, and even the beasts of the thirsty caravan are drinking with a joyful avidity that gives almost equal delight to the spectator.

The amusements of Seville are sufficiently numerous; for the people of that city are famous all the world over as a light-hearted, laughter loving people, eternal scratchers of the guitar, and dancers of the waltz and *bolero*. They have a tolerable company of comedians, and a very good Italian opera. Here, however, more than elsewhere, the bull-fight constitutes the leading popular amusement; and the amphitheatre of Seville—said to be a very fine one—is looked up to by those of Madrid, Ronda, and Granada in the light of a metropolitan. The right way to turn a bull with the lance, or fix a *banderilla*, or deal the death-blow, is always the way it is done in Seville—"*Asi se hace en la Plaza de Sevilla!*" There is, however, another amusement, which, though not so passionately beloved by the people of Seville, is, nevertheless, more frequently enjoyed; for the *fiesta de toros* seldom comes more than once a week, and costs money, whereas the *paseo* takes place daily, and may be shared by the poorest citizen.

There are several pleasant promenades in and about the city. You may wander through the orange grove of the old Alcazar; or cross over to Triana, and take a look at the convent of the silent Carthusians; or, following the receding tide as it floats along the quay, you may mingle amid the motley group of sailors and landsmen there assembled, until you pause to contemplate the famous Golden Tower—a venerable pile which has been visited by Sertorius and by Cæsar. Thence, turning back upon the Betis, you may seek the shade of the neighbouring *alameda*. Here you find a throng of soldiers, citizens, and peasants; with priests and friars, no longer so grave as in Madrid and Toledo: perhaps, too, a light-hearted Frenchman from the garrison at Cadiz, who has come in search of a little amusement, moving about as if he had lived all his life in Seville, and already on the best terms in the world with some dozen of newly-made acquaintances; or else an Englishman from Gibraltar, buttoned to his chin in his military frock, between which and his slouched foraging cap he looks defiance upon the multitude. Here too are hosts of gracious Sevillanas, with pretty nurses not a few, and groups of boys and girls following in the train of their parents. Whilst the children, caring little for the thoughts of others, abandon themselves without restraint to the frolic

of their disposition, the full-grown, on the contrary, scarce seem to live for themselves. With the men, all is deference, courtesy, and submission; with the women, a winning display of charms, of graces and fascination. Little do these happy mortals remember that the ground which they now tread with so free a step has been stained by the crimes of Peter the Cruel, has heard the reproaches of the murdered Abu-Said, or rung with the wailings of Doña Urraca de Orsorio!

The last afternoon of my stay in Seville was spent in a short excursion to the ruins of Italica. I made it afoot and alone, for the want of a better conveyance and better company. The distance is about five miles; and when I had travelled three of them, through a country flat, marshy, and poorly cultivated, though susceptible of the highest improvement were the land held under a different tenure, I found myself in front of the convent of San Isidro. An aged friar of the order of Mercy, who was walking under the trees that stand on the knoll in front, attended by two very good companions on a promenade, his staff and snuff-box, readily answered my inquiries concerning the convent and Italica. It appears that San Isidro owes its foundation to Alonzo Perez de Guzman, better known in Spanish annals by the appellation of

Guzman el Bueno. His remains, with those of his wife, now repose within these walls, raised by their piety.

When the good monk had told me all about Guzman and about the convent, where masses are daily said for the souls of the founders, he pointed out the direction of Italica. Having taken leave of him, I pursued my way, and presently passed through a miserable collection of hovels, called Santi Ponce. To the left, and a little farther on, are the hills, upon which, like Rome of old, once stood Italica, a city of great wealth and magnificence under the Roman domination. Its total decline and utter desolation can scarce be accounted for by the proximity of Seville, and by the variation in the course of the Guadalquivir, which now takes its way many miles to the left, though it formerly bathed the walls of Italica. An amphitheatre, which may still be distinctly traced between two hills, is the only lingering remnant of so much greatness. Having penetrated up the ravine in which it lies, I came to a place where a boy was busy turning water into four earthen jars that were balanced in a wooden frame upon the back of an ass. The spring at which he filled them stood opposite to the amphitheatre, and emerged from the side of a hill. On entering the aperture, I found that it was the work of art; ap-

parently the remnant of an aqueduct, constructed to convert at pleasure the neighbouring arena into a lake for the display of naval races and engagements. The boy lent me the gourd with which he took up the water, and having drunk I clambered to the top of the ruin. This amphitheatre is not a large one, its greatest diameter being only two hundred and ninety feet, and the less two hundred. Its form and extent are now all that one may discover; the seats and facings of hewn stone having all been removed to build the convent of San Isidro, or make a breakwater in the Guadalquivir. The benches, which had been often crowded with their thousands on thousands piled, which had rung with the approving shouts of so many happy and exulting Italicans, now offered nothing but a succession of hillocks and chasms overrun with weeds; whilst the arena below, fattened for centuries with the blood of wild beasts and gladiators, was covered with a heavy crop of waving wheat, which each instant changed its hue, swept by the passing gales as they entered the arches of the amphitheatre. Thrown, as I was, alone upon this deathlike solitude, it was scarce possible to realize that the city which now neither owns a house nor an inhabitant was indeed that Italica that furnished Rome with three of her mightiest emperors; nay, that the very amphitheatre

where I now stood, the native of a newborn land, had been oft graced by the presence of Trajan, of Adrian, and Theodosius; of Trajan, the disciple of Plutarch, *Trajanus Optimus;* he of whom the Romans spake, when they were used to exclaim at the inauguration of an emperor, "May he be happier than Augustus! may he be better than Trajan!"

On my return homeward I remembered that there was a convent of Carthusians on the bank of the river above Triana, and turned aside to seek admittance. After much knocking at the postern, a surly old porter came to reconnoitre me through a little wicket, but refused to let me enter, or even to go himself to ask permission of the prior. The season was one of solemnity, and the devotion of these sons of Saint Bruno could not suffer interruption. I turned away in disappointment, and walked quickly along a narrow path which skirted the bank of the river. The rapidity of my pace soon brought me up with an officer who was walking at a slower rate in the same direction; and as the path chanced to grow narrower just there, he politely stood aside to let me pass him. He was dressed in an oil-cloth cocked-hat, with a red cockade covering the whole side of it, which was in turn partly concealed under two broad stripes of tarnished gold lace. His coatee of green, with a strap on either shoulder, and his legs, which were

bent to the saddle, together with the height and heaviness of his tread, announced a captain of cavalry. Instead, however, of a sabre, he carried nothing but a yellow walking-cane; and as for his cheek-bones and mustaches of black and gray, they were quite as hollow and quite as crest-fallen as those of Don Quixote. He was evidently a poor officer—a very poor officer. Poor as he might be, however, the courtesy with which he stood aside, putting out his cane to keep him from falling into the Guadalquivir, whilst with his left hand he waved for me to pass on, was at least entitled to an acknowledgment, and this was in turn a fair introduction to the discourse which followed.

He soon learned that I was a stranger—an American, and had been disappointed in seeing the convent. He too had failed to gain admittance; but his errand had related to something else beside mere curiosity. It appeared that he was an indefinido; and, when I asked him if he had made himself obnoxious during the Constitutional system, he said No—he had ever been true to his king, perchance to the prejudice of his country. He had long since been regularly purified, and was now ready to go whithersoever the king his master might be pleased to send him. But no orders came for him to go upon active service, nor had he and many others in

Seville received any half-pay for near a year. What could he do? It was too late in life for him to begin the world anew. He could not work—and he glanced at the soiled embroidery of his uniform. He had to struggle along with his wife and two children the best way he could. A relation who had a place in the Cathedral had done something for them, and the Prior of Cartuxa had been very charitable. His necessities, however, had outgrown these scanty supplies, and he had gone again to-day to the convent to seek relief from pressing want, but he had not seen the prior. Meantime his wife was at the term of her pregnancy, and he did not know where he was to find bread for her and for the children, much less the comforts and assistance called for by her peculiar condition. The threadbare dress of the veteran, his meager countenance, the contending sense of pride and poverty there expressed, and the tearful eye that proclaimed the triumph of the last, were so many pledges of the faithfulness of his tale. Doubtless he had not overcome his shame, and made me privy to his poverty, for the sake of being pitied. I did what I could for him, though it was rather in accordance with my means than with my own will or his necessity. The old man was grateful. He begged me to stay a day or two in Seville, and promised to procure me the sight of the Cartuxa and

of whatever else was still worthy of being seen. He now walked quicker than before, and seemed as anxious to reach his home as he had lately appeared unwilling to go there.

In this way we gained the bridge of boats, which now, as in the time of the Moors, connects the banks of the Guadalquivir *. The setting sun had already withdrawn from the surface of the stream, and was shedding his last rays upon Seville; gilding her antique towers and gateways, and shining through the spars and rigging of a dozen petty feluccas that lay at intervals along the quay. The tale of the poor officer, the season, and the sight were all of a melancholy cast. Could this then be the same Seville that had witnessed the departing ships of Columbus, Ojeda, Cortez, and Magellan, and acted such a brilliant part in the conquest and colonization of the other hemisphere? which long received the undivided tribute of a virgin world, and was thronged by the ships and merchants of all Europe,

* Some modern antiquarian has pretended to find at Seville a tunnel under the Guadalquivir, similar to the one now attempting at London, and said to have been the work of the Saracens. No such means of communication between the opposite banks is mentioned by the Arabian writers translated by Conde; and we well know that the destruction of the bridge of boats by Saint Ferdinand led to the immediate surrender of the city.

bringing their richest productions to barter for the gold of the Spaniards? In the various revolutions of the moral as of the physical world, may she not hope again to recover her lost magnificence? or is she indeed destined to wander back to the condition of Italica?

I had come to Seville with expectations greatly raised, and had met in some measure with disappointment. Instead of the delightful situation of Cordova, the at once protecting and cooling neighbourhood of the Sierra Morena, and the pleasing alternation of hill and dale that there meet the eye —here, if you except a highland in the direction of Italica, the surrounding country is flat and marshy, which, in connexion with its partially drained and poorly cultivated condition, furnishes the fruitful source of fevers. Indeed, were it not for the thousand interesting associations that hover over Hispalis and Seville; had not San Fernando taken the city, and Peter the Cruel delivered Leonor de Guzman into the hands of his mother and her rival, and stabbed the Moor, and burnt Doña Uracca; had Algeber forgotten to build the Giralda, and Ojeda to stand upon it with one leg, whilst he flourished the other in the air for the gratification of Isabella, I would not give a pin to have seen it. But it ill becomes the merchant to speak disparagingly of his

merchandise, or the voyager to undervalue his; so I will even send the untravelled reader away regretful and envious by quoting an old proverb quite common in Spain:—

"He who hath not Seville seen
Hath not seen strange things, I ween."

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla."

*Costume—Seville.*

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SEVILLE.

Steamer Hernan Cortes.—Guadalquivir.—Bonanza.—Perplexities at Santa Maria.—Arrival at Cadiz.—Its Situation and early History.—Its Destruction by Essex.—Present Condition.—Appearance.—The Gaditana.

THE clock had scarce struck four on Monday morning, the twenty-third of April, ere I heard a knocking at our outer door. I was on the alert, as a man on the eve of departure is apt to be, and readily conjectured that it could be no other than the porter, who had promised to call me, and carry my trunk to the steamer that was to start that morning for Cadiz. Having dressed myself by the aid of a small lamp that was burning in the vestibule, I bade farewell again to my female friends on the other side of the partition, who had been waked by the tumult, and who, although I had received their hearty well-wishes the night before, were still nowise niggard of their commendations to God and to the Virgin. This, if it was attended with no other advantage, at least served to send me away from Seville with the happiest impressions.

On gaining the street, I noticed that the porter avoided the direct route, and, passing close to the

Cathedral, took a broader street that lay to the right. Having asked the reason of this, he told me that several passengers, while going to the quay a few mornings before, had been waylaid and plundered. Quite as much interested as himself in avoiding such a rencontre, I assented; and having passed the gate, we proceeded along the quay, and arrived safely on board the Hernan Cortes. The coolness and mist of the morning, and the darkness that precedes the dawn, made the deck unpleasant, and furnished an inducement to dive below in search of better weather. Though this was the only steamer known in the country where the discovery first met with a successful application, it had been built in England, and, if not so gorgeously decorated as is usual with us, possessed every thing that one might desire in the way of comfort. Some twenty or thirty gentlemen were stretched at full length upon the settees and benches, or else sitting round a dim lamp that stood on the table before them, engaged in a sleepy scattering conversation. Politics being a proscribed topic among Spaniards, they talked of pleasure. The performers of Seville were compared with those of Cadiz, the bolero and bolera were discussed, and various opinions were put forth upon the stars of the opera. Commerce, of course, came in for a share of notice among commercial men; and all joined in deploring

its unequalled depression, though no one did more than advert to the cause. From Europe they passed to America, to Cuba, Mexico, and the United States, where some of them had been. It was delightful to hear my native land spoken of by Spaniards, in the language of unprejudiced eulogy; the equal footing upon which foreigners are admitted into it; the way in which commerce is left to take care of itself, and the merchant to dispose of his capital as he pleases; and the singular liberty enjoyed by both citizens and strangers of coming without any passport, and of going from city to city, and from state to state, without asking the permission of any one. And yet with all this freedom, there was far more security than at Cadiz —a robber or a murderer was inevitably brought to justice. This led them to speak of a robbery which had lately been committed upon Ximenez, a merchant of Cadiz. Several thousand dollars had been taken from his counting-house, and the persons who had been engaged in it, from being poor people, were now seen leaving off their labor, and enjoying a momentary affluence; yet there was no taking hold of them, no convicting them of the theft, though every one knew them to have committed it. These gentlemen evinced an intelligence and a knowledge of what was passing in the world, which I had nowhere met with in Spain. It was the first

time, since I had crossed the Pyrenees, that I had found an occasion of conversing with Spaniards on my own country, in my own language.

When the light began to break in upon us through the cabin windows, and drown the feebler glimmering of the lamp, we were tempted to return to the deck. As the sun rose, the mists gradually floated away, disclosing a scene in which we looked in vain for the beauties of Andalusia. The Guadalquivir below Seville passes through a level plain, and divides itself into three branches, which reunite before it empties itself into the sea, near the port of San Lucar. These lowlands are almost entirely without cultivation and inhabitants, if you except a few herdsmen who tend the cattle and horses that graze in large droves upon the meadows. As there are no dykes, the river sometimes overflows its banks, and covers the country with devastation. Towards the mouth, the meadows give place to sand-banks thrown up by the sea, and covered with pine woods that furnish abundance of charcoal. On the right the course of the stream is followed by a single continuous hill, which is a minor branch of the Sierra Morena, holding out to the last, and dying only in the ocean. In the east, of the two hundred towers of Seville, the Giralda alone still lingered above the horizon.

Having asked some questions respecting the na-

vigation of the Guadalquivir, I was informed that it was no longer navigable to Seville for vessels drawing more than nine feet of water, but vessels of three or four hundred tons may enter the river. This, however, is now a matter of little importance, since few vessels of any class are found to profit by it *.

As we descended the stream, the breeze gradually came in strong from the ocean, and made it evident that we should not be able to reach Cadiz in the packet; for the sea is said to be rough on the bar. Under these circumstances it was determined that we should put into Bonanza. As we entered this little port, we passed through a fleet of fishing and coasting vessels that were riding at anchor. One of the seamen of the packet, who belonged to Huelva, pointed out a felucca among the number, which was commanded by a descendant of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who bore so conspicuous a part in the first voyage of Columbus. As we went by the little felucca, which might be noticed among the rest for its neat order and compact rigging, a fine looking young man stood up to see us pass. This was no other than Pinzon, with whom the sailor exchanged a shout of recognition. The sailor told me that Palos, which witnessed the departure

* The Guadalquivir abounds in excellent fish. The shad, so much esteemed in America, makes its annual visits here.

of the adventurous, enthusiast and the glorious return of the discoverer, is now so dwindled that it scarce owns half a dozen fishing-boats. Huelva has been increased by emigrants from Palos, and the Pinzons are among the number. There are four families of them. They are not wealthy, but are much respected, and are very proud of their ancestor, whose papers and journals they preserve with religious reverence. Well may they be proud of Martin Alonzo; for the honor of having acted the important part he did in the discovery of another world is not less a subject of honest exultation than the proudest achievements of a Cid, a Guzman, or a Gonsalvo.

A boisterous scene awaited us at Bonanza, whose peaceful and pleasant name might have led us to look for better things. Scarce, indeed, had our anchor dropped and the packet tended to the tide, before we were surrounded by boatmen from the shore, offering to land us; for to have taken the packet alongside of the wharf would have been a dangerous infringement of their rights. Here ensued a scene of bustle and clamor for precedence which drowned entirely the hiss of the escaping steam. On reaching the wharf new troubles awaited us; herds of hungry porters seized upon our trunks, while custom-house officers stopped us at the gate to examine their contents, and see what we might

be smuggling from Seville to Cadiz. These trials passed; yet another set met us on the beach, where a number of calesas were drawn up to carry us to Santa Maria, which stands upon the bay of Cadiz, opposite the city. The drivers, accoutred in the genuine breeches and many-colored jacket proper to caleseros, rushed round us, smacking their whips and praising their mules and horses; or calling our attention to the softness of the cushions, or to the painting of a ship or a saint, which adorned the back. Among the passengers was a British colonel with his lady. He could scarce say yes and no in Spanish, and yet was surrounded on every side by these clamorous mortals, talking to them as fast as they could, and at the top of their lungs. The boatman demanded an additional peseta—the custom-house officer thrust out his hand for a fee—and the porter sat upon his portmanteau, as if determined to maintain possession until fully remunerated; while the caleseros were calling his attention to their vehicles. The poor man understood not a word of it; he only knew that there was a general conspiracy to cheat him, and was determined to resist the injustice, instead of submitting quietly to the operation. He was a stout, well-set man, with a fiery complexion, which seemed no unfair indication of his character; for he looked as though he would willingly have whipped off the head of every

sinner of them, casting his eye first on his sword and then on his wife, the recollection of whom recalled him always to the more pacific use of words. He talked to them in no very good French, then attempted a word or two of Spanish, which the fellows repeated by way of ridicule, and at last fell to cursing them soundly in plain English. They were not to be intimidated. They called him "God damn," and insisted upon having the money. In this situation, a fellow passenger came to his assistance with an offer of interpreting for him. By a little lowering of demands on the part of these worthies, and an increased anxiety to get forward on the other, the matter was presently arranged, and the colonel set out for San Lucar in a calesin, drawing sundry comparisons between England and Spain, which were by no means favorable to the latter. By this time all the other passengers had gone away, and left me alone to fight it out for myself. There were, however, several calesines untaken; so putting myself up at auction, I presently knocked down to the lowest bidder, and hurried away, aiding the driver in beating the horse soundly, that we might overtake the rest of the caravan. This was a matter of no small importance; for, though the country was sandy and open, we were now attended by not less than six horsemen paid by the proprietors of the packet; and I had always

found that the danger from robbers was in proportion to the strength of the escort. It appeared indeed, from what had been said on board, that the caleseros are connected with the robbers, and sometimes lag behind, when they take advantage of an angle of the road to pick up a straggler—at others, they seize boldly upon the inn that stands upon a hill midway between San Lucar and Santa Maria, and have a regular rencontre.

We reached the port of Santa Maria at sunset, and without any adventures. We were extremely anxious to pass the night in Cadiz, rather than in the indifferent inns of Santa Maria. But the tide was now too low to leave the river, and though one of the boatmen endeavoured to get us on board of his felucca, with a view of making sure of us for the morrow, yet the representations of the landlord of the posada, who was anxious to have our company, connected with the experience of some of the party respecting the danger of crossing the bar, induced us to wait until morning. After a poor dinner, which was a little qualified by some genuine Sherry, one of my fellow-travellers proposed a ramble, to which I gladly assented. On leaving the posada we struck into a path leading along the bank of the small stream which flowed beneath our balconies, and the mouth of which forms the little port of Saint Mary. This is the Guadalete, upon

which stands the famous old city of Xerez. Near Xerez was fought, eleven centuries since, that celebrated battle between the Arab Taric and Don Roderick, the last of the Goths, which decided the fate of Spain. An old tradition says, that Roderick having lost the day, escaped to Portugal, where he died in obscurity, upon the authority of which Southey has undertaken to resuscitate him. The Arabians assert that his head was sent to Damascus, and the Spanish chroniclers will have it that he was drowned, like many of his followers, in this same stream of Guadalete, and that a part of his royal apparel was found upon the banks. Xeres is also celebrated in Spain for its fine horses, and all the world over for the excellence of its wine. Santa Maria is the depot of this product; the first qualities are much finer and far more expensive than the best wines of Madeira. Having rambled through the pleasant paseo, which lies northward of the town, and admired some fine specimens of the black-eyed beauties, for which Santa Maria is famous, we returned to the posada.

The next morning we rose at an early hour, and found ourselves as badly off as we had been the night before; for the tide had flowed and ebbed again, and was now once more at the lowest. The masters of two of the feluccas had, however, been wiser than their brethren; for during the night

they had moved them without the bar. Several caleseros, who had concerted with the boatmen, had their calasines drawn up at the door, and offered to convey us round to the feluccas. The idea that the tide would be at the same point again the next morning had not occurred to us in the evening, and our host had neglected to remind us of the fact, lest he should lose our society in taking his chocolate. As the matter stood, there was no alternative between taking the advice of the posadero and the boatmen whose feluccas were at the quay, that we should wait the flowing of the tide, or of the caleseros and the boatmen from without, who insisted that we should arrive two hours sooner at Cadiz by employing them. The most expeditious way of escaping from these perplexities and torments seemed the best, and we, one and all, determined to go round with the caleseros. This arrangement, and its general adoption by the whole party, did not at all suit the views of the watermen, who were thus left without employment. When persuasions and arguments failed, they called us fools for paying away so much money uselessly, and after growling at the caleseros, they presently began to quarrel with them. When we started off, they even caught hold of the backs of the calasines to stop them. This brought them sundry strokes with the whip, followed up by others upon the rumps of

the horses, which soon relieved us of the embarrassment, and sent us away in a hurry, with the curses of the watermen, leaving an open quarrel between them and the caleseros, to be afterwards settled over a pot of wine, or more summarily decided by the arbitration of the knife. This was not the last source of vexation ere we reached Cadiz.

When we got to the beach opposite to the feluccas, several fishermen volunteered their services to carry us on their shoulders to them. When this service had been rendered, they demanded an exorbitant remuneration, which some of us consented to pay, but which an honest Catalan, who had labored hard to earn his money, and thought that what had given so much trouble in collecting was at least worth taking care of, absolutely refused. He was a very robust, portly man, and had made quite a ludicrous figure in coming off, mounted upon the shoulders of the fisherman. He said not a word about the price then, but kept cautioning him against letting him into the water, and promising what a world of money he would give him if he arrived safe. As the water grew deeper, and began laving the skirts of his coat, he tried to work upward on the fellow's shoulders, and puffed and blew as if he were already swimming. The difficulty over, however, he seemed to think less of it,

and beat the fisherman down to the half of his demand. This produced a new riot, and sent us on our journey in a squall. The occurrences of the day, and all that I saw of these people at Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga, convinced me that the lower classes on the coast of Andalusia are the most quarrelsome, cheating, and vindictive rascals in the world. It suggested to me the source of a sweeping prejudice which I had formerly felt against all Spaniards; for in the colonial seaports, the Spaniards whom I had met, and from whom I had received my impressions of the national character, were all either from the ports of Andalusia or descendants of emigrants from that section of the Peninsula.

There was scarce a breath of wind in the bay of Cadiz, and the inward and outward bound vessels stood still with flapping sails, or only moved with the tide, whilst a boat was seen rowing under the bow of each to keep it in the channel. This being the case, we did not loose our sail, but the rowers took to their oars to toil over to the city, which lies eight miles from Santa Maria. They did not sit still and sweep the oar by the mere muscular exertion of the arms, shoulders, and back, but rose upon their feet at each stroke, sending the oar through the water by the weight of the body, as they let themselves fall towards the benches. Our

sailors ridicule this clumsy operation; but if this mode of rowing be less graceful than ours, it is certainly much less laborious. We had not gone far from the beach ere we came to the outer bar of the Guadalete. Here, upon a signal from the master, who stood up at the helm, the rowers all rested on their oars, and, taking off their hats, uttered a short prayer for the souls of the mariners who had been there drowned. This done, they crossed themselves, replaced their hats, and renewed their rowing, their conversation, and their songs. Formerly it was the custom to take alms, to have masses said for the ransom of such souls of drowned sinners as still continued in purgatory. The master of the felucca told me that there had been many, very many drowned there: scarce a year without its victims; for the surf comes in so treacherously, that after rowing over a smooth sea a wave is seen rising behind, at first small, but gradually increasing, and driving the boat sideways before it, comes surging over, fills the boat, and rolls it and the passengers in the quicksands. When I looked at the smooth surface of the sea as it now glided by us in ripples, I could not help reflecting upon the many miserable men that had there sank never again to rise; many an unhappy being balancing between sinking and swimming, whom a single one of these useless oars and planks that lay at the bottom of our boat would

have kept upon the surface—nay, whom a thread might have sustained until the arrival of succour.

In about two hours we reached the quay, one of the noisiest places in the world, and passed thence to the nearest gate, where numbers of custom-house and police officers were standing ready to search and examine every one who came in. We got off with a gratuity, not smuggled secretly, but openly administered into the hands of the functionary. This admitted us into the Plaza de Mar; an open place which lies just within the sea gate, and which was crowded with an odd collection of people. Here is held a market-place for the sale of all sorts of provisions; fruit, eggs, and vegetables, ice, barley, and lemon-water; American parrots trying to make themselves heard in the uproar; singing birds in cages or unfledged in the nest, opening their yawning mouths to receive the food offered them on the end of a stick—poor substitute for the parent's beak. And here, most strange of all, are sold grasshoppers, confined in little traps, to enliven the bedchambers of the Cadiz ladies with their evening chirp—unsatisfactory solace of the single and solitary. In addition to the noises sent forth by the venders of all these commodities and by the commodities themselves, there was a fearful jabbering in every tongue of Europe. Frenchmen were making their court to the pretty serving-maids and gypsies who fre-

quent the market, and asking for a rendezvous; Germans, Dutchmen, English, Italians, and even turbaned and bearded Moors, with their grave and guttural declamation, added to the confusion.

Cadiz is situated at the extremity of a peninsula which stretches out into the ocean northwestward from the island of Leon. South of this peninsula is the open ocean, stretching away towards the Mediterranean straits, while on the north is a deep bay formed by the peninsula itself and the Spanish coast, running in the direction of Cape Saint Vincent. The open bay furnishes a harbour which is not always secure, for the northwest winds sometimes bring in a heavy and dangerous sea; but the inner port, where the navy-yard is situate, is at all times safe and commodious. This admirable station for the pursuits of commerce attracted the attention of the earliest navigators. So long ago as eight centuries before the Christian era, the Phœnicians, having founded Carthage and pushed their dominions beyond the pillars of Hercules even to Britain, were induced to establish several colonies on the coast of Spain, where the abundance of silver and gold attracted them, even more than the fertility of the soil and the amenity of the climate. Of these colonies Gades was the principal.

It may be asked, What remains are there to bear witness to the existence of the past grandeur of

Cadiz, the city which once sent forth the Carthaginian Hanno to explore and colonize Africa? Even the site of the temple remained a problem in modern times, until the year seventeen hundred and thirty, when its ruins were discovered under water near the island of Santi Petri, in consequence of an unusually low tide. This fact, in connexion with some accounts concerning the former extent of Cadiz, prove conclusively that it has been greatly wasted by the attacks of the sea, which, while it abandons the Mediterranean coast of Spain, is daily gaining ground on the side of the Atlantic. I had an opportunity of observing this for myself; for while I was at Cadiz, a portion of the beautiful wall which surrounds the city had fallen in, in consequence of the encroachments of the sea, and in many other places it was undermined and in a tottering condition.

Cadiz also contained many Phœnician, Greek, and Roman inscriptions and other antiquities. Among them was an odd epitaph, found upon the tomb of some man-hating cynic, who thought he had fled to the end of the earth. It ran, "Heliodorus, a Carthaginian madman, ordered me by his will to be put into this sarcophagus, at this farthest extremity of the globe, that he might see whether any one more mad than himself would come as far as this place to see him!" All these memorials of the past

vanished in 1597, when Elizabeth sent her favorite Essex, with two hundred ships and fifteen thousand men, including seamen and soldiers, to avenge the insults of the haughty Philip and his Invincible Armada. Lord Effingham commanded the fleet, accompanied by all the gallant spirits of the day; Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Corniers Clifford, Sir George Carew, Sir Francis Vere, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The destination of the fleet was not known until after it put to sea, and thus it arrived off Cadiz without any intimation. Essex, when he had prevailed upon the cautious admiral to make the attack, was informed that the queen, careful of his life, had ordered that he should keep himself in the centre of the fleet. He promised to do so; but no sooner did he see Sir Walter Raleigh leading boldly into the inner harbor, under a dreadful fire from the batteries on either side, than, throwing his hat overboard, he gave way to his impatience, and pressed at once forward into the thickest of the fire. The inner harbor was full of ships newly arrived, and laden with bullion and the precious commodities of America. These were run on shore by the Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina; and when he saw that the headlong valor of the English was about to prove successful, he caused them to be fired. Leaving this scene of conflagration, Essex got possession of Puntalis, and, no longer ruled by

any will but his own, marched with his soldiers along the narrow causeway which leads from Leon to Cadiz, and, regardless of the batteries that swept his ranks, stormed the city sword in hand. The Spaniards fought as usual, from house to house, and many of the English were slain; of the Spaniards many more, not less than four thousand, but none in cold blood. When the resistance ceased, the town was given over to plunder, and the generals having taken their stations in the town hall, the principal inhabitants came to kiss their feet. The priests and nuns were dismissed unconditionally; but the rest of the population were compelled to give hostages for the payment of a stipulated ransom. This done, the treasure was embarked, the inhabitants were driven from their homes, and the city was delivered to the flames. Thus perished Cadiz, and with her the statue of Alexander, and every trace of her pristine greatness*.

Upon the later glories and still later misfortunes of Cadiz it is unnecessary to enlarge. The commercial prosperity of the city, the thousand masts that filled its port, when this was the only corner

* The plunder is said to have amounted to eight millions of ducats, and six millions perished with the fleet. The loss by the universal conflagration, like the misery consequent upon it, is of course inestimable. See Hume, Mariana, James's History of Straits, &c.

of the Peninsula untrod by the foot of the usurper; the fearless proclamation of the constitution of the year 1812 by the Spanish Cortes under the very fire of Matagorda; the later revolution in this same island of Leon by Riego and Quiroga, and the very troops who were about to depart to replace the cast-off fetters of the free Americans; and finally, the gloomy drama of 1823, are all things of yesterday, in the recollection of every one. But it may not be amiss to take a view of Cadiz, as she now presents herself to the attention of the stranger. Her population has been lately set down at sixty-two thousand; but it is doubtless much lessened since the fall of commerce, if any opinion may be formed from the number of vacant houses to be seen everywhere. To the standing number of the inhabitants, however, must now be added an army of ten thousand French, who have their quarters in and about the city. These add much to the life and gaiety of the place, in both of which particulars it would without them be very deficient. They are the soul of the theatres, the public walks, and the coffee-houses, where soldiers and officers meet as on a neutral ground, captains going with captains, lieutenants with their equals, and corporals with corporals, and where all ranks are noted for correct deportment and civility. I have often been amused with the conversation of the common soldiers and

sub-officers. Sometimes they admire the beauty of a female whom they have just passed, or who is walking before them, speaking critically of whatever is pleasing and lovely in her face or figure, and talking, perhaps purposely, in a high whisper, that they may be overheard, as if by accident, by the object of their admiration—not so loud as to embarrass, yet just loud enough to please and flatter. Sometimes, too, and much oftener, they talk about the prospects of war, and gaining glory and advancement; the corporal declaims upon *la tactique militaire*, and sighs for *quelque peu de promotion*, the height of his present ambition being to win the half silver epaulette of the sergeant-major, or to become a sub-lieutenant and reach the first step above the rank of *sous officier*. Even in their cups and revelry these light-hearted fellows continue to amuse; and when sometimes they sit too long over the hardy wines of Spain, forgetting that they have not to deal with the *petits vins* of their province, instead of passing insults, which among them can never be washed away except by blood, instead of drawing their swords, or belaboring each other with their fists, which they never do, whether drunk or sober, they seem, on the contrary, overcome with a rare kindness, and the most drunken fellow of the company is taken with the fancy of assisting his companions in this their helpless condition. Should a sudden

reel of this officious assistant, or the twisting of his spur or sabre, bring a whole group to the ground, instead of coming to blows they laugh at the accident, and fall to hugging and kissing each other. Hardy and intrepid upon the field of battle, the social sentiment is strong in the breast of the Frenchman: frank, generous, and loyal, he is a stranger to jealousy and suspicion; he is ever ready to give his hand to a friend, and lay his heart at the feet of the nearest fair one.

On the Sunday which I passed in Cadiz I was so fortunate as to witness a military mass, performed for the benefit of the souls of the soldiery. At the proper hour the general arrived and took his seat, attended by his staff and the veteran colonels of the different regiments, their breasts decorated with stars and other insignia. Presently the advancing troops are heard, and by and by they enter the church with clang of drum and trumpet; the arches resound to the stern orders of their commander, and the pavement rattles with their descending muskets.

The veteran *Sapeurs* with their bear-skin caps, their long beards, white aprons, and shouldered axes, march boldly up the steps of the altar, and seem ready to take heaven by holy violence. The drums are silent; the din of arms ceases; not a whisper is heard; and the solemn service commences. At length, the Host is elevated to the

contemplation of the multitude, a bell rings, and the soldiers, with uncovered heads and arms reversed, kneel humbly upon the pavement. At that moment a gently swelling burst of music is heard resounding in the dome, dissolving the soul into tenderness, and soothing it with the promise of reconciliation.

Though no nation and no soldiers are calculated to ingratiate themselves like the French, yet a yoke, whether it be made of wood or iron, is always heavy to the wearer. There are many abuses consequent upon this military occupation, injurious alike to the nation and the city. The French government, it seems, openly countenances the contraband introduction of goods from France, with the view of giving enlarged outlets to the national industry. Thus whole cargoes of flour, provisions, and even fancy goods, are landed under the pretence of being stores for the army; for it is one of the stipulations in the treaty between the two nations, that all stores for the use of the auxiliary armies may be introduced from France, free of charge. The government is, doubtless, unwise in encouraging these practices, or at least in employing its military and naval officers in such service; for any slight advantage that may be thus gained by the monopoly of a lucrative trade is more than counterbalanced by the moral injury which it produces upon the mi-

litary character. The best proof of this is found in the result. The French ships of war, stationed at Cadiz, instead of cruising about to gain that nautical experience which the officers so greatly need, remain almost constantly in port. The officers pass the greater part of the time in the gaieties of the shore, or employ themselves in smuggling valuable goods into Cadiz and the environs; nay, to so shameful an extent is this thing carried, that I have even heard of their going on board an American ship, newly arrived from the Havannah, to offer their assistance in landing any Spanish cigars that the captain might be anxious to send on shore without encountering the vexations of the custom-house. This sickly and demoralizing contraband, with an occasional arrival from the colonies, and a coasting trade, frequently interrupted by the South American pirates, comprise the whole commerce of this once flourishing mart. The impoverishment consequent upon such a decline, in a place entirely destitute of agricultural resources, is sufficiently obvious; and the evil has been increased into tenfold misery by the proscription of many patriots—a class more numerous and respectable in Cadiz than elsewhere—the confiscation of their property, and abandonment of their families to starvation and ignominy. This misery speaks for itself. Scarce, indeed, may one go forth into the streets, by day

or night, without being pursued by crowds of beggars, and not unfrequently by women decently dressed, who still preserve a semblance of their former elegance, though begging their daily bread.

The decline of Cadiz is, however, so modern a disaster, that it still continues to maintain its beauty. It is entirely surrounded by a fine wall, washed by the waves, within which is a rampart, forming the complete circuit of the city, and affording a continuous walk, which commands a broad view of the sea without, or of the bay and distant land and the narrow isthmus leading to the Isla. Within this rampart lies the city, beautifully laid out in squares, and fine streets, with side-walks, crossing each other at right angles. The houses are very beautiful, as well as admirably adapted to the climate. They are built in the style which was introduced by the Arabs, and is now general throughout Spain, being of two stories, with a square court in the centre, surrounded by a double gallery, supported on columns of marble. In summer an awning is spread over the area of this square, and being sprinkled with water from time to time, the place is always kept cool. The sun is never permitted to enter this pleasant retreat, where the evening tertulia is held, where the chocolate is served, and the lover is admitted to touch his guitar and pour out his passion in the eloquence of song, or to listen to a

sweeter melody, and catch the spirit of wit and merriment from the frolic sallies of some bewitching Gaditana. The windows on the street reach from the ceiling to the tile floor, so as to leave a free passage for the air. Each has a balcony, furnished with a green veranda, through the lattices of which you may sometimes catch sight of a fair tenant, sitting amid plants and flowers, covering a handkerchief with the elaborate embroidery which the Spanish ladies love, whilst the rose, the geranium, and the lavender encompass her with perfumes, and the canary which hangs above keeps constantly greeting her with his song.

There is nothing remarkable at Cadiz in the way of paintings and public buildings. The convents and churches are in smaller numbers and on a poorer footing than elsewhere; for they and commerce do not seem to have flourished together. There are, however, several benevolent institutions which do great credit to the public spirit of Cadiz: such are the almshouse, where several hundreds of poor people are maintained at the public expense, doing what they can towards supporting themselves, and receiving pay for what they earn over and above their own maintenance; and the Academy of San Fernando, where the fine arts are gratuitously taught with even greater skill than at Madrid. Such also is the Society of Friends of the Country,

similar to that of Madrid. The patriotic individuals who compose it have here established a garden for the cultivation of valuable foreign plants and other productions. Among other things that may be seen in this garden is the cochineal insect. The eggs of the female are put into a little piece of gauze, and pinned to a leaf of the prickly pear. When hatched they crawl through the apertures of the gauze, and spread themselves over the plant, which furnishes them with food. When they have gained the full growth, and are bloated with blood which furnishes the dye, they are knocked with a knife from the plant into some liquid which destroys life. They are then packed up in their natural state, and become a marketable article. These insects were for a long while considered the seed of some Mexican plant; but the agricultural societies of Cadiz, Seville, and Malaga, are now busily employed in distributing them gratuitously among the cultivators. As the plant and insect thrive well in this genial climate, and require very little trouble and attention, this most precious of all dyes, which furnishes the manufacturer with his crimson, the landscape painter with his carmine, and the frail and pale-faced with their rouge, is likely to become both cheap and abundant.

The best view of Cadiz, to give a general idea of its situation and appearance, is from the top of the

signal tower. Thence the eye takes in a prospect, which, to those but little accustomed to sea scenery, must indeed be enchanting. If you look eastward, your eye follows the narrow causeway leading to Leon, takes in the batteries that defend the inner harbor, and discovers the verdant coast, whitened at intervals by many villages. Medina Sidonia, founded by the Phœnicians of Sidon, rears itself in the distance; and farther yet may be faintly seen the cloud-covered mountains of Ronda. Returning seaward, you follow the line of the bay, and point to Puerto Real, Santa Maria, and Rota, taking in the fleet that floats in the roads, and the ships that every where cover the sea, where wave succeeds wave in dwindled perspective, until far in the west it is seen to blend its blue outline with the kindred azure of the sky.

Nor does Cadiz itself lose any thing when thus seen from above. Instead of an awkward medley of tile roofs and chimneys, the tops of houses are laid out in terraces, and covered in some instances with orange-trees and flower-pots. Almost every house has its towering kiosk, where, in the cool of the evening, the wealthier classes repair, to enjoy the view and fly kites, for which diversion men, women, and children, have an equal passion. Even the great Ferdinand caught the kite-flying infection; for while the greater Angouleme—Pacificator

of Andujar—was seducing the virtue of the Trocadero, and buying the privilege of having his deeds of arms emblazoned upon the arch reared in honor of Napoleon, Ferdinand was flying his royal kite, and smoking *habanos puros*—indifferent to the result of a contest, which was merely to decide whether he was to be henceforth the servant of the constitution or the slave of the clergy.

But let me not forget the Plaza de San Antonio, nor, least of all, the shady Alameda; for these are the nightly resort of all the fashion and beauty of Cadiz. No one who has been there has ever dared to gainsay the charms of the Gaditana—none to deny that, of all the creatures in creation, she is the most lovely, the most enchanting. She is, for the most part, tall, slender-waisted, and delicate; yet no one, who had an eye to the healthy fulness of her cheek and roundness of her limbs, and to the assured precision and elasticity of her step, would ever accuse her of leanness or flaccidity. As for her ankle, it is round and springy, and is seen to tenfold advantage through the silken net-work of her stocking. Her well-turned foot, ready at each step to abandon its little slipper, is taken up and put down again naturally, and without affectation, yet with an exquisite grace. Her basquiña, once a petticoat of mohair, but now a silken gown, is festooned with cord and tassels or golden bells, and

loaded with lead so as to fit closely round a form, to which the climate allows the incumbrance of but a single additional garment. Whilst the right hand opens and shuts the fan, or waves it with wondrous volubility in signal of recognition, the glossy taper fingers of the left, sparkling with gold and precious stones, confine the floating sides of the mantilla, and assist in concealing those charms the basquiña alone is scarce able to cover. The rich folds of the mantilla give a spread and dignity to the bust, yet do by no means conceal the jet black festoons of her hair, her round and sunny cheek, her coral lips, and those black and brilliant eyes, now full of animation and fire, now ready to dissolve with tenderness, and seeming to beseech you to woo and to win her. Nowhere does the material woman reach the perfection of Cadiz; nowhere does she attain so rare a grace. There is, indeed, a charm in every look of the Gaditana, a harmony, a fascination in each well-poised movement, that at once storms the senses, and breaks through the barrier of the most stubborn morality *.

* It is a little remarkable, that in all ages the females of Cadiz have been famous for their singular grace and beauty. Under the Roman domination their fame knew no other limits than those of the empire, throughout which they were noted for their elegance, their gaiety, and their powers of fascination. If we may believe the Childe, the race has by no means degenerated in these days of the basquiña and mantilla.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### KINGDOM OF SEVILLE.

Levanter.—The Tartana and her Company.—Leave Cadiz.—Return and take Horse.—Leon, Carraca, and the Sacred Salt Pans.—Chicklana and Vegel.—Night Ride in the Mountains.—The Nightingale.—Morning Ride and Robber Scenes.—First View of Gibraltar.—The Mouth of Fire.—Contrast.

ONE of my first cares on reaching Cadiz had been to find a vessel bound to Gibraltar. For this purpose I was referred to one Signor Maccaroni, a pains-taking Italian, who kept a petty shop near to the Plaza de Mar, for the sale of seaman's clothing. As a collateral branch of trade, he received the consignment of small craft commanded by his countrymen, into whose hands the chief coasting trade of Spain is now fallen; for vessels are no longer able to sail, even coastwise, under Spanish colors, from the numbers and boldness of the South American pirates. I found in the Signor a thin-legged meager-faced little man, snuffed to death, and wasted with the cares of business. When he had learned my desire, he told me, in modified and sweetened Spanish and in a great hurry, that he had something that would suit me exactly; that there was a *tartana*, which he had just been clearing at the

custom-house, and that if the levanter stopped blowing, God willing, it should set sail the next morning. We were yet talking the matter over when the master of the tartana entered—a stout, double-fisted, hale, old man, with a white, weather-beaten face, and eyes screwed up to a focus from much looking at squalls and levanters. We soon agreed concerning the price, and the master, who had been reconnoitring the heavens, added, that the clouds were rising in the west, and there was a prospect of wind from that quarter. The clouds, however, rose to little purpose; they were driven back again by the levanter, which continued to blow on, all prognostications of the weatherwise to the contrary notwithstanding. This state of things continued, day after day, for nearly a week. It is quite bad enough to suffer from impatience and disappointment under any circumstances; and in a levanter, where mingled languor and irritability comes over the whole creation, the case becomes intolerable. He who has been at Cadiz at such a time will never forget his sensations. They are well described by Fischer, in his interesting letters on Spain. "When the *solano* blows at Cadiz, the wind comes pregnant with suffocating vapors from the African desert; the atmosphere has the appearance of bluish vapor, and seems fairly on fire; and the sun, as seen through it, looks large and broken; the sea

becomes calm and smooth, the water so warm that the fish come panting to the surface. The air is close and burning, like the atmosphere of an oven, and the birds show their uneasiness in it by flying in a lower region, dogs hide themselves, cats seem in a rage, mules gasp and stagger, fowls become restless, and pigs roll over in the dust. In man it produces tension of the nerves, renders circulation slower, and excites to excess and voluptuousness; the imagination is bewildered, the senses inebriated, and all abandon themselves to a resistless instinct which is excited by solicitation and authorised by example."

Every thing, however, has its end, and so has a levanter. At length the wind became calm in the night, and with the morning sun a breeze sprang up from the west, bringing with it the refreshing air of the ocean. Our captain went round, beating up the quarters of his passengers, and before the ebb tide began to make at noon we were all snugly deposited upon the deck of the little tartana. She turned out to be a vessel of about thirty tons, with one large lateen sail, a jib and jigger, which was planted upon the taffrail and took care of itself without assistance from the crew. As for the cabin, it was about six feet long, with two beggarly births which served as benches; one of which was assigned to a female passenger, the other to me. A little

table constituted the only furniture of the cabin, and a colored print of the Virgin from a picture of Raphael its only ornament. This formed a sort of shrine against the rudder case. As we were sailing under the auspices of her ladyship and indeed bore her name, the little barque being called the Virgin of Carmel, so soon as I discovered her presence I hastened to make my obeisance. Among our passengers was a rough-spoken, but shrewd and sensible Catalan, who was going to Lisbon, but who, not being able to sail direct from the existing non-intercourse growing out of the fear of constitutional contagion, had obtained a passport to return to Catalonia, intending to shape his course according to his own fancy, when he should find himself in Gibraltar.

Beside the female passenger who shared the cabin with me, there were several other women who sat in the hold. There was also a Moor of Tetuan. He was a middle-sized, good-looking man, with a large white turban over a red cap, a pair of big cloth breeches that were put on with a drawing-string or sash, and a neat blue jacket, slashed at the sleeves and covered with embroidery. A loose *haick* or cloth overcoat, without cape or collar, completed his costume. He had traded many years to Spain in a petty barter of fruit, slippers, and other productions of his country, and spoke the language

well, though with an addition to the strongly guttural accent which is proper to it, and which doubtless had its origin from the intercourse with his countrymen during the period of their domination. He was an intelligent, liberal fellow enough, and, with the exception of his dress, which was completely national, he looked less like an Arab or Moor than many Spaniards to be daily met with in Andalusia. Indeed, his ancestors were of Granadian origin, and his name of Muhamad-Bueno, as I saw it endorsed on his passport, had certainly as much of Spanish in it as of Arabic. He seemed, too, to have a strong feeling of pride for Andalusia, and boasted much of its luxuriance and beauty. He spoke of its mild temperature, its pleasant sky, of the regularity of the seasons, of the valuable mines contained in its mountains, the fertility of the soil, and the variety and abundance of its productions; its excellent wheat, delicious fruits, the beauty and perfumes of its flowers, and the value of many plants, which now grow unknown and ungathered upon its mountains; but above all, he seemed to remember the freshness and abundance of the waters which trickle everywhere down the side of its mountains, slaking the thirst of men and animals, and quickening the earth with fertility and beauty. His countrymen, though now they could scarce procure the privilege of passing like

strangers over its soil, had once introduced many plants and trees before unknown, and which now form its greatest riches; as well as the system of cultivation still practised by the Spaniards. Though Muhamad seemed a familiar, amusing fellow, he was yet a strict observer of the tenets and prescriptions of his faith. After making a sparing meal of some fried fish which he brought with him in a straw pannier, he washed his hands carefully over the side of the vessel, and at sunset, turning his back upon the west, he bent forward in a reverential posture, and seemed busied in his devotions.

As soon as the master arrived on board, he hastened to remove his beaver hat, high-heeled boots, and a long blue coat, which, to use a sea phrase, sheeted close home to his ankles. These being snugly deposited in a chest, were replaced by a broad-brimmed tarpaulin, a pair of canvas trousers, which had stiffened to the shape of his legs, and a well-worn jacket, that had little to fear either from tar or tallow. This done, the captain hopped upon deck, quite himself again, and began bustling about to hoist the boat in and lash it to the deck, arrange the sails and rigging, and shorten in the cable. The remaining time until high water was employed in writing the log; a task which was executed under the direction of the captain by a young Spaniard of broken-down appearance, whose

*cachuca*, might have bespoken the victim of some political heresy*. As for the master himself, though his appearance and conversation would have promised better things, he could not write a word, not even his own name, though Italian and made up of vowels. The scribe was not the only Spaniard of our crew; they were nearly all of that nation, the vessel itself being owned in Cadiz, though sailing as the property of the Genoese captain. Nothing that I had yet seen in Spain furnished so complete an illustration of her fallen fortunes. Here was the property of a nation, which in the last century claimed the rank of the second naval power in the world, forced to skulk and take refuge under the banner of a petty Italian state.

When the ebb began to make we loosed and spread our sails, weighed anchor and turned to windward, until the lighthouse, which stands upon the point of rocks west of Cadiz, was completely under our lee. We then bore away to the south with flowing sheets, and when the sun sank behind the well-defined horizon, Cadiz, with its snow-white dwellings, its many belvederes and lofty light-tower, seemed ready to merge into the ocean. Thus we went quietly forward; the wind was light, and the sea was covered in every direction with vessels large

* Caps were the badge of the Constitutionalists.

and small, intersecting each other's tracks, as, with various intent, though with equal assiduity, they sought or abandoned the port, or stood for the entrance of the Mediterranean.

Having discussed the leg of a capon and some Seville bread, seasoned with a bottle of Manzanilla sent me by a friend, while the captain and crew were busy with the humbler fare of oil, vinegar, garlic, and red herrings, I continued rolled in my cloak and reclining upon the deck until a late hour, beguiled by the interesting conversation of the Moor and the well-sung song of our Italian captain. At last, overcome with sleep, I sought out my birth below. It was filthy enough, and by no means exclusively my own; yet the dash of the water as we cut it with our prow, the roll of our little bark, and the flapping of the sails, all promoted drowsiness, and soon put me to sleep with the prospect of waking the next morning at Gibraltar. But this world is one of disappointment, more especially the watery portion. Not long after midnight I was roused by the quickened roll of the tartana, the shifting of sails, rustling of cordage, and noise of feet upon deck, as the seamen obeyed the orders of their commander. The women, too, in the hold, as well as my fellow-passenger in the cabin, who had ate heartily of the provisions the evening before, were now paying the customary forfeit, retching, sighing,

and bewailing their fate, in a way to inspire the pity of any one but a sailor. Gathering myself up, I projected my head above the companion, when the mystery was soon solved by the doleful note of the captain, as he stood at the helm looking reproachfully in the direction of the wind, and crying —"*Levante! levante!*" The fact was, that though there had been a light western breeze on our departure from Cadiz, yet the wind and sea still continued to move out of the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, as there is uniformly a strong current running into the Straits, I took it for granted that there would be nothing to hinder us from proceeding in our bark, which, though small, was better adapted to encounter head winds and stormy weather than the deckless caravels in which the countrymen of our captain had started three centuries before, from nearly the same point, in search of a new world. The result showed that I had not made due allowance for the creeping caution of Mediterranean mariners; for, on returning to the deck at sunrise, I found that the captain had been frightened back by the size of the waves. The direction of our prow was changed from south to north, the bold head-land of Trafalgar was fading from view, and the white dwellings of Cadiz were again rising above the horizon, like the marble monuments of a church-yard. The disappointed and unwelcome

feeling with which Cadiz now broke upon me excited the comparison. The evening before I had parted with the place in an excellent humor and with the happiest impressions, admiring its beauty, and exclaiming with the poet—"Adieu! fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!"—But now, at the expiration of a dozen hours, I was ready to send it to the devil.

As we beat out of the harbor the night before so now we had to beat in again. Every one on board looked unhappy; the women had gone through their sea-sickness to no purpose; the captain seamed his forehead into such a fearful frown that the number of wrinkles were doubled, and even the face of the philosophic Moor had grown longer by a fathom. I was no stranger to their feelings; and when I landed upon the wharf, encountered anew the persecutions of the aduaneros, passed through the Plaza de Mar, and by the shop of the little Italian, who was astonished to see me, and assailed me with a volley of irritating questions. I really felt miserable. Every one seemed to be pointing at me and pitying my disappointment. I felt unwilling to meet the friend whose kindness had rendered my stay at Cadiz so agreeable, and of whom I had taken leave for at least the half-dozenth time. I was almost ashamed even to return to the inn, though an innkeeper seldom grows tired of exercising hospitality.

Determined to encounter robbers, murder, and any other evil, rather than trust again to the uncertainty of the elements, I procured a couple of horses and a guide the next morning, and after breakfast set out from Cadiz, bag and baggage. The horses were sturdy active beasts, with long and shaggy manes and tails; an indication of having, like their compatriot, Rosinante, the further advantage of being horses of all points. I was mounted upon the lighter beast of the two, with a large Spanish or rather Moorish saddle, high before and behind, with broad stirrups of sheet iron, which, being pointed at the corners, served the additional purpose of spurs. The bridle was single, with a heavy curb-bit, by means of which one could bring the horse from a gallop back in a twinkling upon his haunches. A pack-saddle being accommodated upon the back of the other animal, my trunk was secured upon it crosswise, and behind it sat the guide directing his horse, though a spirited animal, by means of a halter. As for my guide and only companion in this expedition, he was a stout and fine-looking Gallego, of about forty years, who had begun by being a porter in Cadiz, and, having got together a little money, had bought horses, and now served as a guide to travellers wishing to pass to Seville, Ronda, Gibraltar, or Malaga. Though dressed in a jacket and tight breeches and leggings, after the manner of

Andalusia, he still preserved a memento of Gallicia in the color of his dress, the favorite green of his native mountains. He proved to be a faithful, active, sprightly, and well-disposed fellow, so that I soon felt at home in his company.

Leaving Matagarda and the notorious Trocadero on the left, together with Fort St. Louis, built by that sturdy old cruiser Dugay Trouin, we came over a Roman causeway to the Isla de Leon, for ever memorable as the birth-place of the second Constitution. This place, called also the city of San Fernando, contains the principal observatory of Spain, where the Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris are still calculated and published for the benefit of navigators and astronomers. Carraca, too, which lies in the neighbourhood, and opens upon the bay of Cadiz, was once the first arsenal of Spain, and the great stronghold of her naval prowess. There was little left to indicate its character and uses. Of the eighty ships of the line, which Spain could have sent to sea at the close of the last century, only one was to be seen. It was, as my guide told me, one of those brought from Russia in the year 1820, to carry out the expedition destined to re-establish order in America, and which chose rather to turn its attention to the redress of domestic grievances. As it lay abandoned, without anchor or cable, with a single mast standing, and

careened against a mud bank, it furnished a fit, yet mournful, emblem of national decline.

Having passed through a sandy tract, which, like Cadiz, seems a sort of neutral ground in dispute between land and water, and destined, if we may judge from experience, to fall entirely under the dominion of the latter, we at length crossed the arm of the sea which insulates the Isla, and trod upon terra firma of a less equivocal character. In looking back from this point many conical heaps of salt, produced by the evaporation of sea water, may be seen rising like tents upon the even surface of the shore. Salt being, as well as tobacco, one of the government monopolies, is sold at so high a price to the natives, as even to check the use of it to a certain extent. At the same time the people of the neighbourhood may see foreigners take it away by the ship load, and for a mere trifle. The Spaniards neither understand nor admire this odious distinction. They are willing to pay a high price to government for their scanty pittance of tobacco, because it comes from the *extrangero;* but this measuring out of salt, a produce of their own country, by the quart to Spaniards and by the bushel to the English, is an economical subtlety altogether beyond their comprehension. They, perhaps, find some cause of consolation in the pious name bestowed upon the salt-pans from which they receive their

supply; for here ships, shops, boats, and coaches have by no means the exclusive appropriation of the Virgin. What think you of the *Salina de Maria Santisima?* and what of the *Salina del Dulcisimo Nombre de Jesus?*

Chiclana, through which we next passed, is a pretty pleasant place, which, in the better days of Cadiz, originated in the wealth of her merchants, who built summer-houses here, their daily retreat from the dust and drudgery of the shop and warehouse. Hence its honorary surname, Aranjuez of Cadiz. Leaving Chiclana, our road passed over a sandy country, covered at intervals with pine forests and broken into hill and dale. It became still more irregular, the mountains higher and the ravines deeper, as we advanced, gaining greatly, however, in fertility. This was especially the case at Veger, where we halted to dine and refresh our horses, during the heat of the day. Veger is one of the most singular places in Spain. It stands with an imposing attitude upon the very pinnacle of a precipitous mountain, which rises to the sudden height of near a thousand feet above the little stream, with a corresponding valley, by which it is almost encircled. Without, rises an amphitheatre of still higher mountains, which everywhere bound the horizon and isolate this little spot within a world of its own. The situation is impregnable; and this, as

well as the singular fertility of the surrounding country, must have rendered it a chosen hold of the Moors, an agricultural and pastoral people, who, while they sought out and fortified the strongest posts, to check invasion and perpetuate their conquest, were ever alive to the natural beauties of the country. It had evidently been an important city in their time, judging from the many remains of towers and defences which still crown the crest of the hill, and from the now deserted caves dug into its steep side to aid in lodging a redundant population. The whole slope from the tower down to the valley, though very precipitous, forms a continuous vineyard, which is reached, when the vines are to be pruned or the fruit gathered, by zigzag steps and terraces. As for the valley below, it is a perfect garden, planted with fields of wheat and groves of orange, the chosen abode of the nightingale.

While our dinner was preparing I was near being arrested in my journey through the ignorance and stupidity of a custom-house officer, who, in examining my trunk for money or other articles of contraband, happened to fall upon a bundle of despatches, which even Cacaruco had spared, and which he seemed determined that I should carry no farther. In vain did I explain to him that they were for the government of the United States, and sealed with the seal of the American minister; he had never heard either

of the country or the individual. Equally in vain did I show him a duplicate passport from the minister of the interior, ordering all whom it might concern to help me forward in my journey, headed by a long list of titles and honorary distinctions, and followed by his signature and, what was of far greater consequence, his *rubrica* or flourish, which was tied and twisted most inextricably*. All was of no avail, and I should certainly have been arrested had I not hastened to make use of a nostrum which I carried in my pocket, and which at once quieted every qualm of the functionary.

Relieved of this troublesome fellow, and refreshed by food and repose, we set forward at four from Veger, and passed along the little stream, which is navigable for small vessels nearly to the foot of the mountain. When we turned aside, the surface of the country became broken, rugged, and almost uninhabited. This was especially the case in crossing a mountain which lay in our way, and to which we came at nightfall. Here ragged oaks and equally ragged cork-trees completely beset our path, and seemed to dispute possession of the niggard soil.

* Our readers may not be aware that in Spain a signature is not valid without a flourish. Of the two, a signature without a flourish is worth less than a flourish without a signature. The cause of this peculiarity is, that the flourish is thought to baffle forgery more effectually. Hence there is a great deal of refinement in the invention of rubricas, and occasionally a little dandyism.

There was now, as throughout the journey, no road, but a variety of diverging paths, of which the guide chose the most direct. Though the descent was sometimes so steep and intricate that the path seemed completely closed a few feet in advance, yet our horses picked their way along with infinite sagacity and without any hesitation. But if they took care of themselves, they left us to do the same. We had now to lie flat upon the saddle, to escape the branch of a tree; now to lift a foot or swing both legs on one side, to avoid the contact of a rock.

Descending this inhospitable mountain, we reached the level country, seemingly fertile and rich in natural productions, and needing only the seconding efforts of man to become a perfect paradise. We found it, however, but little cultivated, and abandoned to cattle and brood mares, with, here and there, the hut of a herdsman. Of their neighbourhood we were always notified at the distance of a mile or more by the snuffing and neighing of our horses, who seemed often disposed to wander from the beaten track in search of company. My steed, who found he had to deal with a stranger, was especially wrong-headed and obstinate; indeed, he required much jerking of the bridle and forcible persuasion from the sharp corners of my stirrups, to curb his licentiousness and bring him back to a sense of

duty. We paused at several of the huts that lay in our way, to light a cigar or beg a glass of water; and the guide would take such as were of his acquaintance aside, and talk with them in a low tone, inquiring, as I presumed, whether the road were open and free from salteadores. Other huts, whose tenants were in bad odor among the muleteers, were passed at a gallop, to prevent the trunk from being discovered, and avoid investigation, which might prove troublesome. As we dashed by, we could see all that was going on within; the faggots heaped up and crackling in the huge chimney which rose from the centre of the building, the women busied with the evening meal, and the swarthy, skin-clad peasants with neglected beard and shaggy hair, sitting upon the theshold, their bright eyes gleaming from the reflection of the fire, whereas they could only catch an indistinct glance at our figures, as we darted through the glare of the doorway.

Towards ten o'clock, we began to ascend a second mountain, and when near the top halted at an obscure stopping-place, where we were to pass the night. It was a small cottage built of stones and mud, and thatched with straw. It consisted, as usual, of a single story, with the earth for a floor, and the sooty roof for a ceiling. The chimney rose from the centre, the side upon which it opened served as a kitchen and eating-room, and the other

half of the dwelling was screened off for a general bedroom. Opposite was a shed for the horses. Diego, upon whom fell all the cares of providing for the journey, hastened to order such food as might be found in our humble caravansary. This was not very choice; some bacon broiled before the fire, and a huge earthen basin containing eggs and garlic, floating about in the oil which had served to fry them. A ride of fifty miles, the mountain air, and the evening breeze, had prepared me to assist in despatching this pittance. That business disposed of, Diego sought out the stable, stretched himself beside his horses, and went to sleep to the music of their jaws, as they discussed their barley; and I, before throwing myself on the less inviting bed, prepared for me in the adjoining room, wandered out to take a draught of the fresh breeze, perfumed as it was by the thousand aromatic plants that grow wild upon the mountains of Andalusia.

There I found an inducement to linger much longer than I had anticipated. I had been already delighted during the day's ride, especially after sunset and the commencement of twilight, by the singing of nightingales, which abound in Spain, and particularly in Andalusia. On this occasion there were two perched upon neighbouring trees, in which were doubtless the nests of the females. They sung alternately, and evidently waited for each other;

the one only commencing some time after the other had finished. Thus they exercised a degree of deference and politeness towards each other, not always observed in the colloquies of more reasonable creatures. Their prevailing note was as usual, that sweet and swelling strain, which, beginning in a low whistle, passes from rapid quavers to well articulated modulations, and grows fuller and fuller for a few seconds, until it reaches the pitch of force and melody, thence declining to a close by an equally happy and harmonious gradation. This pleasing contest reminded me of Pliny's animated, and perhaps rather imaginative, description of this little musician; how the young ones are taught by the old, listen attentively to their lesson, and strive to repeat it; how the more experienced songsters dispute among themselves for the palm of supremacy, and grow obstinate in the contest—the conquered, at length, losing his life, and rather renouncing his respiration than his song. I had passed nearly two years in Europe, and from living mostly in cities had missed hearing this bird until now. A friend had told me in reference to the received opinion of its mournful, melancholy note, "You will find it a lively, sprightly bird, and its song the joyful outpouring of a healthy, hearty, happy individual." And so indeed it proved. I at once became enamoured of the little songster. Some months afterwards, having

in vain sought to steal unseen upon him in the bushes which resounded with his melody, I at length caught sight of the rusty little songster, in a cage which furnished his coyness with no concealment. I wondered, with the naturalist, that so small and mean a body should supply so loud a voice—such a fund of spirit and earnestness *. In the present instance the music of the nightingale fell upon my ear with the charm of novelty; it beguiled me of the repose required for the renewal of our journey; and when I at length found myself in the filthy and overtenanted sleeping-room, and upon the comfortless bed that had been assigned me, I thought it was but a poor exchange for the calm star-light without, the sweet breath of the mountain, and the song of the *ruiseñor*.

The next morning we were in motion at an early hour. Several countrymen, who had passed the night in the same cottage, and who were going to San Roque, willingly availed themselves of our company. If our road had been rough and even dangerous the day before, it became still more so this morning, in crossing the higher ranges of mountains, which here form a barrier between the waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Precipices towered high around us; rocks were piled on rocks;

* Tanta vox tam parvo in corpusculo, tam pertinax spiritus.—PLINY.

whilst between lay ravines of yawning depth, whose horrors were magnified by being imperfectly seen through the ragged branches of the cork trees. As we wound through these mountain defiles, our little party found a doubtful pleasure, as usual, in recounting the robber stories by which the rocks and trees and occasional crosses were consecrated.

During ten years that Diego had travelled this road, he had been attacked three times by banditti, and robbed twice. Once, when he had ridden nearly through a narrow pass, and heard himself called upon by the robbers in ambush, with the usual war cry of "*A tierra, ladron!*"—he had turned his horse short round, and calling to those who followed to do the same, hurried away at a gallop. The exasperated marauders jumped at once from their concealment, and taking aim as he fled, greeted him with a volley from their carbines. One of the balls took effect in the haunch of his horse, the other in his own thigh; but he got away by dint of hoof to the nearest dwelling, and in another fortnight he was again in the saddle.

The year before, he had been plundered at the bottom of the ravine to which we were approaching, by *carboneros*, who had been making charcoal in the neighbouring woods, and had prepared to close their campaign by besetting all the paths and taking every one who passed during the day. The Gallego

was allowed to cross the ravine in security, and had entered the path beyond, when he heard a sudden rustling in the bushes, and footsteps behind him, accompanied by the usual salutation. Trusting to his former success, he pressed the flanks of his horse, and struck forward. But he had scarcely galloped a few steps, when he found a fellow directly in his path, pointing his gun right at his eye, and seemingly in the very act of pulling the trigger. There was no alternative. He stopped his horse, threw himself upon the ground, and lay flat upon his face, in hopes thus to deprecate the rage of the robbers. The goodness of his horse, and a new jacket and hat with a pair of worked leggings, which he had bought the last time he was in Seville, pleaded strongly in his favor, and he was permitted to go away barelegged and hatless.

When I thought what a loss this must have been to my poor Gallego, I could not help reflecting what small inducements there were in Spain to industry and economy. In that country there is neither truth nor reason in the commonly received adage, "Honesty is the best policy." Another of our party had been caught in the same scrape, and had been stripped to his shoes and beaten into a jelly, for having attempted to conceal a few reals, which he had with him. Nay, they tied his hands and feet, and left him at a distance from the road,

where he might have died of heat and hunger, had he not been relieved by some good Samaritan, who happened, as he passed, to catch the sound of his lamentations.

When we came to the scene of these operations, we wound slowly down amid the rocks and trunks of trees, until we reached the muddy brook which ran at the bottom of the ravine; thence we ascended again in the same order, the Gallego taking the lead. When he had got clear of the worst impediments, he struck forward at a gallop, leaning his body over the trunk, and looking with a hurried glance from side to side, as there occurred an opening in the woods. There was a wild excitement in these little risks, which gave an interest to whatever I saw, and prepared me to appreciate the more quiet beauties of the country, and the security inspired by the neighbourhood of man, as we left the region of the mountain and descended into the smiling valley which receives its torrents.

After breakfast, we left the pretty village of Los Barrios, one of the favorite resorts of the people of Gibraltar, who often fly to the main land from the dust and bustle and business of the Rock, in search of purer air and a less equivocal verdure. On crossing a hill we came suddenly in sight of the Mediterranean. The bay of Gibraltar lay open before us, Algeziras and the land beyond stretching away

to the right hand, while, farther on the left, the solitary Rock itself rose from the ocean, at the extremity of the long sand beach, into which the mountains gradually decline, seagirt on every side except towards the Andalusian coast, with which it seems united only for some mischievous purpose. The ships in the bay, though distinct and conspicuous, seemed mere points in the comparison.

There is something singularly formidable in the appearance of the Rock, whether seen near or from a distance. In looking at it from the east and west, many persons have discovered in its form the rude outline of a crouched lion. Nor do you need the remembrance of its natural and artificial strength, nor yet that the lion is the emblem of Britain, to help you out with the association. The precipitous bluff, which rises perpendicularly more than a thousand feet above the neutral ground, furnishes by no means an unreal resemblance to the head of that fierce and frowning animal; the rugged ridge may represent his mane, while the gradual decline to the south, and the abrupt termination in the sea, all serve to perfect the comparison.

From hence we followed the sand of the sea beach, left hard by the receding tide, and clattered merrily along. Diego sang for joy to be so near the end of his journey. With myself the prospect of meeting friends, and hearing from others, fur-

nished no inferior motives for exultation. We were detained at a group of ruinous buildings, which forms the Spanish barrier, until our passports could be examined, and Diego should pay a dollar or two of his little earnings for permission to pass his majesty's dominions; and this he has to do every time he comes to Gibraltar.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast which every thing presented, as I passed the narrow interval which separates Spain from Gibraltar. It so happens, that the very poorest of the Spanish troops are stationed here, and that every thing connected with the public service denotes more than usual ruin and dilapidation. The soldiers on duty were ragged, their schaikos often stretched out of shape, and kept from falling over their eyes by a handkerchief thrust between them and the forehead, until they projected in front like the self-sustained pent-house of a Low Dutch dwelling. Some wore shoes and gaiters, others hempen sandals. In this neglected garb, however, you could see a well-made and sinewy, though starved form, a weather-beaten face and black and bristly mustachios, which, with the keen eye of the poor soldier, denoted a fund of military spirit. Besides these troops, the traveller is beset by groups of beggars, vagrant gypsies, squalid unwashed men and half-naked women, paralytic and rickety wretches from the quicksilver mines,

converted by their baneful toils into monsters of deformity.

How different every thing within the English lines! I first came to a drawbridge of neat construction; then a guard-house with a snug lodge for the person who is charged with the service of watching those who enter and depart, and who sits comfortably under cover. Beside this man, and to secure his obedience, stood a British soldier as stiff as a statue; his coat, cap, and shoes, all brushed to perfection; his trousers, ruffles, plume, and belts, as white as washing and pipeclay could make them; and his musket, where not colored, reflecting the sunbeams like a mirror. Though his form was less muscular and his eye less martial than those of the poor Spaniard without, he was, nevertheless, larger and better fed, and was ready, by the force of discipline, to do any thing and go any where.

On a nearer approach to the fortress, I paused for a moment to look upon its rugged front with a mingled feeling of awe and admiration. Here the whole art of defence has been exhausted. The entire face and foot of the mountain is covered with defences and bristling with cannon. The level ground below, the slopes and ridges, and every inequality of surface, have been converted into batteries. Even the precipice itself, where nature, having precluded all approach, refuses a foothold

for a single warrior, is perforated with yawning port-holes suspended near a thousand feet above, and ready in a moment to be converted into mouths of fire. All these cannon pointed at the place upon which I stood, their tompions out, to denote preparation and a readiness to be lit up in a moment into one vast blaze, as terrible as the thunder of the heavens.

After passing through several parallels, where all denoted the most perfect state of order and preparation, I came to the neat market recently erected without the gate, and the general landing-place of man-of-war's-men and merchant sailors of every nation in Europe. Here one may see filthy Jews, big-breeched Moors, wily Greeks, spluttering Dutchmen, and flippant Frenchmen; smooth-tongued Italians, long-waisted and red-capped Catalans, and English sailors, with their neat tarpaulins and blue jackets. As you penetrate into the town, all denotes the stir and bustle of commerce, an immense business confined within narrow limits. Goods are constantly landing and embarking, and carts and wagons passing in every direction. The people no longer moved slowly as in Spain, nor loitered about the corners; every one had something to do, every one was in a hurry. Salutations were abrupt, and ceremonies dispensed with. "How do?" was the word, without waiting for an answer. Even the Spaniards residing here

seem to have caught the impetus. Instead of their long "How are you?" and "God guard you!" I now heard nothing from them but a sudden "*Salud*," as they were forced against, and bounded away from each other in the crowd. The officers of the garrison, amid all this bustle, seemed the only men of leisure. They sat on horseback, dressed in their neat red Moorish jackets, with foraging caps covering their faces often equally red; their horses drawn up in the middle of the street to the obstruction of the drays, or planted at the only crossing-place for foot-men. Others monopolized the side walk; driving the trader into the street; whilst elsewhere a couple, as if mutually unwilling to sacrifice dignity by coming towards each other, carried on their conversation for the public benefit from either side of the street, saying very flat things, with arms folded or a-kimbo, and in a very 'pon-honorish tone, as though each were talking through a quire of paper. Here was music too, and marching, and ladies, and every thing that can be seen in the whole world, reduced into a narrow compass. There was much in all this to please, and yet there was much that was unpleasing. I now saw again, in the appearance of many of the moving multitude, those indications of intemperance to which I had been long a stranger—swollen and unwieldy bodies, surmounted by fiery faces, mottled

with blotches and carbuncles. Every where along the main street stood open tap-rooms—the ready reservoirs of all this intemperance. The well-rubbed bottles glistened upon the shelves, with each its silver label, while the alternate glasses were surmounted by lemons, to make the poison palatable to beginners. It was long since I had seen anything like this; and it pained me to remember, that had I been transported as suddenly into my own country, I might have met with objects equally hateful and disgusting. The contrast brought into strong relief the frugal, temperate habits, the sinewy conformation, and manly bearing of the Spanish peasantry. Nor could I help reflecting, that if their case called upon us for commiseration, there was also some room for admiration and for envy.

*Costume of Andalusia.*

## CHAPTER XIX.

### KINGDOM OF SEVILLE.

Gibraltar.—Early History.—Under Saracen Domination.—Under Spaniards and British.—Spanish Attempts at Recovery.—The late Siege.—Advantages to Possessors.—The Town.—The Crazy Greek.—Amusements.—The Alameda.—Europa.—*Moorish* Castle and Excavations.—Excursions to the Summit.—St. Michael's Cave.—A Ship.

THE Rock of Gibraltar is, as its name imports, an immense mountain of stone, rising abruptly from the sea, at the southern extremity of Spain and of the European continent. It is separated into two distinct sections by a lofty ridge, which, beginning abruptly at the northern extremity, rises still higher until it has reached an elevation of fourteen hundred feet, thence declining gradually, and terminating in Europa Point, the southern extremity of Europe. The eastern section, which looks upon the Mediterranean, is either perfectly perpendicular, like the Bluff Point at the north, which faces the Spanish lines, or else so steep and craggy as to be altogether inaccessible. The western front, though interspersed with dangerous precipices, offers some gradual slopes, which have furnished sites to the town, as well as many isolated dwellings. On this side are the only landing-places.

This formidable spot of ground, which has been the cause of so much bloodshed and contention, is yet only three miles long, and but seven in circumference. It is not quite insulated, being connected with the Andalusian coast by a narrow sandy neck of land, which rises but a few feet above the level of the sea. On every other side it is surrounded by water; and its coasts are so rough and precipitous that it can be approached only in a very few places. The entire eastern half, as we have said, is utterly inaccessible. To the west there is a deep bay extending completely over to Algeziras and the corresponding peninsula, which runs out to form the northern point of the Herculean Straits. This is the harbour of Gibraltar, an unsafe roadstead, whence vessels are often forced from their anchors, and driven high and dry upon the above.

This place, until the invasion of the Saracens, was known by the name of Calpe. Its position in front of the opposite mountain of Abyla, and at the opening of that vast sea of unknown waters which none had ever penetrated, or penetrated to return, awakened at an early period the attention of the ancients. The strangeness of its situation with respect to the adjacent country, the deep, dark cave which is still an object of wonder in modern times, and its total difference in form and figure from the other parts of the known world, doubtless aided

the imagination of a superstitious age in inventing the fable, which has connected its origin with the achievements of a deified hero of still earlier antiquity. As the story goes, Hercules, having conquered the Girons, as we have seen at Cadiz, caused immense stones to be thrown into the mouth of the strait, until a great mountain rose up on either side in honor of his victory. These are the ever famous pillars of Hercules. This wild fable was, doubtless, invented after the real pillars erected at Cadiz were destroyed or forgotten, and the *ne plus ultra* was added, to signify that Calpe and Abyla were the ends of the earth.

Gibraltar was for a long time a strong hold of the Moors; when it returned into the possession of its proper owners it continued for many centuries to form an appendage of the Spanish crown, as of the Spanish territory. Charles, aware of its importance, caused its fortifications to be enlarged and modernized, until it was esteemed impregnable. There is still a gate standing, which bears the arms and inscription of that great prince. Gibraltar had been lost to the Granadians in consequence of a civil war and a disputed succession, and under similar circumstances it was afterwards lost to Spain. While the Austrian and Bourbon competitors were struggling, in 1704, for the Spanish crown, the weakened garrison, having only one hundred and

fifty men to manœuvre one hundred guns, was pounced upon, and became the prey of a third party. The taking of Gibraltar was the consequence of a failure; for Admiral Rook, having been sent to Barcelona with troops under the command of the Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt, had failed to effect the object of his expedition. Dreading the reflections of a disappointed public, he called together a council, in which it was determined to attack Gibraltar. On the 21st July the fleet arrived in the bay, and eighteen hundred English and Dutch were landed upon the beach. The fortress was summoned to surrender, and, on receiving a refusal, the batteries were opened, and the enemy, who were scarce in numbers to lend each other encouragement, much less co-operation, were driven from their guns. The governor was again summoned to surrender; and now, conscious of his own weakness, and dreading an assault from the intrepidity of the English sailors, who mounted the mole sword in hand, he felt that nothing remained but submission. The possession of this fortress, to recover which Spain has sacrificed tens of thousands of men and millions of money, was purchased by the British with the trifling loss of sixty killed and two hundred and twenty wounded.

The new dynasty, sensible of the importance of this loss, set at once about repairing it. An army

was assembled before the fortress, and a heavy cannonade opened. But the British returned ball for ball, and the Spaniards, finding that force was hopeless, determined to try the effect of stratagem. They came to the desperate resolution of surprising the garrison, even in the presence of the British admiral, who was in the bay at the time. On the thirty-first of October, five hundred volunteers made a vow never to return alive, except as masters of Gibraltar. To prepare themselves for a too probable death, they began by confessing themselves and taking the sacrament. In the dead of the night, this truly forlorn hope was conducted by a goat-herd round the back of the Rock to the south, and thence to Saint Michael's Cave, which they reached unperceived. In the many concealments of this singular place, they continued all day undiscovered. When night had again returned, and all the garrison, except the customary guards, were buried in sleep, they sallied out and scaled the wall of Charles V., surprising and cutting to pieces the Middle Hill guard. Here, by the aid of ladders and ropes, they drew up a party of several hundred, which had been ordered to sustain them. It had been concerted that these brave soldiers, if they succeeded in the preliminary parts of the attack, should be supported by a party of French troops, whilst a feint attack was to be made in some

other quarter, to divert the attention of the besieged. They had effected the most difficult and dangerous part of the service, with complete success; but some misunderstanding had taken place among the commanding officers, and the intrepid Spaniards were abandoned to their fate. They and their achievement were sacrificed to some petty point of military etiquette. They waited in vain for the feint attack and for succour. Meantime the alarm had been given in the garrison, and a body of British grenadiers marching up to the top of the rock, fell fearfully upon them, killing some, driving others over the precipice, and taking the rest prisoners. Such was the fate of this gallant enterprise, conceived and conducted with equal hardihood, and which needed but a little well-timed cooperation to have become completely successful.

The Spaniards, though soon afterwards at peace with England, continued to keep a watchful eye upon the garrison, and seem at various times to have meditated a surprise. At length, in 1726, they assembled an army of twenty thousand men under the Marquis de Las Torres, at Algeziras, whence they marched round the bay, and established themselves in front of Gibraltar. The Spaniards continued gradually to advance towards the garrison, answering the remonstrances of the British general by saying that they were on their master's

ground. At last, when they had almost reached the point of the Rock, the batteries opened upon them, and the fire was quickly returned. When under the corner of the Rock, the Spaniards commenced a mine, intending to blow up the north-east corner of it, and thus, if possible, to destroy at a single explosion the garrison and its defences, filling up the trenches, and opening in the confusion a road for the assailants. Some consider the idea ridiculous, to attempt even the partial destruction of such a mountain. The Spaniards, from their making the attempt, must have been of a different opinion. The experiment was never tried, for the operations of the assailants were soon after terminated by peace.

In 1760, Gibraltar had well nigh fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, without any exertion. A conspiracy was formed in the garrison by two regiments, which had been long on the station and still continued without a prospect of relief, to surprise and massacre the officers and all others opposed to their designs; then to plunder the place, secure the military chest, and purchase themselves a retreat into Spain by the surrender of the fortress. The number of the conspirators amounted to nearly a thousand, and they might, perhaps, have executed their purpose, had the plot not been discovered in the course of a drunken quarrel.

But all the efforts made to recover this important fortress become insignificant, when compared to the siege which it sustained during the great war, set in motion by the struggle for American independence. This famous siege lasted nearly four years. The Duke de Crillon commanded the allies, assisted by the young Dukes of Artois * and Bourbon, who had come to learn the art of war in a contest, which occupied the attention of all Europe. The defence was conducted by the brave General Elliot, with equal courage and good conduct. The number of rounds from the allied batteries was sometimes one thousand a day. The total of rounds on both sides amounted to half a million. The loss of life was of course proportionate. All the known arts of taking towns were exhausted, and new inventions in the science of destruction date from the siege of Gibraltar. Among the number were the ten floating towers of the allies, which mounted two hundred guns, and were so cunningly contrived, that they were both ball and bomb proof, and had nothing to fear from any known art of annoyance. But they were not provided against possible inventions. In this emergency, the expedient was tried by the British of heating shot in furnaces, and discharging them red-hot at these moving fortresses, which were able to approach the walls and place themselves in

* Afterwards Charles X.

the most assailable positions. The expedient succeeded; the shot penetrated and fired the wood, and at midnight those floating castles, which in the morning had been the terror of the besieged, furnished huge funeral piles for the destruction of the besiegers. The situation of the brave but unfortunate Spaniards, shut up in these sea-girt towers, is enough to make the heart bleed. Assailed by balls of fire from the fortress, by flames from within, surrounded by an adverse element, and their escape cut off by the British flotilla, all that remained to them in their extremity was a choice of deaths. This terrible siege is full of such incidents, and, were they recorded with equal genius, it could scarce possess inferior interest to the retreat of Xenophon, or the campaign of Moscow.

If Gibraltar has defied the efforts of the Duke de Crillon, backed by two princes of the blood, it has also resisted the will of Napoleon. It still continues in possession of the British, and doubtless will so continue, if not lost by some such accident or surprise, as have already well nigh delivered it into the hands of the Spaniards. It may be questioned, indeed, whether Britain would not be the better for the loss. She is at an enormous expenditure for the support of four thousand men, and for the repairs of the works; while in time of peace she draws no peculiar advantage from it, as

the port is free to every flag, and other nations enjoy all the benefit of the establishment without paying any portion of the expense. The facility which the situation of Gibraltar furnishes for the introduction of contraband goods, and the use made of it to smuggle large quantities of British manufactures, are considered among the greatest advantages derived from the possession. But how enormous must be the value of the goods introduced, to make the individual profits equal to the national expense! Gibraltar is said in time of war to command the entrance of the Mediterranean. But the command of the Mediterranean belongs to the strongest fleet; for the width of the Straits, which varies from ten to twenty miles, renders ships regardless of the batteries of both Ceuta and Gibraltar. It is rather useful, therefore, as a place of refuge than of annoyance, and would, consequently, be more advantageous to some other power than the one which claims the mastery of the ocean. Indeed, if we look back upon the history of the last century, during which Britain has possessed Gibraltar, whilst it may be easy to compute the millions of the hard-earned money of her subjects here expended, it would perhaps be difficult to point to a single instance in which it has been productive of any commensurate advantage. Here is a direct and

positive expense encountered with a view to a very remote and barely possible benefit.

The present town of Gibraltar is situated on the western side of the Rock, beginning just within the lines, which open upon the mole and isthmus, and extending a half mile southward. As the level is barely wide enough to give room for a single principal street and two or three smaller ones, the town has extended itself up the steep acclivity; so that ranges of buildings, reached by flights of steps, are seen towering above each other with an highly picturesque effect. In the centre of the town stands a fine Exchange, erected at the expense of the merchants. In the upper story is a beautiful room, kept in the most perfect order, and provided with a well-selected library and with journals from all parts of the world. It was truly delightful to me, on being introduced by a friend to the privileges of this room, to pass from the solemn silence of Spain and its single gaceta, to a complete knowledge of all that was passing in the world. The Exchange, with the courthouse and a fantastic church with Moorish columns and arches, now building, are the only remarkable edifices of Gibraltar. The private dwellings are by no means what they should be. Though in a southern climate, they are built in a northern taste, close and snug and compact,

instead of being open, with courtyards and lofty ceilings, and long windows and balconies for the enjoyment of the air.

The convent, so called from its having been the abode of monks in more catholic times, is the residence of the lieutenant-governor. General Don, the present lieutenant-governor, has grown old in the command of Gibraltar, and much of the neatness, exact order, and discipline observable throughout the garrison is attributable to his taste and activity. In the convent is a small church fitted up for the use of the garrison. It is the same with the chapel of the ancient convent, and is of Gothic construction. The scene presented in this little chapel on Sunday is very characteristic. The collection of red coats, and gold lace, and epaulettes; the staid and humble demeanour of the citizen admitted by peculiar privilege into the military sanctuary, and the pert look of his pretty daughter; the unruffled robes and holiday devotion of the regimental chaplain, and the well-brushed sergeant officiating as clerk below,—were entertaining enough, though I found my pleasure taxed by the infliction of a long sermon from a well-bred clergyman. The music by a band selected from all the performers in the garrison was excellent.

The population of Gibraltar is about twenty thousand, consisting of people of all nations, brought

together by the facilities which the place possesses for trade: for, situated as it is at the entrance of the Mediterranean, it affords a convenient entrepôt, whence valuable cargoes may be distributed over the adjacent coasts. There is also an extensive demand for the subsistence of a large population entirely dependent upon external supplies. Though this mixed society must be detestable to the permanent inhabitant, it offers a singular and amusing study to the stranger. Often have I been diverted during a lazy hour in gazing from a window of the library upon the assembled multitude below. It furnished indeed a singular medley of humorous characters and persons. The high-handed hauteur of his majesty's officer, as he lounges at a corner, in utter scorn of the busy crew of bargainers; the supple cit, who bows breast low to him in hope of a nod of condescension, ere he turns to cheapen the beans or coffee in the hands of some still humbler broker; the less supple bearing of a rough skipper, accustomed to bang and bully and be a little king upon his own quarter-deck; the sullen demeanour of the turbaned Moor, who sits cross-legged at a shady corner; and the filthy, slipshod, abject Jew, who sells slippers or oranges, or serves officers, merchants, sailors, or Moors as a beast of burden. These Jews come from Barbary, where they settled in great numbers at the time of their expul-

sion from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. Many of them are traders and very rich, living in great state. These assume the European costume, and lose every thing of the Jew but his characteristic physiognomy; but the greater number serve in menial offices as laborers. They wear loose bagging breeches reaching below the knee, a tunic, and a haik or capote of cloth or of bedticking. This garment is very large, with sleeves and a hood. It is put on like a shirt, without any opening except for the head and hands. Their garb is indeed much like that of the Moors, except that instead of a turban, which in Morocco would be taken away from them head and all, they cover their shaven crowns with a close skull-cap. They are an ill-formed, disgusting race, with a bent and abject bearing, immense fish-like eyes, and fleshy swollen ankles that receive no protection or support from the large slippers which they drag after them over the pavement. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast than is furnished by these poor oppressed Israelites, and the well-turned, gaily dressed mountaineers, who come for contraband goods from the Sierrania of Ronda. These noble-looking fellows are alike free from haughtiness and humiliation. Bred among the mountains, and passing half of their lives in the saddle, with their good carbines

beside them, they are accustomed to avenge their own wrongs, and own allegiance to none but their village curate, the girl of their hearts, and the Virgin Mary.

Not the least singular figure to be seen upon 'change at Gibraltar was an old Greek captain, who made a voyage to America many years ago, carrying a cargo of wine which went to a bad market. On his return to Gibraltar with a Flemish account of the proceeds, the poor Greek was thrown into prison, whence he only escaped with the loss of his reason. He still continues in Gibraltar, wanting both means and inclination to get away from the scene of his misfortunes, and living rent free in a little hovel upon the flat roof of the theatre. Nor will he associate with any creature except with dogs, of which he has a whole family. In the night season, while the strumming of the orchestra below, the rant of the players, and the rattle of the castanet come faintly to him, he sits upon his threshold and holds communion with his friend the moon; and when the noontide heat drives him from his hovel, he seeks the shade below, and moves from side to side keeping in the shadows. Poor fellow! well do I remember to have seen him in America in my boyish days; and many a time, when I have been plodding the weary road that led

to the school, with dictionary and Julius Cæsar hanging heavy at the end of my strap, have I come upon the track of the Greek, and followed him street after street, filled with wonder at his outlandish garb and the bigness of his breeches. It chanced one hot morning, as I was emerging from my lodgings, that he was sitting in the shade of the doorway. The place was private, and I found some excuse for opening a conversation. But I made a bad choice in putting him in mind of America; for he presently grew enraged, swore like a trooper at the American merchants, calling them, in no very genteel Spanish, all the rogues he could think of. He vowed that he would go to Greece, fit out a ship, and sink every American he met. Gathering himself up out of the dirt, he drew his red cap over his brow, and strode off, followed by his dogs, as if bent on the immediate execution of his purpose. He was a fine-looking veteran, with a muscular frame, a manly face, and long red mustaches. Upon the whole, he would have made no contemptible figure on the deck of a rover. But, poor fellow! his imbecility will defend us from his revenge; for he will never be able to tear himself from the society of his faithful dogs, nor from his friendly hovel on the top of the theatre.

The diversions of the garrison consist in rambles

about the Rock, and in balls, theatres, and operas, often performed by distinguished Spaniards, who here starve and languish in exile. Picnics, where a party is formed to go into Spain in carriages and on horseback, and dine in a cork-wood or under the poetic shade of an orange orchard, furnish also a favorite diversion. There are also many pleasant excursions on foot and horseback within the circumscribed extent of the Rock. Such is that to Catalan Bay, a little fishing-settlement planted upon the shore, immediately under the overhanging projection of the mountain. I chanced to be caught there one day in the rain with a couple of my countrymen, and we had an opportunity of experiencing the insecurity of this singular nestling-place. Hardly had we taken refuge in the tavern and drawn our horses in after us—for there was no stable—when we heard a rumbling noise as if the mountain was sliding down upon us, and presently a crash of rafters. We all ran out, some with hats, some without; all the huts of Catalan Bay poured forth their inmates—boys and girls, men and women; the fishermen left their nets, which they were hanging over their boats upon the beach, and crowded round in confusion. The fact was, a piece of the Rock had detached itself from above, bounded down the declivity, and dashed through the roof of a house; but no one, however,

was hurt; so we joined the fishermen in thanking God, and when the rain abated took horse and rode home.

But a far pleasanter promenade is to sally out of Charles the Fifth's gate, at the south, in the direction of the Alameda. Here you find the beautiful parade ground for the exercises of the soldiery, and may, perchance, be present at a drill. Nothing can exceed the exact precision with which the British troops perform the exercise. The Prussians and Austrians, though famous for their tactics, can by no means compare with them. The French pretend to nothing of the kind; depending on the military spirit and native ardor of their conscripts, on their inborn sense of honor and reckless impetuosity.

The din of war, the bustle, marching, and display connected with the garrison, are among the greatest resources of the stranger in Gibraltar. Twice a day there is the parade of relief, with music morning and evening, and frequently between them the trumpets sound "The Roast Beef of Old England," proclaiming dinner, or on Sunday invite to church by the sweet tune of "Hark! the merry Christchurch bells!" repeated at every corner. The bands are not so good as those of the Spanish or French guards, nor the selections of music at all comparable; but the concerts of bugles, playing the merry or mournful airs of Scotland, are truly

exquisite. No accordance of instruments can be more perfect; and when heard in the still night, no strains can be more harmonious, more heavenly.

On passing the parade-ground you enter the delightful gardens, which, in very defiance of nature, have risen within a few years upon the declivity of the Rock. Much of the soil which supports the trees and shrubbery has been brought from the main land. Though the area of the Alameda is small, yet it is in a manner multiplied by the winding of the walks up and down the slopes, and by the judicious distribution of alleys, steps, light latticed fences, trees, shrubbery, and flowers. Towards the commencement of the gradual slope, which begins at the foot of the mountain, are two airy pavilions of great taste and beauty. From the highest you command a charming view, rendered still more lovely by the contrasted gloom of the overhanging precipice. First you dwell upon the softened features of the slope on the left, with the white summer-house perched upon it, embosomed amid shady fig-trees, with here and there an orange or a stately palm growing beside the peach and lanced aloe—the productions of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America all harmonizing in this congenial clime. Below, the beds of grass or flowers are enclosed by hedges of geranium, covered in May, when I saw them, with the most beautiful blossoms; while the walks be-

tween are enlivened with moving multitudes of men, women, and soldiery, with here and there the head and shoulders of a Highlander emerging above the verdure, and gliding by with nodding plumes and waving tartans. Still lower is the line wall, with Gibraltar on the right and the pretty Rosia on the left; and then the sea-green surface of the bay, the ships coming, going, or at anchor. Where the land again alternates beyond are seen the white buildings of Algeziras, protected by verdant mountains, which stretch southward to form the Straits, seeming to meet the African shores, which rise black and gloomy in the distance.

And yet—will it be believed?—the Alameda is but little frequented except upon a feast-day. The English avoid it always: on weekdays because it is so solitary, and on Sundays because it is run down by the commonalty. Occasionally, at the evening hour, one may meet a Genoese, in her graceless red cloak, a Provençelle duly attended by her gallant, or a gracious Gaditana.

Beyond the Alameda stands the cluster of dwellings called Rosia, with its little mole. The Rock in the immediate neighbourhood, though it has again become precipitous, has a little covering of soil, produced by the successive growth and decay of vegetable matter. This has been planted with gardens and fruit-orchards, where the hardy fig-tree, fond of a

precarious foothold, spreads highest and most luxuriant. It is said that the Rock is capable of producing all the vegetables necessary for the consumption of the garrison. If this be the case, it is remarkable that every eligible spot is not brought under cultivation; for Gibraltar will only be retaken by surprise or by starvation. At present the supplies are brought from Spain, Barbary, and even from America. Fine fish and a few vegetables are the only food from the Rock and its vicinity. In a place like this, where all is preparation and watchfulness, it should be an object to live at all times as much as possible upon domestic resources.

South of Rosia, and towards Europa, the Rock no longer allows the intervention of a level, but throws itself into the most broken and fantastic shapes, leaving an occasional Thermopylæ for the passage of the road. Though the surrounding precipices are naked and steril, there are here a few intervening glens, which are filled with flowers and overrun with verdure. These favored spots have been improved as country seats by the pretty taste of the English, whose notions of snugness, comfort, and beauty in rural residences we by no means equal in America. The dwellings are sometimes fashioned, in accordance with the character of the scenery, and out of compliment to the past possessors of the place, into mimic Moorish castles,

with terraces, embrasures, and frowning towers. Elsewhere are snug little cottages, nestled closely in a corner, with a grape-vine arbor for a portal, and more than half overrun with honeysuckle and eglantine.

The excursion to Europa is by far the prettiest on the Rock; but yet there are others which possess greater interest. Such is the walk to the old castle of Taric, which stands midway up the mountain. Much of the structure has been removed designedly, or battered away by the balls of the besiegers, who have also left their marks upon the remaining portion. The spiral stairway, or rather path, like that of the Giralda, is crumbling to a ruin, and a fig-tree has fastened upon the battlements: enough, however, remains to form an imposing feature in the picture of the Rock, and to give lodgment to a guard of soldiers and to the public hangman, who lives here out of sight and out of mind. This worthy functionary is occasionally called upon to do justice on a Spaniard, who, forgetting that he is in a land of law, has appealed, according to the custom of his country, to the arbitration of the knife.

A winding zigzag conducts you from the Moorish Castle upwards to the Excavations. These consist of a passage cut into the solid rock, across the north front, for the distance of half a mile, and which

communicates by means of spiral stairways, through the immense halls, with other galleries above and below. It is scarce possible to conceive the astonishment with which the stranger must ever visit this singular place. He finds himself alone in the very heart of the Rock, with immense cannon ranged round this devil's den, each with its pile of heavy shot beside it, and protruding through portholes which overlook the Peninsula. The dim light that enters beside the muzzles of the cannon, the black darkness behind you, the solitude, the silence, broken only by the prolonged reverberation of every spoken word, all awaken the most singular sensations.

There is, indeed, something exceedingly formidable in the aspect of these batteries, whether seen from within or without. As you look down through the portholes upon the neutral ground, you feel as though all the pigmies below were in your power, to be destroyed at will; and when you are below and look upward, you experience, on the contrary, an inward sense of danger and dependence. These batteries are, however, more formidable in appearance than in reality. A shot from so great an elevation may, it is true, be projected within the works of the besiegers; but then it only strikes in one place, where it buries itself in the sand; whereas the Devil's Tongue, which forms the mole, and is

upon a level with the neutral ground, sweeps an extent equal to the range of its cannon, and licks up all before it.

The Excavations have all been hewn out since the fortress has been in the possession of the British. The labor is certainly one of the most hardy and astonishing of modern times. There is indeed much at Gibraltar to convey an exalted idea of British power. Here is a nation which occupies a mere point upon the map of the world raised by a concurrence of causes to the rank of a first-rate power, and occupying all the strong-holds of the ocean; by the multiplied industry of an inconsiderable population, buying the alliance of greater nations, making war and peace at pleasure, and sitting at the helm of European policy. Nor is her greatness only physical: her Newton, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and Byron stand alone and unrivalled in the world at the head of whatever is excellent. It is a proud thing to be able to claim a common origin with this singular people; and when we revert to our own country, where a kinder nature seconds all our efforts, and where a boundless territory leaves unlimited room for development; when we remember that we have adopted all the beauties of that social system under which Britain has prospered, without any of its deformities; and then, with her experience and our own as

data, attempt to picture the future fortunes of our country—the fancy is amazed and bewildered at the splendor of the vision.

On leaving the Galleries, it is usual to pass out by a different opening upon the higher part of the Rock, where you again find yourself in the open air, refreshed by the clear breeze and warmed by the rays of the sun, which enable you to enjoy a widely extended and delightful view. The path now leads to the Signal Tower, where a party is stationed to observe the vessels that are passing the Straits, descending the Mediterranean, or entering the harbour. They also watch for daybreak and the setting of the sun, which are announced from a small battery near the summit. The view from the Signal Tower is wide, varied, and commanding; and as there are fine telescopes there, when tired of gazing generally, you can bring near and analyze the objects which please you, and prolong the interest. The Rock and town are spread out directly below. The ships anchored in the bay show nothing but the decks, presenting themselves as they are represented in the plan of a battle. The coast towards Algeziras, though seen more obliquely, displays the rivers which it discharges into the bay with all their curves and meanderings; while towards the Straits in the south-west, the bright verdure of the Spanish hills, lit up by the sunbeams,

contrast most singularly with the forbidding aspect of the African shores, which blacken in the distance, overhung by their own shadows. The spectacle of the town by day is full of interest. The crowd of moving objects discernible upon the surface of the bay, in the roads of the environs, or between the roofs of the houses, all produce a singular effect, beheld from this unwonted position. Man is seen every where in motion, and seemingly to little purpose. The result of his labors is dwindled into insignificance, and you wonder at the pertinacious vivacity of the little animal, as you would at the busy air of the ant, toiling all day to remove a kernel. At such a time the ear brings objects much nearer than the sight: the clatter of hoofs, the rumbling of wheels, the firing of cannon, the mixed sound of music in different directions—of drums and fifes, clarionets, bugles, and bagpipes—produce a singular combination. I did not fail to witness this favorite view by night, though at the risk of breaking my neck in the descent. The outlines of things, of land, and water, and vessels are then alone discoverable—faintly illuminated at intervals by man's poor substitute for the glories of the sun. On the contrary, the confused hum in which, in the daytime, all individual sounds are dissipated and drowned, is now exchanged for the clatter of a single horseman returning over the rocky road of

the Alameda, the shrill notes of a fife, or the distant melody of a chorus of bugles. Nay, voices and even words are now clearly distinguishable.

There is, if possible, a still finer prospect from the old Tower of Saint George, which stands upon the highest pinnacle of the Rock. Having chosen a pleasant day for the excursion, I toiled to the top and seated myself in the shade of the Tower, which has been sorely shattered by lightning. The morning was bright, and, in addition to the objects discoverable from the Signal Tower, I could now catch an overland view of the Atlantic, and of the African coast, clearly revealed as it stretches away south-eastward from Ceuta. On the other hand rose the Andalusian shore in bold and beautiful perspective, with the Sierra Nevada, seen at the distance of more than a hundred miles, pushing his snowy head above the surrounding clouds into the region of the heavens. Between these opposite coasts of Africa and Europe, the Mediterranean reposed in its basin, slightly rippled by the western breeze, and stretching from beneath my feet interminably eastward, until it seemed to blend its bright blue with the kindred azure of the sky.

The Rock of Gibraltar would be considered a very singular production of nature, if it had not St. Michael's Cave; and if it possessed no other claim to attention, this alone would render it remark-

able. This cave, like other similar ones to be seen at the Rock, is supposed to be produced by the undermining and falling away of the loose earth and stones below. In process of time, the dripping of the moisture and its petrifaction cover the vault with stalactites, some of which depend lower and lower until they reach the corresponding mass of petrifaction, which the dripping water has produced immediately below; these combining form a perfect column, while the space between two of them assumes the figure of an arch. The entrance to St. Michael's Cave is very small, and, being overgrown with bushes and brambles, might easily escape the search of a stranger. On entering, however, it at once expands into a vast hall, from which passages diverge to other halls, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. The floor, like the vault above, is very irregular. The stalactites do not furnish any beautiful shades and veins, such as they exhibit when cut and polished, in consequence of the whole interior being blackened by smoke from the torches of visiters. Upon penetrating a short distance, the cave assumes a beautiful and highly interesting appearance. The little light which streams in at the entrance is yet sufficient to illuminate and define with clearness the outline of caverns, columns, and arches, which intervene. Nature seems here in one of her eccentricities to

have imitated art, producing in the process of time a combination, which in the days of enchantment might have seemed the work and passed for the residence of a fairy.

The extreme singularity of this place has given rise to many superstitious stories, not only among the ancients, but also among the vulgar of our own day. As it has been penetrated by the hardy and enterprising to a great distance—on one occasion by a surgeon of the United States navy, who descended by ropes, like Don Quixote in the cave of Montesinos, a depth of five hundred feet—a wild story is current, that the cave communicates by a submarine passage with Africa. The sailors who have visited the Rock, and seen the monkeys which are found in no other part of Europe, and are only seen here occasionally and at intervals, say that they pass at pleasure by means of the cave to their native land. The more cunning go so far as to think that the descendants of the Andalusian Moors will one day profit by this communication, and, taking the monkeys for guides, pass over to recover the land of their long-cherished predilection. There is, in truth, something very strange in the coming and going of these same monkeys. During nearly two months that I passed on the Rock, I saw them but twice in my daily rambles; once while an east wind was blowing, and again just before the

setting in of one; of which, indeed, their appearance is considered a certain prognostic. They are supposed to live at other times among the inaccessible precipices of the eastern declivity, where there is a scanty store of monkey-grass for their subsistence. When an east wind sets in, it drives them from their caves and crannies, and they take refuge among the western rocks, where they may be seen from the Alameda below, hopping from bush to bush, boxing each other's ears, and cutting the most singular antics. If disturbed by an intrusive step, they scamper off amain, the young ones jumping upon the backs and putting their arms round the necks of the old. As they are very innocent animals, and form a kind of poetical appendage of the Rock, strict orders have been issued for their special protection.

While I was at the Rock, however, two drunken soldiers one day undertook to violate these orders: one of them was summarily punished for his disobedience, without the intervention of a court-martial. As they were rambling about the declivity, below the Signal Tower, they happened to come upon the traces of a party of monkeys, and at once gave chase. The monkeys, cut off from their upward retreat, ran downwards; the soldiers followed, and the monkeys ran faster. In this way they approached the perpendicular pre-

cipice which rises from the Alameda. One of the soldiers was able to check his course, and just saved himself; the foremost and most impetuous, urged on by a resistless impetus, passed over the fearful steep, and fell a mangled and lifeless corpse upon the walk of the Alameda. The next morning the slow and measured tread of many feet beneath my window, the mournful sound of the muffled drums, and the shrill and piercing plaint of the fife, told me that they were bearing the dead soldier to his tomb.

# CHAPTER XX.

## GENERAL VIEW OF SPAIN.

Physical Character of the Peninsula.—Soil, Climate, and Productions.—Early History.—Rise and Overthrow of Gothic Power.—Saracen Domination.—Consequences of its Subversion.—Present Population.—Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce.—Arts and Sciences.—Government.—Finances.—Military Power.—State of Parties and social Divisions.—Clergy.—Royal Family.—Spanish Character.—Its provincial Peculiarities.—General Characteristics.—National Language.—Manners.—Conclusion.

THE Spanish Peninsula, including the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, is situated between the thirty-sixth and forty-fourth degrees of north latitude, and between the third degree of east and ninth of west longitude, reckoning from the meridian of Greenwich. It stands at the south-western extremity of Europe, and is surrounded on every side by the Atlantic ocean and Mediterranean sea, except towards the north-east, where it is bounded by France for an extent of three hundred miles. Here, however, nature has provided an excellent national barrier in the Pyrennean mountains. The ancients were used to compare the outline of Hispania to the distended hide of a bullock. A single glance at the map will show that they must have

had a good notion of its geography, for the resemblance is at once discoverable without the aid of fancy.

But a far more singular trait in the physical character of the Peninsula is the extent, number, and elevation of its mountains. Spain is indeed a complete system of mountains. The strong contrast between the state of things here and in the level monotonous region of France has stimulated the ingenuity of modern geographers to find some other cause for the fact than the mere caprice of nature. They have therefore discovered that the Spanish mountains are only the termination of that great range which, taking its rise in Tartary, traverses Asia and Europe, leaves a strong-hold in Switzerland and a few scattering posts in France by the way, to keep up its communications with Spain, where it forms a vast bulwark of mountains to withstand the immense volume of waters with which the ocean endeavours to overwhelm the whole of Europe. Without inquiring why such is the case, it is sufficiently evident that there are many chains of mountains, which take their rise in the Pyrennees and run southward and westward, intersecting the whole Peninsula. Such is the Asturian and Gallician range; the range of Guadarrama; that which Antillon has called the Iberican; the Sierra Morena; and the mountains of Granada and Ronda, which skirt the

Mediterranean, and are the most elevated of all. "These," says Father Mariana, "press onward with so much boldness, that they seem to have pretended in various places to cross the sea, dry up the strait, and unite themselves with Africa."

A more singular feature in the physiognomy of Spain is its distinctly marked division into two separate regions; one of which has been called the central region, the other the region of the coast. The whole interior of Spain may be considered one vast mountain; for though it consists chiefly of level lands, traversed by lofty ridges, yet even the plains rise almost every where to an elevation of two thousand feet above the sea. If then, on entering Spain, and traversing the eastern coast along the Mediterranean, I was surprised to find the western horizon every where bounded by lofty mountains, how much greater was my astonishment when, on abandoning the sea at Valencia, and toiling up these inland mountains, I beheld, instead of the valley, a weary arid plain, extending on a level with their summits as far as the eye could reach! In fact, I continued travelling on this vast plain for hundreds of leagues, until I reached the Sierra Morena, and thence descended suddenly by the Dispeñaperros into the regions of Andalusia.

In consequence of the extreme dryness of its atmosphere, the rivers of the Peninsula are neither

so many nor so great as to comport with the number and elevation of the mountains. The principal are the Tagus, the Guadalquivir, the Ebro, the Duero, and the Guadiana. The Tagus, the prince of Spanish rivers and fruitful theme of so much poetry, takes its rise in the mountains of Guadarrama, waters the groves and gardens of Aranjuez, half encircles Toledo, and having received the increase of many tributary streams at length opens into a wide estuary, reflecting the images of Lisbon and of Cintra. The Guadalquivir rises between the Morena and the Nevada, and, being fed by tributaries from either mountain, flows gracefully towards the ocean, bathing the walls of Cordova and Seville, and scattering fertility over the fairest portions of Andalusia. The Ebro has its source in the mountains of Navarre, and takes its course between two of the branches of the Pyrenees, until it empties into the Mediterranean. This is the only one of the larger rivers that holds an eastern course. The Duero begins a mere rivulet north of the Guadarrama, swelling gradually in its course, passes through Portugal, and reaches the ocean at Oporto. The placid Guadiana springs mysteriously into being among the classic marshes of Ruidosa, flows between delightful meadows, the pasture of many flocks and herds, and reaches the ocean in the Gulf of Huelva. These are the principal rivers of Spain. They are about upon a par

with those of France for volume of water, but not so navigable, on account of the great elevation of the interior of Spain and their consequent descent. This great descent is doubtless the cause of their being very direct and free from windings; a circumstance that would render their banks extremely eligible for the construction of canals. Like the inferior streams, they are now, however, of little use except for irrigation. Spain has no lakes of any importance.

The soil of the Peninsula is very different in the central region and the region of the coast. The first consists for the most part of dry and mountainous plains traversed in every direction by mountains still more lofty. The region of the coast, though less elevated, and sloping gradually towards the sea, is broken into a constant succession of mountains and valleys, which produce the most agreeable variety, and furnish a happy contrast with the monotony of the interior. It is every where fertile, or may be easily rendered so by means of irrigation.

The climate of Spain varies with the face of the country. The loftier mountains are a prey to perpetual winter; the elevated and unsheltered plains of the interior are swept by cold blasts in winter, and burnt up in summer by a powerful and never-clouded sun: but the region of the coast enjoys for the most part a climate of happy temperature; pro-

tected from cold winds by the mountains of the interior, and fanned during the hot season by refreshing breezes from the sea. The climate of Spain, except in the northern provinces, is remarkable for its dryness. Almost every day is fine, and in making engagements nobody ever thinks of putting in a proviso for good weather. A freedom from rain and dampness, and a cloudless transparent sky, are blessings that you may always count upon. Dryness of climate is, however, excessive in Spain, and often degenerates into drought. It is recorded in the old chronicles of the thirteenth century, that about the time of the famous battle of Navas de Tolosa, in which two hundred thousand Sarcens were slain, nine whole months elapsed without any rain in the kingdom of Toledo. There is even a tradition, mentioned by Mariana, of a drought which lasted so long that the springs and rivers were entirely dried, the vegetation was burnt up and destroyed, and men and animals died miserably from thirst, heat, and hunger, until almost every living thing was exterminated. It is perhaps owing to this extreme dryness of climate that in the interior provinces the water is often of miserable quality. Though tertians are sometimes found in the provinces where irrigation is used, and malignant fevers occasionally devastate others but poorly drained and cultivated, yet the climate of Spain may upon

the whole be considered quite equal to any in Europe.

The productions of Spain are rich, various, and indeed universal. The mines of gold and silver which furnished the ancients with so much wealth are, it is true, with the exception of the silver mine of Guadalcanal, either exhausted, or have been abandoned since the discovery of America and the consequent depreciation of the precious metals; but iron of the first quality, lead, tin, copper, quicksilver, and indeed every valuable mineral, are found with ease in various parts of the Peninsula. Coal and salt are dug in Asturias, Arragon, and La Mancha; precious stones are found in different parts of the kingdom; and granite, jasper, alabaster, and beautiful marbles abound in almost every mountain. Wheat of the first quality is produced in most of the provinces; and though some do not supply their own consumption, the deficiency is made up by the surplus of others. Wine is raised abundantly all over Spain, and of the crops that grow on the coasts large quantities are exported to different parts of the world. But the best and most generous wines are found in the high and arid region of the interior. So imperfect, however, are the communications in Spain, that they will not pay the price of transportation, and are consequently consumed and known chiefly in the section which produces them.

The other principal productions of Spain are oats, barley, maize, rice, oil, honey, and some sugar; hemp, flax, esparto or sedge, cork, cotton, silk, sumach, and barilla. The loftier mountains are covered with forests which furnish charcoal, the chief fuel used in the country, and also abundance of ship timber.

The horses of Spain have been famous in all ages: the Romans were used to say that they were engendered of the wind *. They are supposed to have sprung originally from the African barb, which was in turn the offspring of the Arabian. The Arabs, when in possession of Spain, stocked it with their finest breeds; for in their warlike sports and chivalrous amusements, the beauty and graceful carriage of the horse was not less a matter of emulation than the bearing and dexterity of the cavalier. The horses now seen in Spain, especially in Andalusia, are evidently of the Arabian stock: for beauty, grace, and docility, they are very superior to those of the English breed. They are, however, but little used for harness or labor of any kind; mules and asses being found to eat less, labor more, and endure the heats better. In addition to horned cattle and swine, of which latter great consumption is made in Spain, salted and in the form of bacon,

* Martial speaks, in many places, of Spain as famous for steeds and arms.

there are immense numbers of sheep—so much so, that there are a million or two more sheep in the country than there are human beings. Nor are wild animals wanting in Spain, such as bears, wolves, and wild boars, together with abundance of hares and rabbits. Though the feathered tribe avoid the treeless plains of the two Castiles, they delight in the more genial region of the coast, and the nightingale sings nowhere more sweetly than upon the mountains and in the valleys of Andalusia.

Flowers and medicinal plants grow wild on all the mountains, and in the night season they load the air with delightful aromas. But it is in the abundance, variety, and delicious flavor of its fruits that Spain excels. In addition to all the different varieties common to the temperate climes, the fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, and citron; the date, plantain, banana, and cheremoya, find a kindly home in some portions of the Peninsula. There seems, indeed, to be no extravagance in the theory of a Frenchman, who has attempted to find in the different sections of Spain a similitude in point of climate and productions to the different quarters of the world which lie opposite. Thus he compares Biscay, Asturias, and Gallicia to the neighbouring countries of Europe; Portugal to the corresponding parts of America; Andalusia to the opposite

coasts of Africa; and Valencia, in point of soil, climate, and the genius of its inhabitants, to the genial regions of the East. Nor are the riches of Spain confined to the resources of her fertile soil: the Atlantic and Mediterranean, washing an equal extent of coast, vie in supplying her inhabitants with fish, while at the same time they place them in ready communication with the most distant countries of the earth. Nature seems, indeed, to have exhausted her benignity upon this favored land; and had the gratitude of man equalled her generosity, Spain would now yield the precedence to no country upon earth *.

The original population of Spain is supposed to have been formed by Celts from France and Moors from Africa. The latter being, however, the more warlike, expelled or subjugated the former, and are even said to have passed into the countries north of the Pyrennees. The swarthy complexions, glowing eyes, and ardent temperament of the inhabitants of Languedoc and Provence, would seem, indeed, to favor the opinion of a Moorish origin. Be this as it may, nothing except fable is known of the history of Spain, until six or eight centuries before the commencement of the Christian era, when the atten-

* The matter contained in this chapter has been collected from Antillon, Laborde, Pliny, Mariana, Conde, &c., and from personal observation.

tion of the Phœnicians was directed to this waste country by their most adventurous voyages. Its extreme fertility, the amenity of its climate, but especially the precious metals, which abounded in its mountains, awakened their cupidity. The parts of the coast most favorable for commerce were at once colonized, and cities were built at Mallacca, Carteia, Gades, and Sidonia. They found in possession of the country a people barbarous yet brave, against whom open force availed little; but whom they were able to cajole into obedience by working upon their superstitions, and by the intervention of religion. They carried on an extensive trade with the barbarians, giving them an idea of new wants; and the desire of gratifying these stimulated industry and aided in developing the resources of the country. Thus civilization was introduced into Betica. Among other arts which the Spaniards learned from the Phœnicians was that of dyeing the Tyrian purple. The dye-stuff was gathered from a small fish which is still found upon the coasts of Andalusia. These colonies continued to increase and grow richer, until the destruction of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar, when they transferred their allegiance to the Phœnicians of Carthage. The proximity of Spain to the new metropolis now gave a stimulus to every species of development. Not content with the dominion of

the coast, the armies of Carthage, under her Hannos and Hamilcars, penetrated far into the interior, until by fraud or force the greater part of the Peninsula was brought into subjection.

But the Tyrians and Carthaginians had not been alone in colonizing Spain. The Grecks and Trojans had founded several cities, among which the most famous was Saguntum. That place grew in wealth and riches until it became a great city, claiming dominion over the rich tract which is now known as the kingdom of Valencia. As Saguntum was, however, unable alone to withstand the power of Carthage, she courted the alliance of Rome. It was this alliance that brought on the attack of Hannibal, by whom Saguntum was besieged, taken, and destroyed, with all its inhabitants; and this outrage led in turn, as was expected, to that desperate struggle between the rival states, which, after bringing Rome to the very brink of destruction, at length ended in the demolition of Carthage and the downfal of her empire. The conquest of Spain had preceded the destruction of the metropolis, and was rendered easy by the hatred which the Spaniards bore the Carthaginians for their treachery and avarice, those hateful vices of a commercial people. On the contrary, they had much less aversion to the Romans, whose state of civilization was more analogous to

their own, and who possessed the winning qualities which belong to a nation of free-handed warriors, more prone to war than industry.

Notwithstanding the desperate efforts which the Numantines made to maintain their independence, as soon as they discovered that, in aiding the Romans to drive out the Carthaginians, they had only been raising up a new set of masters, Spain was quickly pacified and brought into perfect subjection. Biscay, Gallicia, and Asturias, protected by their mountain barriers, continued free for two centuries longer, until Augustus himself was forced to pass into Spain and attack them with the concentrated power of the whole empire. Spain was now entirely subdued, and in process of time civilization completed what arms had begun. The nation assumed the language, manners, and dress of the conquerors; and at length, becoming completely identified with them, they acceded to all the privileges of Italians, conferred by Vespasian upon every Spaniard, and even attained the rare honor of furnishing Rome with several emperors. Spain, under the emperors, must have been rich and flourishing. She was considered the granary of the empire, and the nursery of its armies. The state of the arts and sciences in the province was analogous to that of the capital. Nay, Rome was indebted to Spain for various fine manufactures and

many luxuries, a knowledge of which had been perpetuated in the province of Betica after the downfal of the Carthaginians. Bridges and aqueducts were constructed, and causeways opened to facilitate communication between the extremities of the province. The population of the country grew with the development of its resources, and is said to have amounted to forty millions; industry gave rise to wealth, and wealth to luxury. The Grecian style of architecture was introduced with the other tastes and customs of Rome; and temples and amphitheatres rose on every side, adorned by painting and statuary. The names of Pomponius Mela, of Columella, Silius Italicus, Quintilian, Martial, Seneca, and Lucan, embellish this portion of Spanish history.

In process of time, when the empire began to decay, a prey to its own greatness, this province, remote from the commotions which shook all Italy, still enjoyed perfect repose, under the subordinate sway of its governors. Not, however, but that it suffered something in the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, when Sertorius availed himself of the troubled state of the Republic to erect Spain into an independent state. And still later, when Pompey and Cæsar contended for universal domination, the momentous struggle was more than once maintained in the battle-fields of the Peninsula. Yet

for the most part, Spain continued, during all the vicissitudes of the metropolis, to enjoy peace. In the fifth century, however, when the Roman empire, after twelve hundred years of greatness, ceased to exist, Spain became likewise a victim to the savage hordes which swarmed from the north and east of Europe. These, having overrun Italy and France, crossed the Pyrenees and swept down upon this favored land. Centuries of peace and prosperity had deprived the Spaniards of their warlike character, and thus rendered them an easy prey to the savage valor of the barbarians. Every thing gave way before them. They rushed over this devoted country with the fury of a deluge, and their traces were marked by equal devastation. The Goths seemed to take pleasure in destruction rather than enjoyment; towers were demolished, and plantations laid waste, until famine followed to such a degree that they were forced to feed upon the flesh of their slaughtered victims. A plague was the natural consequence of these evils, and Spain had well nigh become a desert. But the barbarians warred not only against the Romans, but also with each other. The Suevi, who had settled in Gallicia, were able to maintain possession of that inaccessible province; but the Vandals, who had passed the Sierra Morena, and converted the blooming Betica into the blighted Vandalusia, were either annihilated, forced to yield, or driven

beyond the water to struggle with the Romans for a foothold in Africa. The kingdom of the Visigoths, with the exception of Gallicia, included all Spain and Narbonne Gaul. The feudal system now came to increase the horrors of this devoted land. The new kingdom was split into dukedoms and counties, to reward the captains who had been raised to rank by their superior ferocity, whilst the meaner soldiers assumed the estates of the Romans and Spaniards, degrading the proprietors into the condition of slaves. Such is the origin of nobility. What contrast can be more pitiable than is offered by the late flourishing, and now blighted and famished condition of unhappy Spain? The noble monuments, dedicated not less to usefulness than beauty, which rose on every hand to justify Roman usurpation, are now demolished to destroy the recollection of happier destinies. The statues of her benefactors, the busts of her own great men, are dashed from their pedestals; the halls and temples, which furnished living imitations of the fairest structures of Greece, give place to gloomy masses, towering upwards in defiance of grace and beauty, fit for the uses of a faith to which the converts had imparted their own ferocity. Devastated fields and smoking cities now furnish forth the landscape.

But violated humanity did not cry in vain for

vengeance. The day of retribution was at hand. A new power had risen in the East, the birthplace of so many religions; and, urged by the impulse of a novel and popular faith, had overrun a part of Asia and Africa, stripping the Romans, Vandals, and Goths of their possessions in Mauritania. Nor did the Saracens pause and rest satisfied at the extremity of Africa, where so narrow a space of water alone remained between them and that beautiful land of which they had received such flattering descriptions. There was much to call them over; the disputed succession between king Roderick and the sons of Witiza, his predecessor; the disaffection of a powerful faction in favor of the exiled princes, with Count Julian, son-in-law to Witiza, and the bishop Oppas at their head; the destruction of all the strong places in the kingdom, which the last king had ordered, to prevent the rebellion; the degeneracy of the Goths, whose sensual life had reduced them to a shameful state of effeminacy; the earnest invitation of the oppressed and plundered Jews, whose ancestors had come to Spain when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, and in still greater numbers at the time of its total demolition by Titus, and who now monopolized all the wealth and learning of the land; but, above all, the abject condition of the nation at large, weary of slavery, and ready and willing to change a state which admitted of no deterioration.

These are the motives which, in 711, induced Musa, the lieutenant of the Caliph in Africa, to send Taric over to try his fortunes and inform himself of the possibility of a conquest.

His success stimulated to greater exertions. Taric crossed again with a more suitable force. The battle of Xerez was fought and won: the power and spirit of the Goths were broken: none remained to be overcome but the degraded Spaniards, who still preserved the language and manners of Romans with but little of the Roman valor. These, astonished at the moderation of the new conquerors, who, instead of destroying every thing, as the Goths had done, sought rather to preserve all things inviolate, and allowed the people to move away freely, or to remain in the possession of property, privileges, and religion, with the condition of paying a certain tax, which was not exorbitant,—turned gladly to this new and more auspicious domination. The Goths and some of the clergy took refuge in the mountains of the north; hence it is, that even at present, more than three quarters of the Spanish nobility are found in Leon, Biscay, Gallicia, and Asturias; that priests also there abound in greater numbers than elsewhere. The abandonment of the conquered country was, however, by no means general among the clergy. They remained undisturbed during centuries, until the inroads of the

barbarous and fanatic Moors towards the close of the Mahometan domination. Their bishops continued to exercise their apostolic functions, and even to hold councils. The mass of the people remained. Many continued to practise the faith and observe the customs of their ancestors; but more, won by the indifference of the conquerors, who made small endeavours for the conversion of their souls, readily embraced a religion which promised much bliss in the next world at the expense of little sacrifice in this. A new language was now introduced into Spain; and rivers, mountains, provinces, and even the whole Peninsula received new or modified names, more conformable to the genius or caprice of the conquerors. Thus the general appellation of Hispania, which descends from the remotest antiquity, was exchanged for that of Andaluz, from the province of Vandalusia, with which the Saracens first came in contact. Most of these names have maintained themselves with little variation to the present day.

The dominion of the Saracens thus established over the largest and fairest portion of the Peninsula continued to own allegiance for half a century to the caliph of Damascus, in whose name the conquest had been made. But the remoteness of the province from the metropolis, and the ambition of rival chiefs, gave rise to endless dissensions, until some

of the most enlightened and patriotic of the Spanish-Arabians determined, as the only means of securing their conquest, to erect it into an independent empire. Fortunately there yet remained a single prince of the unhappy race of Omar, escaped from the cruel massacre of all his family, and now wandering a houseless exile among the savages of Africa. This exile was Abderahman. He was invited to pass over into Spain, and place himself at the head of the new empire of the West. Obeying the summons, he landed at once in Andalusia, attended by a trusty band of those brave Zenetes, who had lent him protection and hospitality. Abderahman, though young and brave and sensitive, was yet old in that experience which is best gained amid the trials of adversity. He was soon surrounded by the generous and enlightened, and by their aid succeeded in driving out the Lieutenant and those who still owned allegiance to the Caliph. The genius of the people and the rare qualities of a brilliant succession of kings, combined to carry the new empire to the height of development.

The Arabians had come from a hot and dry climate, and a land by nature arid, but which, by the aid of water, is easily quickened into fertility. They found in Spain a country analogous to their own. The lands were levelled and irrigation introduced. Where streams were convenient they were made use-

of; where there were none, water was drawn from the bowels of the earth by means of the noria and spread over its surface. Thus the rich lands were rendered more fertile, and those which had hitherto been sun-burnt and naked were covered with vegetation. Many plants, hitherto unknown in Europe, were now acclimated in the low countries of the coast; cotton, sugar, the cane, mulberry, and olive were among the number. The population of the country rose at once to the measure of its means; and it is confidently asserted that, in the ninth century, Spain contained even more than the forty millions of inhabitants attributed to the prosperous period of the Roman domination. The fact appears to us substantiated that the little kingdom of Grenada, at a later period, contained three millions of inhabitants, though less than the twentieth of the Peninsula. The arts which promote the comfort and convenience of life, as well as those which serve to embellish it, were diligently cultivated; the manufactures of silk, linen, and leather were introduced, and paper was invented to meet the new wants of an improving people.

The social and intellectual condition of Spain kept pace with its improvement in moral and domestic economy. Chemistry, medicine, surgery, mathematics, astronomy, and all the sciences, whether curious or useful, were cultivated with a suc-

cess unknown in any other part of Europe. The ingenious Arabians, severed from their country and their ancient prejudices, and thrown into situations where all was novel and changing, were no longer satisfied to plod on in the beaten track; some endeavoured to improve upon what was already known; the more adventurous attempted new and hardy inventions. Men of genius associated themselves into academies, as in our day. Universities were established for the cultivation of science, and libraries for the dissemination of learning. The university of Cordova opened its halls to the curious of Christendom; a future Pope was among the number of its pupils; and the royal library, established by the beneficence of Alhakem, knew no equal in the West.

Music, too, was cultivated and taught as a science; but poetry was the favorite study of the Spanish Saracens. The fire which they had brought with them from the East burned brighter and blazed higher as Spain burst upon them in all her beauty. Their own glorious achievements too; the deeds of their Abderahmans and Almanzors; the gallant feats of that self-devoting chivalry which had sprung up among them, could only be worthily transmitted to us in the exaltation of song. Poetry was no rare accomplishment; even princes and ministers learned to touch the lyre; and thus, we are told, many of

those strains which were first sung upon the banks of the Genil and the Guadalquivir were repeated with admiration in the harems of Persia and Arabia. They are still transmitted to us by the Romance language, forming the theme and substance of many a roundelay.

But with the arts and sciences, with refinement and learning and luxury, came also a relaxation of that military spirit and that religious enthusiasm which had won them possession of the Peninsula. The broken remnant of the Goths had been allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of the mountains of the north, when a single well-directed effort would for ever have annihilated them, and whilst the war was carried on in France even to the banks of the Loire. Meantime the constitutions and characters of the Goths underwent a reform; they were hardened by the precarious life of the mountains, and schooled and tempered by their disastrous reverses. Thus fortified they descended into the plains to contend with the Saracens. When they were unfortunate, their fastnesses received them; when victorious, they overran the country, driving off the cattle and inhabitants, destroying the crops, orchards, and habitations, and giving all over to fire and the sword. Thus they gradually gained ground, extending their possessions at the expense of their adversaries. That fanaticism which among the Sara-

cens had been quenched by the dawn of science was with them at its height. They were fighting, not only for themselves, but also for Christ and for the Virgin. Each of their victories was also a victory of the faith. Priests and bishops mingled in the thickest of the fight, waving their blood-stained swords, or lifting the bones of a patron saint as a pledge of victory. To the warrior was promised, in case he should fall in battle, a free passport into heaven. Even supernatural interposition was not wanting; the bones of Saint James the Apostle had been opportunely found at Compostella, where they were said to have been buried by his disciples, who had brought them thither in a small boat from the extremity of the Mediterranean. And now the priests saw their beloved Santiago descending in every doubtful struggle from the clouds, overthrowing whole ranks of the infidels with his sword, or trampling them under the hoofs of his snow-white charger.

But a succour of greater value if possible than that of Santiago was furnished by the Saracens themselves. Whilst consolidation from intermarriage was taking place among the Christian kingdoms, those principles of dissolution inherent in all Mahometan despotisms from the uncertain order of succession, and which had showed themselves in the East immediately after the death of the Prophet,

began to operate in Spain. The brilliant empire of Cordova, a prey to disputed succession, was shaken to atoms; and every ambitious *wali*, shutting himself up in the strong-hold of his command, became a petty king, and laid claim to a contemptible independence. These, in virtue of their kingly condition, quarrelled with each other for the demarcation of their territory, and made war. Such as had the Christians for neighbours called in their aid, overcame their adversaries, divided the spoil, and became themselves in turn the prey of their aggrandized ally; for, though in all these wars the Saracens were scrupulously observant of their given faith, it was a tenet and practice of the Christians to keep no terms with infidels but those of expediency. They had the best of ghostly counsel to prove that any thing was justifiable that would end in the glory of God.

Though the arrival of numerous hordes of savage and warlike Moors brought a new set of oppressors to the Saracens, and checked for the time the ascendency of the Christians; yet these, little by little, at length won back, within the lapse of eight centuries, the whole of that fair empire which they had lost in a few months, rather by a rout than a conquest. Every spot became the site of a regular battle, or of some rencontre of contending chivalry. Thus Spain, already rich in classic association, was

further consecrated by thousands of heroic feats and hapless disasters. These were commemorated in ballads by the Saracens; and this species of composition, being imitated by the Christians, became popular throughout Europe under the name of romance, from the Romance language, through which it first became known.

The alteration, however, in the moral and economical condition of the Peninsula, produced by this change of masters, calls for sorrow and lamentation. Intolerance succeeds to toleration; idleness to industry; solitude and silence to the stir and turmoil of happy multitudes; ignorance, listlessness, and superstition to the dawning light of awakened science. We see on every side busy cities made suddenly desolate; plantations laid waste and burnt; rugged rocks and hill sides, which had been won to fertility by the use of irrigation, now relapsing into their original sterility. Vast tracts of desert lands are awarded to those captains who had been foremost to pillage and destroy, or to the churches and convents which had aided at a distance with their prayers. Henceforth, the country, peopled under such ill-fated auspices, presents the distressing spectacle of wealth and luxury entailed without exertion upon the few, at the expense of toil and suffering and self-denial to the many. Such indeed was the melancholy use made by the conquerors of their conquest; such the

deplorable results of the extermination of the Saracens, that we are absolutely forced to sigh over the triumphs of Christianity.

And here we are led to pause and reflect on the changes which time and circumstances bring upon the noblest institutions. Fifteen centuries previous to the period of which we speak, Jesus Christ appeared in the East, preaching peace upon earth and good-will towards men. His system is propagated by sufferings, by sorrows, by martyrdom; and thus it wins its way over the whole of Europe. Six hundred years after, a new prophet arises in the same land, proclaiming fraternity to the faithful, death to all who disbelieve. These two faiths, the one inculcating the endurance of every evil, the other the domination of the sword, extend themselves westward over Europe and Africa, until we at length see them meet and mingle at the extremities of their respective continents. But now how modified and how perverted! Behold the Christian become warlike! Steel is the only fit covering for the followers of the lamb! Nay, the very successors of the apostles now lead the van of devastation and carnage! But how is it with the Mahometan? The spear, with which he proved the perfection of his creed, is turned into a pruning-hook; his only present desire is to enjoy in peace the land long since conquered by his ancestors, and cultivated by twenty generations of his race. The boon is denied.

The Christian has become the religious assailant. The sword of faith is wielded against the moslem. The game of war is turned upon him, and waged to the uttermost. He is stripped of province after province, and city after city. His sons are forced into slavery, his daughters given to dishonor, and himself finally driven from the land, repeating, peradventure, the soliloquy of the old Moor—"Ah! what a hard fate is mine, brought upon me by my own wickedness, or by an insatiate destiny; I wander a banished man my whole life; forced to seek a new country at each step, and to make a spectacle of my misfortunes in every city!"

Yet the close of the fifteenth century, the period posterior to the final extinction of the Saracenic domination, and the reign of Charles I., fifth emperor of that name, is esteemed the most brilliant period of the Spanish monarchy. Notwithstanding the perpetual warfare, which had prevailed for centuries, the country had continued rich and prosperous, counting twenty millions of inhabitants—nearly double the population at the present day. The spirit of industry and the knowledge of the arts, acquired by intercourse with the Saracens, and fostered by the commercial enterprise and accumulated capital of the Jews, had made great progress among the Christians. The exposed state of the country, too, from constant warfare, had forced the inhabitants to congregate in cities for mutual pro-

tection. This, whilst it diverted their attention from agriculture to manufactures, had also the effect of promoting intelligence by free intercourse and interchange of sentiment, of giving the people a knowledge of their rights, and of furnishing facilities for combining for their defence. Property thus found protection in the association of the industrious classes, and in their admission to a share in the concerns of state. The discovery of another world at this auspicious moment carried the power and glory of Spain to still greater elevation. Emigration to the colonies drained the country of the worthless and idle, creating markets abroad, where goods were exchanged for the precious metals, and these returned to foster industry, facilitate circulation, and enrich Spain by new exchanges for the productions of other countries. At this period we behold Spain rich, happy, and powerful, maintaining her proper station among the nations of the earth.

But the sad reverses were again at hand. Those liberties which distinguished and formed the just pride of the Spaniard of the fifteenth century, were gradually undermined by the crafty Ferdinand and by Charles V., until they were at length utterly destroyed by the bigoted and bloody Philip II. The people had no longer any voice in the national councils; they were no longer solicited to bestow, but,

like poor travellers beset upon the highway, were commanded to deliver, with death for an alternative. The motive to acquire wealth was diminished in proportion as the hope of preserving it grew smaller. This check upon improvement was still further increased by the terrors of the Inquisition. To grow rich was to be exposed to an accusation of Judaism, or of some other offence, which might bring the wealth of the individual within the clutches of the tribunal. Thus beset, the industrious either ceased to be so, or fled to the colonies; the rich withdrew their capital from productive employment, converting it into some form in which it might be hidden from view and enjoyed without molestation. Hence, perhaps, that avidity for the precious metals with which the Spaniards are reproached; and which, though it may have been stimulated by the greedy pursuit of them in the new world, is doubtless more owing to the facilities which they afford for the concealment of wealth.

To check the prosperity of the Spanish empire, a most efficacious expedient had been fallen upon by Ferdinand and Isabella, or rather by their priestly advisers, in the expulsion of the Jews. The Moors, notwithstanding the solemn capitulations on the surrender of Granada, were forcibly compelled to embrace christianity, and punished with the stake and faggot for any relapse: until after more than a

century of cruel persecution, the remnants of that unhappy people were driven from their native homes to starve in Africa, being first stripped of the little wealth necessary to purchase them an asylum. Thus were enterprise and industry proscribed and driven from this devoted land, at a season, too, when every thing combined to check domestic development. Meantime, the wealth which had been wrested from these hapless outcasts was lavished with wanton profusion upon courtiers, favorites, and harlots. A system of corruption had indeed taken root in Spain, beginning near the throne, and extending down to the meanest alcalde or alguazil. Unchecked by publicity, unrestrained by popular responsibility, the whole machine of state was moved by money. Honor and office became the portion of the highest bidder; bribery sanctioned peculation; until the word *justicia*, instead of commanding reverence and inspiring security, became the dread of the innocent, the scoff of the guilty, and associated with all that is infamous. He who has read Gil Blas—and who has not read it?—may form a proper notion of Spanish justice, such as it was in the seventeenth century, such as it is at the present day*.

* We read in a late French paper a letter from Madrid, from which the following is an extract: "The king has ordered the discovery and punishment of those who deal in public employments, selling them to the highest bidder. It is thought that the high rank of the implicated will save them."

The accession of the Bourbon family brought indeed a prospect of melioration, quickly overcast by the assimilation of the masters to their slaves. Yet did Charles III. in modern times make a noble effort to arrest the national decline. But his son and successor was a different man. Charles IV., the most ignobly base, the most worthless and vile of Spanish kings, abandoned the monarchy to its downward fate, and to the guidance of the harlot his wife and the greedy wretch her paramour. The feeble tie which bound the colonies is severed. From being friends, they are arrayed as enemies; and the mother country is abandoned to the designs of an ambitious neighbour, to civil war, and the quick succession of several separate revolutions. Unhappy Spain! we behold her now at the bottom of the abyss, her only consolation that she can fall no farther.

The population of Spain, though some have reduced it to eight millions, is supposed to be much greater. It has been proved that, from the manner in which imposts are raised and levies of troops made in various parts of the country, the different towns have each been interested in making their population as low as possible, in order to furnish a quota proportionally small. Hence resulted a very defective enumeration. A different means of obtaining the census has lately been adopted, and the

population of Spain proves to have been rather more than ten millions at the beginning of this century. The destruction of life and property consequent upon so many revolutions in the last twenty years may have still further reduced the number. The ruined and untenanted habitations which I have every where met with in Spain would indicate as much. If Portugal be considered in conjunction with Spain—and nature has drawn no line of separation—the entire population of the Peninsula may be estimated at near fourteen millions; about seventy souls to the square mile. This is much less than half the number found upon an equal space in France and England; countries far inferior in fertility of soil, amenity of climate, and all the bounties of nature*.

Thus we see Spain awaking to civilization under

* It may, perhaps, aid in explaining the decline of population in Spain to annex the following division of the inhabitants, as given by Laborde. The census was taken in 1788. There were then in Spain 10,409,879 individuals of both sexes; 5,204,187 males, and 5,205,692 females. Of the men, 3,257,022 were widowers, bachelors, and ecclesiastics; and of the women, 3,262,197 were nuns, widows, and waiters upon Providence. Again, of the whole population, 60,240 were secular clergy; 49,270 were monks; and 22,237 nuns. The hermits, *beatas*, sextons, and singers, made an item of about 20,000 more; forming a total of more than 150,000 connected with religion; near one and a half *per cent.* upon the entire population. In Catalonia, where the clergy are most numerous, they amounted to near two *per cent.* Then there were in Spain 478,716 nobles; 231,187 of whom were found in Biscay and Asturias,

the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, and reaching the pinnacle of prosperity under the Romans, when she is supposed to have sustained no fewer than forty millions of people. The dark days of the Gothic domination intervene, until we see her again under the sway of a lively, industrious, and intelligent people, attaining equal prosperity with that which she had enjoyed in the best days of the empire. After eight centuries of war and carnage, we find her still rich and industrious, with twenty millions

which together contained a population of only 655,933. To wait upon such of these nobles as do not wait upon themselves and upon others, 276,090 men servants were required. One hundred thousand beggars were fed at the convents of the aforesaid monks and nuns; and there were 60,000 students, half of whom also begged charity. Then there were upwards of 100,000 individuals connected with the administration of government and justice, or with the military for the maintenance of despotism. Add to these 100,000 existing as smugglers, robbers, and assassins; and 30,000 custom and other officers to take these, and often having an understanding with them. Having made these and other unprofitable deductions, there remained 964,571 day-laborers; 917,197 peasants; 310,739 artisans and manufacturers, and 34,339 merchants, to sustain by their productive occupations ten millions of inhabitants, many of whom riot in wealth and luxury. As the sum total of the present population, as given in the last edition of Antillon, corresponds with this, we may assume these items as correct at the present day. The accounts are, however, so contradictory in different works that it is not easy to form a decided opinion. In the Diccionario Geografico of Dr. Minano, the population of Spain is estimated to have been 13,732,172 in 1826. Of these 13,490,031 are given as lay inhabitants; 127,345 clergy; 100,732 soldiers; 14,064 sailors.

of inhabitants. Since then, though generally in the enjoyment of peace, and in the presence of the progressive prosperity of all Europe, she is seen to waste away and decline, though still possessing all the elements of prosperity, until at length, in the nineteenth century, the era of boundless improvements in morals and in arts, she is seen to number with difficulty ten millions of individuals.

Travellers and economists have been much perplexed in accounting for this singular declension. Townsend, who is much quoted, ascribes it to the expulsion of the Jews and Moors; to the intestine wars, which raged during seven centuries between Moors and Christians; to the contagious fevers, which have at various times desolated the southern provinces; to the emigrations to America; and to the celibacy of so many monks and nuns. The expulsion of three millions of Jews and Moors was undoubtedly a severe blow to industry and population. As much may be said of the Inquisition, with its half million of victims; but as for the wars with the Saracens, they left Spain rich, industrious, and with twenty millions of people. It is only during three centuries of almost uninterrupted peace that her population declines to the half of this number. The contagious fevers to which he alludes are, perhaps, a consequence, instead of a cause, of decay. Emigration is found rather to enrich than to impoverish a country, by the return of those who go away

poor and come back wealthy, and by creating outlets abroad for profitable exchanges of domestic produce. As for the supposed celibacy of the monks and nuns, it is a matter of little moment; if they would but work, there would be plenty ready to supply the demand for population.

Indeed, to account for the economical contrast furnished by Spain, in the beginning of the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries, by the decline of population, is but a troublesome task, unless we may find a solution of the difficulty in the corresponding political one produced by the decline of liberty. The country, then not less than now, was split into separate states, governed by distinct laws; taxes were not less unequally imposed; property was not less unjustly divided; the roads and communications were much more defective. The checks to intelligence and civilization were equally great; the Inquisition had already prepared its tortures and lit its *quemadero*. But the Spaniard of that day had a voice in the councils of the nation; something to say when it was a question of taking away his property. If wronged, he could demand redress of his equals in Cortes, not as an act of grace, but as the right of a freeman. A single fact may, I think, serve to make that plain which is otherwise a mystery. The Aragonese of the fifteenth century, in swearing allegiance to their king, made this noble proviso:—"We, who are each of us as good, and

who together can do more than you, promise obedience to your government, if you maintain our rights; but if not—not!"—"*Y si no—no!*" These are words becoming the Spaniard and his noble tongue; but now, alas! none dare name his *fueros*, none to lisp the pleasant word of *libertad!*

That liberty made Spain, and that despotism has marred her, let no one doubt. There is indeed a moral force in freedom which knows no equal. Look at Holland—a sand-bank recovered from the sea, a nation in spite of nature, sending out navies to sweep the ocean of her enemies; at Britain—a mere cluster of sea-washed rocks, giving impulse and direction to all Europe; at America—the republic of half a century, already taking her station among the most prominent powers of the earth. If there is a force in freedom, there is also a withering power in the touch of despotism. Turn from these happy lands to Spain—the very fairest country of Europe—the birth-place of a Cid and a Guzman—the nation that sent Columbus forth to search for new worlds, and Cortes and Pizarro to conquer them: behold her dwindled and impoverished, stripped of her possessions, reduced to the mere productions of her own soil, and no longer fit, even at home, to maintain her sovereignty; by turns a prey to the rival cupidity of Gauls and Britons, and openly despoiled by her own children.

The state of agriculture in Spain is very little in unison with the fertility of her soil, and the mildness of her climate. A thousand causes contribute to this calamity. But the universality of *mayorazgos*, or entails, and the unequal division of property into immense estates, producing in several instances, in spite of maladministration, a half million of dollars revenue to a single individual; and the enormous wealth of the clergy, unpurchased by exertion, yet profusely squandered in church decorations, in luxurious indulgence, in secret debauchery; in conjunction with the consequent poverty of the peasants, who toil that others may enjoy, are sufficient reasons for this unhappy result. Were they not, we might find yet others in the hateful privileges of the *Mesta*, an association of nobles and rich convents, owning the five millions of wandering merinos, which migrate semi-annually from valley to mountain, and mountain to valley, devouring every thing as they go, and claiming the privilege, from the mere antiquity of the abuse, to pasture their flocks freely, or at their own prices, on the lands of the cultivator; in that dread of living isolated in an insecure country, which crowds the population together in villages, removing the cultivator from the scene of his labors; in those defective communications which check production for the want of outlets, and give one province over to famine whilst another is suffer-

ing from a surfeit; and in the diminution of home consumers by the decline of industry. Thus each step in the descending gradations of decay leads on to new declensions.

Low as agriculture has fallen, manufactures, being of less instant necessity, are still lower. With the exception of a few expensive establishments, which form appendages to the crown, and serve to check private industry, there are few fine commodities wrought in the Peninsula. Watches, jewelry, lace, and almost every thing requiring taste and ingenuity in the production, are brought from abroad. In general, each little place, deprived of all facilities for carrying on that internal trade and commerce of exchanges so invaluable to a country, produces, advantageously or disadvantageously, as the case may be, the few narrow necessaries which are indispensable to life. If we exclude, then, the establishments which are forced into sickly prosperity by royal protection, a few coarse fabrics of wool, cotton, silk, hemp, flax, paper, leather, and iron, compose the productions of Spanish industry. Spain is now the exporter of scarcely a single manufactured article. Thus we see the country, which in the fifteenth century furnished the rest of Europe with fine cloths, silks, and other luxurious commodities, now reduced in turn to a like condition of dependence.

As for the foreign commerce, which once spread itself over two oceans and into every sea, it is at present restricted to an occasional arrival from Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, at an uninsurable risk, and an exchange of raw commodities, such as silk, wool, wine, oil, figs, raisins, almonds, salt, and barilla, for the manufactured articles of foreign countries. Even that internal trade and free exchange of domestic productions, which constitute the most valuable branch of commerce, are no longer enjoyed without molestation. The poverty of communications, from the defective state of roads and utter absence of canals, with a single contemptible exception; the want of uniformity in weights, measures, and commercial regulations; the insecurity and fluctuating policy proper to despotism; the destructive imports levied at every step; the authorised and systematic vexations of mercenary custom-house creatures and police-men—all tend to check, and even arrest, circulation within; whilst the South American corsairs, pushed on by cupidity, interrupt the coasting trade at every headland, and force it to seek refuge under a foreign flag.

If agriculture, commerce, and the arts be in a fallen state, the condition of science and literature is scarcely better. The fine arts, however, forming, as they do, an appendage of a magnificent court, are still as well off in Spain as in the other coun-

tries of Europe. Sculptors and painters, not content with studying the noble models contained in the royal museums, are still sent to Italy at the public expense, even in the face of a national bankruptcy. During my residence in Madrid, statues arrived from Rome of Charles IV. and his queen Maria Louisa, beautifully executed by Spanish artists. If the chisel of the statuary was not flattered, Charles IV. was not less noble in person than ignoble in character. His statue might almost be taken for that of Washington. Whoever, therefore, may chance to see this marble image, will have something to qualify his detestation of the original. To be thus cheated into admiration were almost enough to make one quarrel with statuary. As for literature, it may not merely be said to be dying in Spain, but actually dead. The illustrious race of writers in poetry, in romance, in the drama, which arose there, before freedom of thought, and speech, and publicity, were lost with her other liberties, and ere the decline of industry and wealth had produced universal stagnation, is now extinct. A single living poet alone remains, or at least is known to fame. Yriarte, whose fables are equal to those of Æsop or La Fontaine, will long be read with equal profit and pleasure. Her Lope de Vega, her Calderon, Gongora, Garcilaso, Quevedo, her Alcmano, are only known to Spain traditionally, or to

the curious few through a scarce collection of antiquated tomes. Hardly any of these authors are reprinted at the present day; and were it not for fear of a tumult among the Spaniards, nothing would prevent the censor from proscribing their beloved champion Don Quixote. Indeed, the art of printing might be lost Spain, but for the publication of a semi-weekly gaceta, and a half dozen of diarios *.

* I do not feel qualified to speak of a literature with which I am little acquainted; the more so that I am not *critically* acquainted even with my own; nor would I willingly indulge in those patriotic partialities, which it is equally honorable to feel and unbecoming to express. Yet can I say, that with the exception of the Quixote, which is a book by itself, and from which I have derived more amusement than from any other, I have looked in vain among the Spanish authors which have been recommended to me, as I had before done among the French, for any counterparts of Shakspeare, Byron, Milton, Young, Thomson, Cowper, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Sterne, Irving, and the thousand worthies who have so illustrated our own language.

I would fain believe that this is not mere partiality for a native tongue. A German friend, not less frank than intelligent, who is familiar with all the prevailing languages of Europe, and by no means superficially read in their literature, thus writes to me from Amsterdam.—"You make me a compliment on my English writing; I thank you for the compliment, and forgive the jest, provided you forgive my presumption. I am not used to write in this language. It is true I read it much, and with delight. If I were not afraid lest I should forget the Spanish and Italian—the French is an every-day tongue with us here, and is out of the question—I would read nothing else. Let Calderon be what he may, to me he is not a shade of Byron. I have but begun Mariana; but I

Science is in an equally unhappy condition, though the seventeen splendidly endowed universities of Spain might well serve to stock the world with sages. That of Salamanca still boasts its sixty professors; its twenty-five colleges; its voluminous library; but its fame has fled, and of its fifteen thousand students which once flocked to gather wisdom in its halls, from England, France, and every country of Europe, a thousand poor Spaniards and Irishmen now alone remain to be bewildered and mystified. Laborde tells us that medicine is taught in the different universities of Spain, by professors who confine themselves to verbal explanations, except at Salamanca and Valencia, where alone are medical libraries and anatomical preparations. All who apply are freely admitted as students of medicine, without any previous examination. They continue to follow the courses for four years, taking down the lectures, from the dictation of the professors. Yet these manuscripts, crude as they are, form the main resource of the student in those universities, which have no medical library. The

do not think he will afford me the pleasure which Gibbon did, and which Hume now does. I like the few Italians I have read much better. But they neither suit my taste nor feelings like Byron. I think I never read an author who so spoke to my heart and soul as Byron. I could have wept when I found that Don Juan was not ended."

purchase of books, in Spain either dear or altogether deficient, is out of the question. The students are never examined during the course, nor even at its termination; nor is any notice taken of irregular attendance. Indeed, Laborde tells us that many of them are so miserably poor, as to be obliged to spend much of their time in dancing attendance about the doors of the convents and hospitals, to share in the gratuitous distribution of soup and puchero. After the expiration of this novitiate, two years more are spent in acquiring the practice of the profession. For this purpose they enter the service of a physician, accompanying him in his daily rounds to visit his patients; and thus learn the art of feeling a pulse, looking very wise, examining the tongue, &c. Reader, do you not see Gil Blas clinging to the skirts of Sangrado? His education is now finished, and, after a characteristic examination, the degree is given, and the doctor is complete. But he is not admitted until he receives a licence from the Protomedicate, or medical tribunal, after the fashion of the Mesta. He now undergoes a second examination on the theory of medicine, and is required during three days to physic an unhappy patient in one of the public hospitals; which, whether right or wrong, he takes care to do according to the method of the examiner. Lastly,

and here is the only stumbling-block, he is forced to pay nearly fifty dollars, ere he be turned loose upon the community.

From the nature of their education, the excessive number of the medicos, and their miserable emoluments, as well as from the qualities required for success, which are rather impudence and self-sufficiency than intelligence and skill, the medical profession in Spain is on the worst possible footing. With, doubtless, many honorable exceptions in the larger cities, the theory of Sangrado still prevails among the whole race of physicians, surgeons, and their first cousins the barbers. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when professional advancement does not depend upon the public confidence, purchased by years of patient assiduity, but on the intrigue of a moment, and the well-timed administration of a bribe? That this is the case generally throughout Spain, I feel entitled to assert. The surgeons and physicians are not selected at pleasure by every family, but appointed by the *ayuntamiento*, municipality of each town, now chosen from the inhabitants by the king, according to the standard of loyalty. The individual thus selected to take charge of the public health receives a fixed salary from the ayuntamiento, taken from the duties raised on the consumption of the town, and usually from the tax upon brandy. In return for this compensation, he is bound to attend

all the inhabitants of the place without further gratuity. The only check upon the man, therefore, is the dread of removal; but as a medico in Spain is a kind of fixture, this is merely imaginary; and the main dependence falls at last upon his goodness of heart and accidental capacity*.

* How far the ayuntamientos may be guided by conscientious considerations in their choice may be gathered from the following incident. Whilst in Madrid, Don Valentin, my worthy host, who usually gave me his company every morning, accompanying my chocolate with his cigarillo, chanced to mention one day in December, that the Diario had advertised that the place of medico was vacant in a neighbouring village; and that a friend of his, a learned doctor and an Old Castilian, had sent to ask his aid in applying for the office. He had sent his pretensions too; and putting his cigarillo between his teeth, Don Valentin drew out a sheet of paper, covered every where, except on the wide margin to the left, with neat writing of a curious antique character. Here was set forth the life of the applicant, his personal sacrifices for the cause of the altar and the throne, his great merits and acquirements, the treatises that he had written, and the cures that he had made, in spite alike of malady and mortality. As Don Valentin was going to the village in the afternoon, I thought there might be something learned by accompanying him; so, when he had taken dinner, we donned our cloaks, and, followed by the namesake of the British minister, the good dog Pito, away we went on our errand. A walk of eight miles brought us among the ruined habitations of the village, where we were not long in finding the secretary of the ayuntamiento. He was a stout, well-conditioned little man, in velvet breeches and doublet, and sat with much majesty behind several ranges of manuscripts, listening to a group of peasants. When the room was vacant, and none remained but the secretary, Don Valentin,

And now we come to the cause of all these consequences, and to the moral of our story. The Spanish government, down to the last accounts, was an unlimited monarchy, all power and authority residing ostensibly in the individual person of the king, who is not supposed to know any restrictions but those of his own will and that of the faction, which has restored him to the nominal possession of supreme power. This mighty individual communicates his behests through the medium of five secretaries of state. He is also assisted in his deliberations by a corps of worthies, appointed by himself and denominated the council of state. The council of Castile assists in affairs of state and in the administration of justice. In the provinces are also various high tribunals, such as the chanceries of Valladolid and Granada, the council of Navarre and the royal audiences of Caceres, Seville, Valencia, Barcelona, Palma in Majorca, Zaragoza, Oviedo, and Coruña. In other districts and in smaller

and myself, Don Valentin opened the object of his mission, and presented the credentials and pretensions of his friend. He said much of the merits of the pretender, much also of his generosity, naming the sum that he was willing to give to him who would help him to the office. This, however, he did after he had invited me, by a wink of his single eye, to withdraw, for fear of shocking official chastity. The matter was not yet settled when I left Madrid; but there was no doubt that the right to purge and bleed the good people of ——would be knocked down to the highest bidder.

places, the administration of the laws and dispensation of justice belong to the governors, corregidores, and alcaldes. The civil and criminal jurisprudence of Spain is contained chiefly in a code of laws of Gothic origin, called Siete Partidas, which Alonzo the Sage caused to be compiled in the vulgar tongue, and in a second code, entitled *Novisima Recopilacion*, which contains those since established, or that from time to time still emanate from the throne. The laws of Spain may be very good, but the great number of courts and appeals, with the consequent protraction of suits; the multiplicity of judges, advocates, and *escribanos*, who all must feed upon the litigant—but, above all, the chicanery and mercenary villany, with the power too of these last, so swerve and vitiate them, that justice in Spain is no longer justice*. It is, indeed, as likely to afflict the injured as the aggressor and the guilty; more so, perhaps, if, trusting to the justice of his cause, the former should neglect the use of bribery. The office of escribano, a species of notaryship, is peculiar to Spain—God be praised for it! According

* The state of law and justice in Spain may account in some degree for the horrid state of crimes there. Only a part of the crimes committed are ever brought under the cognizance of the courts; and yet, in 1826, there were 1233 men convicted of murder, 1773 of attempts to murder, and 1620 of robbery! This is a picture of the effects of misgovernment and vicious institutions too dreadful for contemplation.

to Laborde, he exercises the functions of secretary, solicitor, notifier, and registrar, and is the only medium of communication between the client and his judge. In any given suit, all the writings on both sides are collected together by the same escribano into a volume, of which he retains possession, loaning it from time to time to the opposite attorneys. He also registers the orders and sentences of the court, and notifies the parties concerned of each step in the suit, by reading the decrees, without, however, allowing them to be copied. He only can receive the declarations of the parties, and take the testimony of witnesses, putting what questions he thinks proper, and recording the answers as he pleases, without the interposition, and often in the absence, of the judge. The union of such important functions gives ample room for dishonesty, and this is still farther increased by a vicious regulation, which obliges the defendant, in every case, to choose the escribano of his adversary. If, in conjunction with these facts, it be remembered that the escribanos are very numerous and very needy, and that the example of peculation is furnished them by the higher functionaries, and impunity thus secured, it will not seem strange that they are so notoriously intriguing, dishonest, and open to bribery throughout the whole of Spain. Upon the whole, therefore, it would perhaps be better for Spain if she

were without government, without law, and if each individual were left the guardian of his own rights and safety. He might lose a little protection, but would be sure to escape from a great deal of plunder.

The revenue of Spain arises from a variety of duties and taxes, which are levied with little uniformity. The principal sources of it are the imposts collected at the maritime custom-houses, and at those of the interior for entering cities; these are denominated *Rentas generales.* Also the *Estancos*, or government monopolies of tobacco, salt, lead, powder, playing-cards, and sealed paper. In the two Castiles is the *Servicio de milliones;* an impost upon wine, oil, butchers' meat, vinegar, and candles. The *Alcabala* is a percentage formerly levied upon every sale of lands, estates, and furniture. In Arragon, instead of the hateful *Alcabala*, which offered such an insuperable bar to every species of circulation, a single contribution is paid, which is equally divided throughout that kingdom. At present this tax is paid in the shape of *octrois*, or gate duties, levied chiefly on corn, wine, oil, and the other necessaries of life. This tax is of course most onerous to the poor. In towns which are without either walls or barriers the *equivalente* is levied, assessing, as its name indicates, an amount equal to the production of the *octroi*. Navarre and the neighbouring pro-

vinces are relieved from many of these vexations by peculiar privileges of great antiquity. It is not, however, the respect of government for ancient usages, unless when it be a question of legitimacy, which protects the Navarrese from injurious innovation, but rather their proximity to France, and the consequent necessity of conciliation. The sale of the bulls of papal pardon and indulgence produces an immense revenue in Spain, half of which has been conceded to the crown. The principal is the bull of Cruzade, which is issued on the supposition of a perpetual war with the infidels, from Spain's holding the fortress of Ceuta in Africa. The possession of this bull, which the mass of Spaniards take care to buy, as a necessary step to presenting themselves for communion and absolution, concedes the right of eating milk, eggs, and butter, during Lent. These articles, if eaten without the bull, involve the fearful incurrence of *mortal sin*. The Flesh Bull, which is of higher price, authorises the purchaser to eat meat during Lent, except in Passion Week. The Defunct Bull is bought for the benefit of the deceased, and is of such a nature, that if the name of any dead man be entered upon it, a plenary indulgence is thereby conveyed to his soul, if it be suffering in purgatory.

Another branch of revenue is the *Excusado*, or right conceded by the church of appropriating in

each parish the tithes of the finest farm, as the privilege of the crown. Also the *Noveno decimal*, or the ninth part of the tithes collected every where by the ecclesiastics, and three and a half *per cent.* on such natural productions as pay no disme*. The military orders of Santiago, Alcantara, Calatrava, and Montesa, originally established, like the knights of Malta, to fight the infidels, and which have immense revenues connected with them, are now in the gift of the king. The lottery, which has offices in every town in Spain, is very profitable. Yet all these vicious imposts, which foster vice, beget misery, and offer innumerable impediments to enterprise and industry, go for the most part to feed the hosts of officers employed in collecting them, and who are ever happy to wink at fraud, when it may promote their individual interests. But thirty millions reach the treasury; and these—instead of being employed in objects of public utility, in endeavours to restore agriculture from its fallen condition, to awaken in-

* The tithe was originally levied with great severity; the bastinado or worse punishment being meted out to him who should withhold a tittle of the tenth which the church claims as the portion of the Lord. A single clause of the ancient law on this subject will show how little scrupulous priests are as to where their money comes from. The tenth was unsparingly exacted from all *malas mugeres de lo que ganan con su cuerpo*, and no doubt the worthy fathers often made use of the common composition in the collection of the disme by paying themselves in kind.

dustry, to open anew the channels of commerce—, are squandered for the most part in the profusion and display of a court, whose splendor reaches an excess equalled only by the opposite extreme of national poverty. The sums due for loans are got rid of by dishonorable compromise; the debts of honor to those who have spent their lives and shed their blood freely in the struggle for independence are cruelly cancelled; and yet, while this is doing, the royal family abates nothing of its extravagance; nor does it cease to maintain and annually visit its five magnificent palaces.

One fact may serve to give an idea of the miserable condition of Spanish finances, and of the little confidence attached to the most solemn obligations of government. The loan subscribed in France, under the sanction of its king, and for the payment of which the quicksilver mine of Almaden is solemnly pledged, was at between forty and fifty *per cent.* discount during my stay in Spain, although the interest of five or six *per cent.* has been invariably paid. The determination of government to observe its faith in this solitary instance seems, indeed, worthy of more favorable consideration. For we are told in a late *Constitutionnel* that the timely arrival of the frigate Pearl at Cadiz, with a million of dollars, had relieved government of the necessity of appropriating the sinking fund to the payment

of the French rents. Such is the hap-hazard existence of Spain; bankrupt in fortune and in fame, the government is only enabled to stagger on from day to day, under its load of debt and dishonor, by the support of the clergy, who mete out their money at the expense of the most ruinous concessions. Already do they demand the Inquisition: the council of Castile is in their favor; the king alone still clings to his remnant of power. But he may yield; for those who ask favors of the poor with money in their hands seldom meet with a refusal.

Notwithstanding the decayed state of the finances in Spain, or rather as an important cause of this decay, she has still a very formidable standing army. It consists of a splendid royal guard of twenty-five thousand men, and of troops of the line and provincial militia, under regular discipline, to the amount of fifty-five thousand; making a total of eighty thousand men. This force is regularly paid at present; but with such precarious finances, the army is rather a danger than a safeguard to the existing despotism,—especially if it be considered that liberal opinions and generous sentiments are ever first to gain ground among men, removed at once from home and its prejudices, and brought together in great numbers, with leisure and convenience for the discussion of every question. The moral courage and constancy of the Spaniard, not

less than his physical force, his capacity to endure fatigue, and patient subordination, combine in fitting him for the military life. But the vicious practice of taking the officers exclusively from among the nobles, who are not the most worthy and literally noble in Spain, instead of allowing them to rise by merit from the lowest ranks—a system to which France is indebted for a Soult, a Bernadotte, a Ney, a Murat, and a Massena—is a complete impediment to military excellence.

The navy of Spain, like much of her greatness, exists only in recollections of the past. In 1795 it consisted of eighty ships of the line and three hundred smaller vessels, with twenty thousand mechanics in the dock-yards, sixty-four thousand seamen, and sixteen thousand marines. But succeeding wars, consequent upon the French revolution, reduced it to half this force, and Trafalgar gave the death blow. Spain may now be said to have no navy; nor can this arm of power be restored until the primary step be taken of creating a commercial marine. As for the modern men of war of this nation, the few stragglers that remain, flying across the ocean, and abandoning their convoys to the contemptible armaments of South America, serve not so much for defence as for dishonor*.

* In speaking thus disparagingly of the Spanish navy, we should, perhaps, except the force stationed at Cuba, under the

The famous royalist volunteers amount to the number of three hundred thousand. They consist of the refuse of the population, principally in the towns and cities, and are moved entirely by the clergy, for the sake of religion or of money; their maintenance costing annually nearly twelve millions of dollars. The royalist volunteers are better armed, better clothed, and better disciplined than militia usually are. Their fidelity to the cause of the church—for, notwithstanding their denomination, they are her exclusive body-guard—is, I think, less doubtful than has been generally supposed. Not to take into consideration that spirit of fanaticism which moves a majority of them, they have as individuals rendered themselves obnoxious to justice by the commission of many crimes, impunity for which, as well as for others yet uncommitted, they can secure only by the maintenance of their devotion; as a body they have outraged the whole liberal party, and stirred up the deadly hate of individual families, by innumerable assassinations, perpetrated, it is said, at the instigation of the clergy. Their only hope of profit, therefore, their only chance for security, is found in perpetuating the present condition of affairs. With these means, then, Spain

command of Admiral Laborde. His ships are in very fine order, and, for either appearance or efficiency, would be creditable to any country.

would make a desperate war of resistance, especially if we consider the universal aversion to foreign interference; and, despite the powerful party of liberals, should the good-natured people of Britain take compassion upon Spain, and send her a ready-made constitution bolstered by bayonets, they would be likely to meet small reward for their generosity.

It remains for us to endeavour to form some further notion of the state of parties in Spain, and of the general character and customs of the people. With this view, the whole nation may be divided into the classes of nobility, inhabitants of cities, peasantry, and clergy. The nobility are very numerous in Spain, composing near a twentieth of the whole population. Their order originated at the time of the Gothic inroad, when the whole of the Roman population was degraded into the condition of slaves, and the feudal system was fastened upon the Peninsula. The Goths were a red-haired and fair-complexioned race; and hence, and from their rarity, the high estimation in which these are held throughout Spain, as a proof of gentle blood and Scandinavian origin. The invasion of the Saracens broke down these distinctions, and drove the whole aristocracy into the mountains of the North. This is the reason why, of near half a million of nobles that are found in Spain, a whole moiety belongs to the

small provinces of Biscay and Asturias, where every third man is a noble, though often only a servant, a shoe-black, or a waterman;—witness the Biscayan, so testy on the score of nobility, who had well nigh split the head and helmet of Don Quixote. When the tide of conquest began to flow back, and these mountains poured forth their regenerated and hardened inhabitants, some nobles of the old stock became distinguished for their prowess as commanders and partisans. These received the waste lands as they were recovered, together with the sovereignty of towns and villages. Thus the greater part of Spain was parcelled out among the captains, who took part in the conquest, and who lived and ruled, each in his territory, with the state and power of a petty prince, owning themselves little inferior to the king, who was looked upon as no better than the first noble. When not engaged in war with the Infidels, they had contentions and disputes among themselves upon territorial questions or for personal precedence; particularly during the minority of a king, when the most powerful pretended to the regency, and made war for the possession of his person.

Though the privileges of the Spanish nobility are still important, yet their power has been weakened and their influence destroyed by following the court, where they live luxuriously, and, not-

withstanding the immense incomes of many, are often embarrassed and poor. They do not live upon their estates, and not one in a hundred has any other than his city residence. A castled nobility and a country gentry are equally unknown in Spain. Thus the dignity and wealth of the order are completely frittered away and lost in the superior splendors of the throne, of which they have become the mere satellites; whilst the country is deprived of the good which they might do by living on their estates and improving them and the condition of the peasantry, in return for so much evil resulting from the unequal division of property. Their present effeminate and motiveless life entirely incapacitates them too for the career of arms, which they consider alone worthy of their condition. Many of the nobles are attached to the existing despotism, from the consideration that a change might deprive them of the property and privileges which they enjoy to the injury of the whole nation. Others, who have less to lose, and whose better education and knowledge of what is passing in other countries have opened their eyes to the unhappy condition of their own, are ready and anxious for a revolution. Upon the whole, the Spanish nobility, though without any fixed principles or peculiar policy, may, when taken collectively, be considered as belonging to the liberal party.

To this party belong also the inhabitants of cities, especially on the sea-coast, where a communication with strangers has favored the propagation of intelligence, and awakened the people to a sense of their rights. This forms, however, the least pleasing portion of the Spanish nation. They have adopted much of the costume and manners of foreign countries, and many of their vices, whilst they retain few of the nobler features belonging to the character of the peasantry. They have the pride, the vain-glorious and boastful disposition attributed to the Spaniard, with little of that sense of honor, that obstinate courage and unshaken probity which form his distinguishing characteristics.

The peasantry, including the inhabitants of the smaller towns and villages, on the contrary, still maintain much of the national character. Their courage, their vindictive spirit, their impatience of control, their hatred of foreigners and foreign interference, were all equally conspicuous in the late war of independence. Their devotion to the faith of their fathers, and their blind obedience to its priests, showed themselves at the same time, and still more in the late struggle between the constitution and the clergy, when the latter by their assistance would, doubtless, have triumphed eventually, even though unaided by the French. That this would probably have been the case, we may infer from the resolu-

tion which has been lately wrought in Portugal against the constitutional party, backed by the power of Britain; though that kingdom, from her maritime situation, and her long and intimate intercourse with free countries, might have been supposed more ready for liberal institutions than Spain. It is this blind devotion to their faith and its ministers, as yet but little troubled with doubts, that brings the Spanish peasantry, the most numerous and personally respectable class of the nation, into the party of the serviles, and that gives to this party its present preponderance.

But the clergy is the great and dominant body in Spain, which moves every thing at will, and gives impulse even to the machine of state. The earliest Spaniards are said to have adored one only God, to whom they erected no temples, and of whom they formed no images, but whom they assembled to adore in the open air at the season of the full moon. The natives, who have been ever of a devout and superstitious character, doubtless adopted successively the religion of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans. These, however, were all abandoned for Christianity, which spread itself over Spain in the earliest ages of the church. The Spaniards claim, indeed, to have been first converted by Saint James the Apostle; and no Arragonese dares to doubt that Zaragoza has been blessed by

the incarnate presence of the Virgin. Be this as it may, Christianity prevailed throughout Spain long before the coming of the barbarians of the North, who were either christianized by the way, or else converted soon after their arrival. The religion thus established was not molested by the Arabs. The conquered country still preserved its clergy and even its bishops; but as the customs, manners, and language of the Christians assimilated themselves to those of the Arabs, their religion likewise became tainted with the dogmas of Mahomet. At length, when the savage Moors of the Almohadian sect overran the country of the Saracens, all traces of Christianity disappeared. As, however, it was gradually won back by the Christians, their religion recovered the ascendancy and became exclusive. The clergy, too, who had not merely aided the warriors with their prayers, but had taken an active part in every battle, now shared in the spoil, and received lands, and even the sovereignty of towns and villages. This was the origin of the secular clergy in Spain, and of its rich endowment. The regulars were introduced long after, as an appendage of that dark and self-denying devotion of the middle ages which led the gloomy and ascetic to retire to caves and solitudes, there to pass their lives in pious exercises and undisturbed meditation. By and by individuals of this taste and turn of

mind united themselves in communities, to enjoy the godly conversation of each other, and spend their time in a uniformity of pursuits. Presently women began to follow the example and form similar associations. Nor were the pious and the penitent slow in bestowing benefactions upon these holy recluses. Those who had been guilty of many crimes, too, when tortured by remorse or touched by a deathbed repentance, now endowed convents upon the most magnificent scale, to receive their bodies after dissolution, with the stipulation that prayers might be offered and perpetual masses said to rescue their souls from merited perdition. Thus those communities which had been first instituted as asylums for self-torture and maceration were converted into the desirable abodes of untasked enjoyment and sensual gratification.

It is a painful task to speak of the morals of the Spanish clergy; but in a country where a rich and never-failing endowment holds out to indolence the prospect of wealth unpurchased by labor, where the hope of civil as well as religious preferment furnishes a lure to ambition, there is surely abundant room for unworthy inducements. There is indeed much reason to fear that utter infidelity is by no means uncommon; for in a church which lays claim to infallibility, and requires a blind belief in every dogma, the transition from Christianity to

positive atheism is not so wide; for to disbelieve in part—and there are, doubtless, some doctrines repugnant to reason—is to disbelieve altogether. And what is the consequence of imbibing skeptical opinions? Does the unbeliever proclaim his infidelity, and forswear his faith? By no means. He continues to fill the sacerdotal functions; for death would follow the disclosure, and, once a priest, always a priest. There are, however, undoubtedly, many individuals who devote themselves to the church from the purest motives. A young man enters upon the duties of his office, for instance, with the most exalted zeal and piety. He is led as a curate into the most intimate intercourse with his parishioners, and as the females are most at home, especially with them. The confessional, too, reveals the secret workings of hearts made for love and full of amiability. Nay, perhaps the acknowledgment of sinful indulgence shows the weakness of the individual, whilst a detail of the alleviating preliminaries, not less than the close contact of the lovely penitent, creates a fever of the blood, and besets the confidant of these dangerous secrets with irresistible temptation.

If the secular clergy be of impure morals in Spain, there is much reason to fear that the regulars are still more so. The monks go freely into the world, and are also employed as confessors,

though they are disliked for their filthiness, and their want of that urbanity which is only acquired by the intercourse of society. The nuns, to be sure, pass their lives in perpetual seclusion. A few, perhaps, enter their prison-house from a sense of devotion; but, immured for ever, after a short novitiate, devotion may sometimes die ere worldly longing be extinct. What conscientious obligations can they feel who have become inmates of nunneries from prudential considerations in a land where the establishment of females is checked by the decline of population? or who have been enticed by parental solicitation, or encaged by parental cruelty? As for the convent walls, and bolts and bars, they are ineffectual impediments when the passions are aroused. Though there may be few cases of monastic dereliction on record equally atrocious with that of the capuchin of Carthagena, who, when he had gained the reputation of a saint in the convent of nuns to which he was confessor, made use of his influence to persuade the sisters individually, to the number of thirteen—the remaining four of the flock being old and ugly—that the Saviour had appeared to him in the mass, and granted dispensation of their vows of chastity in his favor as a reward for their devotion, and that they might be completely associated with him in love, yet the manner in which this horrible sacrilege and

debauchery was punished by the Inquisition, with only five years' imprisonment in a convent of his order, would show little abhorrence for the enormity. It seems, indeed, that it is not enough that the convents in Spain should be, as they undoubtedly are, the abode of waning charms and wasted powers, of misery, misfortune, and unavailing regret; there can be little doubt that, if not so universally defiled as in former times, they are yet the frequent scene of sensual indulgence and its attendant crimes.

With all this, however, the immense number of the ecclesiastics in Spain, amounting to about one and a half *per cent.* on the whole population, and their corresponding wealth, give them great importance*. Indeed, while the nobility of Spain, who are three times as numerous, and whose possessions are infinitely more extensive, have no influence in the conduct of public affairs, the clergy, on the contrary, may be said to direct every thing at will. They are the best economists in Spain. Their estates are usually kept in good order, and, though they have been despoiled on every hand during the late wars, they are already able to administer from time to time to the necessities of the state. They have a still greater source of conse-

* There are in Spain, besides servants, sextons, and singers attached to the religious establishments, 60,000 seculars, 50,000 monks, and nearly 30,000 nuns.

quence and consideration in the power which they exercise upon the minds of the people through the medium of religion. Superstition has ever been a characteristic of the Spaniards; and their present exclusive faith, so long fostered by the Inquisition, has a sway, which, until the late convulsions of the Peninsula, may be said to have been universal. The skeptic spirit of the French Revolution has extended to Spain in a partial degree, and irreligion has gained some ground among the inhabitants of cities, who, as might be expected, pass from their late extreme of bigotry and superstition to the opposite one of utter infidelity. Even in Madrid, however, the curates still go round every Lent among their parishioners to see that they have confessed and received communion, which they ascertain by means of printed checks, which are given by the ecclesiastic who administers the sacrament. This practice is said in modern times to have given rise to a very scandalous custom. Prostitutes and poor women are in the habit of going round to a number of churches and chapels to confess and take the sacrament and receive the corresponding checks, which they afterwards sell to those who, whilst they are unwilling to resort to the confessional, are yet afraid to incur the displeasure of the clergy. But the great strong-hold of the church is the peasantry and lower orders, who form

the mass of the nation. Their influence over these they endeavour to maintain by the exterior display of virtue and humility, and by the exercise of charity, returning to the poor a portion of what they have originally plundered from them by the operation of injurious privileges. With a similar view, the curates mingle much among their flocks, taking an interest in all their concerns, and giving good advice when it is not their interest to give bad. This frequent and familiar intercourse makes them great adepts in the art of pleasing, and it is especially by means of it that they are able to move the minds of the females, and through them of the whole community. The confessional is, however, the great engine of their power. Through this they become acquainted, not only with what is passing in the world, but also in men's minds: it shows them not only all that has been done, but also all that is meditated.

The strong control which the clergy exercise over all the concerns of state may be attributed to the sovereign influence which they possess upon the mind of the nation, and to the operation of an obvious principle, the foundation of liberty in countries where property is duly divided, that those who contribute to the treasury of a government will have an authority in its councils. I have been credibly informed that the interest which the Spanish clergy

take in politics is so direct that they even have individuals of their body charged with particular branches of the public service. They receive and despatch couriers, and are often possessed, by newspapers and by the correspondence which they maintain with the whole world, of intelligence, before it is known to the visible government. The church in Spain forms indeed a species of freemasonry, acting in secret, and effecting the most important results by that perfect unity of will and sentiment which springs from a community of interests and from spiritual subjection. Their ignorance, though true of the body collectively, does by no means apply to those crafty individuals who direct their concerns, and who, though unheard and unseen, are extremely well informed of the condition of the world and of the general policy of its different nations. We are not, therefore, when we see a decree of the Spanish government breathing a spirit of bigoted intolerance, to ascribe it to this or that minister, but rather to some unseen bishop or father abbot behind the curtain.

From these causes, then, and not from the sovereign will of a single individual, originate those persecuting decrees and apostolic denunciations which have brought on Ferdinand the appellation of bloody bigot, and all the hard names in the calendar of abuse. There is much reason to believe, on the con-

trary, that he cares little for religion; and though, by way of flattering the clergy and the nation, he may once have made a petticoat for the Virgin Mary, yet, if the truth were known, he would doubtless be willing to do less for her ladyship than for any living Manola or Andaluza. The character of the present king is indeed little known in foreign countries, where, from the mere fact of being called *El Rey Absoluto*, every thing is supposed to emanate from his individual will. His character is not, in fact, so much a compound of vices, as made up of a few virtues and many weaknesses. He is ready to receive the meanest subject of his kingdom; and is said to be frank, good-humored, accessible, courteous, and kingly, in an unusual degree. He will listen attentively to those who appeal to him, appear convinced of the justice of what they ask, and promise compliance, without ever thinking again of the matter. Facility is his great foible, and yet is he occasionally subject to irritability, and disposed to be wrongheaded and have his own way, to the no small inconvenience of those who undertake to direct him. The faults of Ferdinand are partly natural, partly the effect of education. Instead of being trained up and nurtured with the care necessary to fit him for the high station to which he was born, his youth was not only neglected, but even purposely perverted.

Godoy, whose views were of the most ambitious kind, took great pains to debase the character and understanding of Ferdinand. With this view, and partly perhaps to get rid of his own cast-off courtesans, he not only abandoned him without restraint to the ruling passion of his family, but even threw temptation in his way, well knowing the debasing effect of those early indulgences which sap the moral and physical energies of youth. Thus a life of uninterrupted sensuality has deadened every manly and generous sentiment. The person of the king was noble and prepossessing in his youth, when he is said to have been the most graceful horseman of his kingdom. In 1808 he was the idol of every heart in the nation. Had he but proved worthy of this devoted loyalty, Spain would present us with a different spectacle. Even now, though his person has become gross by long indulgence, and his features heavy and sensual, yet is his appearance still rather pleasing than otherwise. There is about him a look of blunt good-humor and rough jollity, which gives a flat denial to the cruelty ascribed to him. He is said to have a leaning towards liberalism—weak, perhaps, in proportion to the inefficiency of his character, yet rendered probable by the fact, that he is now more detested by the ruling party, and acting under much more restraint, than in the most boisterous period of the Constitution.

The heir of Ferdinand and his probable successor is his brother Don Carlos. This is a very different man. Of a cruel disposition and fiery temperament, he either is or pretends to be a very great fanatic. Hence he is the idol of the clergy, who have made more than one attempt to raise him to the throne by popular conspiracies, and who wait with impatience for the death of the incumbent. I once heard a priest, in boasting his qualifications, say, that he would make such another king as Philip II. Should this prove true, Spain has before her a blessed futurity. His title will be Carlos Quinto, and he must be either very good or very bad in order to avoid insignificance. As for his figure, it is worse than contemptible, with a face strongly expressive of malice, cowardice, and irritability.

Don Francisco is the third brother; a little, fat, good-natured-looking man, with a red blotch upon his face. He is said to be intelligent, paints with considerable skill, and is a great chess-player. As his legitimacy was first acknowledged by the Cortes, he is supposed to have a leaning towards the abolished system. He does not resemble either of his brothers, and there can be little doubt that each had a separate father among the host whom the old queen admitted to her favors!—favors, however, they can hardly be called, if we consider either her ill-looks or her facility. Notwithstanding the

shameless manner in which she attempted at Bayonne to invalidate the legitimacy of Ferdinand, there can be little doubt, from his resemblance to Charles IV., that he alone of the three is the real son of his putative father.

The whole house may be considered a very degenerate race—partly perhaps from the nature of their education and the habits of the court, partly from such constant intermarriage with the same families. It has been much the fashion with them to take wives from the house of Braganza, from conformity of language and manners, or perhaps with the political view of reannexing that fine strip of the Peninsula to the Spanish monarchy. Ferdinand, after the loss of his first queen, married Maria Isabel de Braganza; Don Carlos took another sister, for whom Ferdinand, in his penchant for the family, is said to have cherished an incestuous inclination; and an uncle of the royal brothers, Don Sebastian, a fourth, the present titular Princess of Beyra. Thus this princess is, at the same time, aunt and sister-in-law to Ferdinand by marriage. She is his niece by blood, for the queen-mother of Portugal is his sister, and yet her son is his cousin. It was, perhaps, to check the deterioration resulting from this monstrous state of things, that Ferdinand sought his last wife in Saxony. The poor princess, fated to become the wife of Ferdinand, arrived in

Spain young, gay, sprightly, and fascinating. A picture of her which hangs in the palace represents a perfect Hebe. She was met upon the frontier by the escort appointed to receive her, separated from her female friends and confidants, stripped of all that could remind her of home, even to her apparel, and given over to the care and conversation of a bevy of ugly old ladies. She soon abandoned her soul to the priests and friars, by whom it was beset, and is now pining away, a prey to fanaticism and melancholy*.

Though it has been the chief design of this work to convey some notion of Spanish character and manners through the medium of narrative, yet it may not be amiss here to enumerate the peculiarities of the different provinces, and the leading traits which are common to the whole nation. Our remarks will apply chiefly to the common people, as it is only among them that the national peculiarities may be discovered. It has been by no means uncommon to describe this nation collectively, and to say, for instance—"The Spaniard is short and thin,

* Since dead, and replaced by a Neapolitan princess, sister to the king's first wife, and to the wife of Don Francisco. The liberal party are very anxious that the king should have issue, so as to exclude the bigot Don Carlos. This is now not unlikely, as the king has announced by proclamation the flourishing condition of his wife, and called upon all good Spaniards in both hemispheres to pray for a happy delivery.

with an olive complexion. He is grave and dignified, and has the graces. His dress is black, with a low and slouched hat and an ample cloak, under which he carries a very long sword, which he handles with great dexterity." Yet nothing can be more calculated to convey false impressions. What, indeed, can be more different than the costume of the different provinces? Contrast the red cap and long pantaloon of the Catalan with the airy braga and pendent blanket of the neighbouring Valencian, the close suit and jaunty attire of the Andalusian with the trunk hose and leathern cuirass of the Leones, or the sheepskin garments of the Manchego. Yet if their dress be different, their constitutions and characters are equally various. These variations may partly be attributed to the opposite origin of those who have at different periods conquered and colonized separate portions of the Peninsula—people from Scythia, Scandinavia, Greece, Africa, and Arabia; variety of climate, too, in a country of mountains and valleys, has doubtless done something; but that these striking distinctions should be maintained in face of each other during so many centuries can only be accounted for by the poverty of internal communications in Spain checking intercourse between the provinces, and by the deep-rooted prejudices of all for what they call "Our ancient customs"—"*Nuestros antiguos costumbres.*" Indeed, in physiognomy,

in dress, in manners, and often in language—in every thing, in short, but in those prejudices and that unity of faith which has been brought about by the Inquisition—each province of the Peninsula is distinct from every other.

Though the Spaniards are generally esteemed below the middle size, yet in Catalonia, Arragon, Biscay, and some parts of Andalusia, the inhabitants more frequently rise above the standard stature. They are generally famed for vigor and activity, and are almost always kept lean by their temperance, whilst their bodies are dried and hardened by the ardor of the sun. For the same reason, their complexions are generally tawny, or of an olive cast. Their hair is usually dark and crisp; eyes very black, heavy and languid on ordinary occasions, but in moments of excitement piercing and full of fire. Their teeth, when not destroyed by the use of paper cigars, are white and regular. Though their features, like their characters, are often of an exaggerated cast, yet on the whole, if we except some sections where the treacherous disposition of the inhabitants imparts a scowling and vindictive look to the physiognomy, the general expression of their countenances is grave and dignified habitually and on serious occasions; in moments of festivity lively, animated, and pleasing.

The distinguishing characteristics of the different provinces of Spain, according to the general accepta-

tion, confirmed by my own experience, as far as it went, are as follow:—The Asturians and Gallicians are civil, industrious, and of unshaken honesty. Ground down at home by the exclusive pretensions of the nobility and clergy, they are forced to seek employment abroad, at Madrid, Lisbon, Seville, and Cadiz, where they fill the stations of servants, porters, shoe-blacks, and water-carriers. When, however, they have collected a few hundred dollars, by dint of perseverance and industry, they return, like the Auvergnats and Savoyards, to close their days in their native mountains, where their little competency enables them to marry and rear up a new race of servants and watermen. The Portuguese are reputed as bigoted, as idle, and more boastful than the Castilians. I have often seen their pomposity ridiculed upon the Spanish stage. Though the Andalusian of some sections, and especially of the sea-port towns, has the reputation of being treacherous, vindictive, and blood-thirsty, yet this is not generally true of the people of the four kingdoms. The Andalusian is boastful, and yet brave, very extravagant in his conversation, and for ever dealing in superlatives. He hates the ungrateful toil of cultivation, which goes rather to enrich the proprietor than himself, but loves to be on horseback, and never wearies with journeying. Hence his dress is ever that of a horseman, and none makes

a finer figure in the saddle. The Murcians are listless, lazy, and prone to suspicion. They make no advances in the arts that embellish life, and will not even pursue agriculture, except to the extent necessary for mere existence. The lower classes are very treacherous, ever ready to drive the knife into the back of an unsuspecting enemy. The Valencian is intelligent, industrious, active, affable, and fond of pleasure. He is also light, frivolous, vindictive, and insincere. He has a very bad name throughout Spain; and I, at least, from the reception I received on entering the kingdom, have no right to think it unmerited. We know that the bravos and assassins kept in the pay of the great in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or hired for the occasion of momentary revenge by the guilty or the aggrieved, were almost all from the kingdom of Valencia. Peyron says that the tumblers and mountebanks of Spain are from the same kingdom. The Catalan is famous for his persevering and indefatigable industry. He is active and laborious, and has a love of liberty not common to the other provinces, and which has often led him to revolt. I found him wanting in the courtesy general to the Spaniard, and with an abrupt and vulgar bluntness bordering on brutality. The Arragonese, Navarrese, and Biscayans are famous for their industry, love of liberty, and spirit of independence. The Arra-

gonese are also charged with vain-glory, pride, and arrogance. The Biscayans are said to possess the same foibles, and to be filled with foolish notions of that nobility of blood which every third man is heir to. With the sunny locks and red complexions of the Goths, they have also inherited their irritable and impetuous disposition, their frankness, their social feelings, and hearty animation. The Castilians are generally esteemed for their uprightness, strength of mind, and solidity of character. Like their neighbours of Arragon, they are haughty, and like the Portuguese, idle. They are also the most profoundly grave, the most obstinately taciturn, the most blindly attached to their ancient customs, of all the people of the Peninsula. But though they speak little, and deal little in professions of friendship, yet are they often friendly, unaffectedly kind, and are notoriously honest, and of unshaken fidelity.

Such are some of the traits of the Spaniard, as he exhibits himself in the different provinces. Though no people can be so difficult to characterize collectively, yet are there also some qualities common to the whole nation. Among them, a blind and excessive bigotry may be considered universal; and gravity, though not found every where, is yet pretty general. But under this covering, even in Castile, where gravity is at the gravest, there is often found a force of feeling, a fund of animation and hidden

fire. If the Castilian awake to anger, the cloak of apathy falls; he is headlong, furious, frantic; it is the awakening of the lion;—if only to be pleased, the latent gaiety of his disposition shows itself in keen sallies; biting repartees, or pithy proverbs, borrowed, like Sancho's, from the national abundance, or made, like a few of his, for the occasion. Sometimes he gives way to mirth, wild, half crazy, and obstreperous. A disposition to speak and write in a bombastic style is not a rare foible in Spain, and is doubtless promoted by the noble and sonorous character of the language*. Neither is a disposition to have a high idea of himself and of his nation at all uncommon with the Spaniard. No bad quality this, however, if pride be a protection from meanness, and self-respect the beginning of respectability. That the Spaniard is passionate there can be no doubt; the fire of his eye, the impetuosity of his words and actions when excited, all testify to the

* This proneness to hyperbole and grandiloquism the Spaniard may doubtless owe to the eastern people, who so long held possession of the Peninsula. Much of that strange peculiarity, there so discoverable, was derived from the Moorish origin of its population; much also from the dominion of the Saracens. Those of the French who had made in succession the campaigns of Egypt and Spain found many things in common in the two countries. The castanet, the guitar, the singing of seguidillas, and dancing of fandangos, are among the number.

truth of the accusation. But it is the ardor of the climate, and the heating nature of the aliments, which in this dry region derive their chief nourishment from the sun, that help to make him so. The stranger, if disposed to quarrel with this generous ebullition, without which there can be neither greatness nor glory, may, perhaps, find some apology for the Spaniard in the quickened fervor of his own feelings. And this is the cause why the Spaniard is sometimes vindictive and cruel. He loves fervently, and hates with fury; his devotion is only equalled by his revenge. The history of our own time might go to prove that he is savage in war, and merciless in the moment of victory. But, in order to appreciate the conduct of the Spaniards in their war of independence, we should think of their situation, the poverty of their resources, the absence of all organization at a time when they were beset by the organized energies of Europe. We should consider these things, before we blame them for skulking behind trees and rocks to destroy their enemies singly, or for throwing them headlong into wells, when they were drinking unsuspectingly at the curbstone. But above all, we should think of their wrongs; we should remember that they were struggling for liberty. The French themselves, who took an unwilling part in this unholy war, are first to praise the character of their enemies; and

if there are many cases of cold-blooded cruelty on record, there are also not a few of the most generous devotion to save individual Frenchmen from popular fury*. If we accuse the Spaniards of a love of crime, a propensity to plunder rather than to labor, and adduce the hordes of banditti which have infested Spain for centuries; though no one can dispute the fact, yet some and much mitigation may be found in the lawless state of a country, where innocence and patriotism are often more obnoxious to *justicia*—I will not call it justice—than crime, when coupled with complaisance.

Indolence is one of the greatest reproaches of the Spanish character. But this is no more true of the Catalan, the Biscayan, the Gallego, than it is of the Briton or the Dutchman. It may be said to prevail only in the central provinces, where enterprise has no outlet, and where industry is without a motive. There agriculture is the only resource; and what inducement is there for the unhappy boor to toil that others may eat, or to labor that his betters may enjoy? Hence, and hence only, that supine indolence which is so striking a characteristic of the Castilian. To say, as is often said, that it is the pride of the Spaniard that keeps him from menial toil, is a mere absurdity. When was ever

* See the interesting Memoirs of Rocca.

pride proof against poverty? If there be a necessity of enduring fatigue, journeying without rest, without food, and yet without a murmur, from morning till night—there is none to equal the Spaniard. This remarkable capacity of the Spaniards to endure fatigue proceeds, doubtless, from the spare and sun-dried, yet vigorous and athletic, character of their bodies, and from the temper which the physical constitution imparts to the mind. To this and to their dauntless bravery is it owing that they make, when disciplined, such noble soldiers; nor is it a little remarkable that they have possessed the same characteristics since the remotest times.

Mariana gives the following description of the original Spaniards. "Gross and destitute of breeding and politeness were our savage forefathers; their disposition warlike and unquiet, rather of wild beasts than men. They were given to false religions and the worship of their gods. Such was their obstinacy in keeping secrets, that even the most horrible torments had no power to shake them. In war their sustenance was coarse and simple; their common drink water, and seldom wine. The lightness and activity of their bodies were wonderful, and they were by nature capable of enduring hunger and fatigue." Plutarch, in his life of Sertorius—that great hero, who gained such ascendancy

over the Spaniards by his personal superiority, and by working upon their superstitions, that, from a houseless exile in the cause of Marius, he became master of nearly all Spain, and well nigh founded an independent empire,—tells us, that "Metellus did not know which way to turn himself, having to do with a man of undaunted boldness, who was continually harassing him, and yet could not be brought to a pitched battle; for by the swiftness and dexterity of his Spanish soldiery Sertorius was able to change his station, and cast his army into every kind of form. Thus, though Metellus had great experience in conducting heavy-armed legions, when drawn up in due order into a standing phalanx, to encounter the enemy hand in hand, and overpower him by force; yet he was not able to climb up steep hills, and to be continually upon the pursuit of a swift enemy; nor could he, like them, endure hunger, nor live exposed to the weather, without fire or covering."

That the Spaniards, as a people, are ignorant, supremely ignorant, it is impossible to dissemble; but this comes from the control of education; being altogether in the hands of the clergy, who exert themselves to maintain that ignorance to which they are indebted for their power. From all that I saw of the Spaniards, I formed the most favorable notion of their genius and capacity; their untutored mother-

wit and native sagacity are as notorious as Sancho Panza. And to say nothing of the great names in every department of excellence which embellish her history, is it not enough for Spain to have produced a Cervantes?

Temperance is, and ever has been, a distinguishing characteristic of the Spaniard. Sparing and unmindful in his diet, his aversion to drunkenness amounts to detestation. Mention is said to be found in Strabo of a Spaniard, who threw himself into the fire, because some one had called him a drunkard; a whimsical extravagance, the recounting of which, whether true or false, speaks volumes in favor of Spanish sobriety. If it be a noble quality, too, to maintain silence at every extremity, when it might injure others, or be unworthy to speak, what credit is there not due to the Spaniard for that depth of secrecy of which he has given so many brilliant examples*? To prove the extreme of Spanish probity, the firmness of Spanish faith, it may be sufficient to adduce a single instance, incidentally mentioned by Voltaire. When war broke out between France and Spain, in 1684, the Spanish king endeavoured to seize the French property in

* The late French papers give an interesting account of the execution and obstinate silence of Jeps de l'Estang, a fierce robber, set on to rebellion by the clergy and Carlists.

his kingdom; for which purpose he invited the factors to share the spoil with him; but *not one* Spaniard would betray his French correspondent! That loyalty to their kings and attachment to the existing state of things, which in our day have been carried too far by the Spaniards, are on the whole advantageous qualities, and would prove powerful engines in the hands of a well-disposed prince. When they are prepared for good and wholesome institutions, their constant character will secure them perpetuity. That the Spaniard should be devout and pious, that he should give himself, heart and soul, to that faith which he believes the only true one,—is it not subject of commendation? If, then, we compare the virtues and the vices of the Spanish character, is there not much room for favorable opinion, and even for admiration?

Among the general characteristics of the Spanish people, their language may not be improperly numbered. For, though the Limousin or Provençal, the old language of the troubadour, is the popular tongue of Catalonia and Valencia, whilst in Biscay, Alava, and Guipuscoa they have the Basque, a harsh and peculiar dialect, which has existed since the earliest times, even before the coming of the Romans; yet the Castilian is now so widely diffused over the Peninsula, that it has received the

general appellation of the Spanish language. And here it may not be amiss to say something of its origin.

How far the language of the original Spaniards may have been modified during the Phœnician domination is now unknown. It is certain, however, that the complete conquest and final identification which took place under the Romans had the effect to supplant a rude language, inadequate to express the objects and ideas which belong to a condition of refinement. This change might, perhaps, have been facilitated by the previous existence of several dialects, resulting from the various origin of its population. Be it as it may, the Latin language was universally adopted in the Peninsula, with the customs and manners of the metropolis, Biscay alone still retaining its barbarous and characteristic dialect.

When the northern barbarians overran the whole of Europe, and pushed their way beyond the barrier of the Pyrenees, the Peninsula became the residence of two distinct nations, speaking distinct languages. But the barbarians being far inferior in numbers to the conquered people, and of inferior civilization, naturally adopted a language, which, whilst it was that of the majority, furnished them with names for things with which they now first became acquainted, and which was far better

adapted to express the sentiments arising in a more civilized condition. This, however, was not effected without modification. The construction of the Latin underwent a few changes; the verbs still maintained their conjugations with little variation; but the declension of nouns was now effected more simply by annexing prepositions, instead of altering their terminations. A large addition of duplicates was made to the catalogue of the nouns, and a more natural and easy arrangement was introduced in the structure of sentences. Thus modified, the language now received the name of Romance, to distinguish it from the pure Latin, which continued in general use among the learned until the reign of Don Alonso the Sage, who first caused the laws to be written in the vulgar tongue. That the Latin should have suffered less modification in Spain than in Italy will not seem strange, if it be considered that the greater contiguity of Italy to the land of the barbarians would naturally invite more numerous settlements than the remoter regions of the Peninsula.

The invasion of the Saracens had well nigh extinguished the noblest language of Christendom. They came in far greater numbers than the Goths, and wherever they established their domination, the Arab became the prevailing tongue. Happily, the exiled Romance still preserved itself in the

mountains of Asturias, together with the christian faith, the bones of her saints, and that spirit of patriotism which was to win back the whole of the Peninsula. The cities, mountains, and rivers of Spain, received almost everywhere Arabian names; they are still preserved, and the Romance likewise borrowed a number of new nouns, which may still be readily discovered by their guttural pronunciation. To these several sources, then, is Spain indebted for the many synonymous words, and such as have narrow shades of distinction, which give such richness and variety to her language.

The Castilian language, deriving its foundation from the Latin, began by being a highly cultivated tongue. It has been gradually simplified and improved by popular usage, and by the great men who have written in it, from the old romanciers down to Cervantes and Calderon; and in later times by the labors of the learned society to whose care the national language is especially intrusted. This society has produced a dictionary and grammar, of which it may be said, as the greatest possible praise, that they are worthy of their subject. There every thing is defined by invariable rules, which are in all things conformable to reason. The pronunciation of the Spanish is rendered very easy, in consequence of every word being spoken precisely as it is spelt. Some letters

do, indeed, take a different sound in particular situations; but the exceptions are uniform and invariable. The proper and approved pronunciation is that of the Castiles. In Andalusia, it is soft and sweet; but slightly different from the standard in some particulars, especially in the sound of *c* preceding an *e* or *i;* in Andalusia it is pronounced as *s;* in Castile as *th,* and any other sound is esteemed abominable. Thus *Cena* would be Sena in Andalusia, and Thena in Castile. As, however, Andalusia has been foremost in colonizing the New World, it has given its peculiar pronunciation to those extensive regions, and must eventually carry the day by force of numbers; thus rendering acceptable and polite that which is now rejected as barbarous and provincial.

In its present state, the Spanish language is perhaps the most excellent of all. Like the Italian, full of vowels, it lends itself with ease to the uses of poetry, and furnishes the most graceful garb to a happy idea. In what other language, indeed, could plays, which have been admired during centuries, have been written in verse and enacted in a single day? Yet was this more than once done by Lope de Vega. Though in the hands of the unskilful, the Spanish, from its very richness, is apt to degenerate into bombast, yet, what can be more noble than Spanish prose, such as we read in the periods of Jovillanos?

As a spoken tongue the Spanish is unequalled; for whilst its graceful inflexions and sonorous cadences please the ear even of one who does not understand them, the mind is delighted and self-love flattered and gratified by a thousand happy proverbs and complimentary expressions, which have grown into use among a witty and courteous people. In the pulpit the Spanish is dignified and solemn, requiring but a little skill and feeling to kindle it into eloquence; at the head of an army it is prolonged, powerful, and commanding; in ordinary discourse it is expressive, sprightly, and amusing; from an enraged voice, its gutturals are deeply expressive of hatred and detestation; as the language of a lover, as the vehicle of passion, the Spanish has an earnest eloquence, an irresistible force of feeling; in the mouth of woman it is sweet, captivating, and fraught with persuasion.

In his manners the Spaniard is dignified, and yet full of courtesy. He is not fond of exercising hospitality because he is poor, and because the Inquisition and its present substitute the police have rendered him suspicious. For the same reason he is backward in intruding his presence and imparting his opinions, whence he has been called unsocial. Contempt for petty inconvenience, and superiority to trivial and unbecoming impatience, are common qualities in Spain. The humblest peasant, the

meanest muleteer, has, in fact, a certain air of independence, a sense of inferiority to no man, which breaks down the barrier of factitious distinction, and makes one feel himself in the presence of an equal. Notwithstanding the immense distinction of classes in Spain, I have nowhere seen more equality in the ordinary intercourse of life. The great seem to forget their greatness, and the poor their poverty. Of the two, the peasant has the nobler and more princely bearing.

But if the Spaniard is courteous in general, he is especially so in his intercourse with the other sex. It is then that he waves both dignity and independence, and owns himself inferior. There is indeed a humility, a devotedness, in Spanish gallantry, of which we have no idea: *A los pies de usted Señora!* accompanied by a bow and bearing of corresponding humility, is but the prelude to a long series of the most devoted courtesies. Woman here, even in the lowest stations, is never subjected to the menial drudgery of France and Switzerland; but seems born only to embellish life. Ignorant of all that pertains to learning and book lore, she is yet a deep-read adept in the art of pleasing. Ever ready and most happy in conversation, she dances and does every thing with a native grace unattainable by mere cultivation; touches her guitar as if by a gift, and sings with the eloquence that passion only can

inspire. The Spanish woman is indeed a most fascinating creature*. Her complexion is usually a mellow olive, often russet, rarely rosy, and never artificially so. Her skin smooth and rich—face round, full, and well proportioned, with eyes large, black, brilliant, and speaking; a small mouth, and teeth white and regular. As for her shape, without descending to particulars, which might lead to extravagance, it is sufficient to say that it is beautifully—nay, exquisitely formed, and of such perfect flexibility, that when she moves every gesture becomes a grace, and every step a study. Her habitual expression is one of sadness and melancholy; but when she meets an acquaintance and makes an effort to please, opening her full-orbed and enkindling eyes, and parting her rich lips to make room for the contrasting pearl of her teeth, or to give passage to some honied word, the heart must be more than adamant that can withstand her blandishments. Nor is the Spanish woman only beautiful; she is not changeful in her loves, though

* The Spanish women are more easy to characterize than the men; for they are much more uniform in dress, manners, and appearance; perhaps, because the different nations who have conquered the Peninsula may have brought no women with them; for, though well enough at home, they are but poor companions upon a march. The reader need not, however, suppose this the portrait of every woman in Spain. The ugly are to be found there as well as in other countries.

fond and passionate and peremptory. She is capable of the greatest self-devotion, and history has recorded acts of heroism in her honor which are without example. If, indeed, Joan of Arc be taken from the ranks of humanity, and accounted either more or less than a woman, where may we find equals for Isabel Davalos, Doña María de Pacheco, and the Maid of Zaragoza?

There is, however—let us show the whole truth—one female virtue, which, though it may belong to many in Spain, is yet not universal—and this is chastity. It is no longer there, as in the days of Roderick de Bivar and his good Ximena. Alas! the Spanish dame of our day is often no better than she should be—no better than Doña Julia. I know not whence this decline of morals, if not from the poverty of the country; which, whilst it checks marriages and the creation of families, cannot check the passions enkindled by an ardent clime. It is to be feared that, though positive prostitution be less common in Spain than in other countries, there is little regard for the vows of matrimony, even in the villages, where, if at all, one looks for virtue. Though conflicting loves and connubial jealousies often lead to deadly strife among the common people, very frequently to the destruction of the female, yet in the cities husbands have become more gentle, and the duels, so com-

mon a century or two since, are now entirely unknown. The mantilla, too, borrowed from the Saracens as an appendage of oriental jealousy, instead of concealing the face, now lends a new charm to loveliness. The aunt and the mother still totter at the heels of virginity with watchful eyes; but the wife has no longer occasion to hoodwink her duenna, ere she receive the caresses of her cortejo.

In conversation, too, the freedom of the Spanish women is carried to such an extent, that matters are often discussed among them without any sense of indelicacy, that here would not be even adverted to, and equivoques uttered, that are sometimes any thing but equivocal. Yet, though these liberties of speech are so freely indulged in, there are others esteemed more venial among us, that are not there tolerated even upon the stage. Thus, with their ardent temperaments, ready to take fire at the slightest contact, a kiss is ever considered the sure foretaste of the greatest favors. But if females in Spain are not all that they ought to be, let us not blame them too severely. Woman is born there, as every where, with that strong desire to please, which constitutes the chief attraction and loveliness of the sex, and which is in fact but another name for amiability. It is to please the Mahometan taste of the Spaniard that she leads a sedentary life and grows fleshy, and it is also for his gratification that

she consents to be frail. And hence, wherever woman is vile, there is too much reason to fear that man, too, is worthless.

But let me not assume the vileness of Spanish women, nor infer the worthlessness of the men. Let me rather from the many beautiful qualities of the one deduce the excellence of the other. With all the foibles of these fair Spaniards, they are indeed not merely interesting, but in many things good and praiseworthy. Their easy, artless, unstudied manners; their graceful utterance of their native tongue; their lively conversation, full of tact and pointed with *espièglerie*; their sweet persuasion; their attention to the courtesies of life, to whatever soothes pain or imparts pleasure; but especially their unaffected amiability, their tenderness and truth, render them at once attractive and admirable. Their faults are few, and grow out of the evils which afflict their country. A better state of things will not fail to mend them. Their good qualities are many, and are altogether their own.

It has been our endeavour here to convey a succinct view of Spain and of her inhabitants. From what has been stated, it appears that the adhesion of the people to a state of things, which has reduced their country from a proud and becoming pre-eminence to its present unworthy condition, can only be accounted for by their poverty and ig-

norance, and by the strong influence of the clergy, who move them with the double lever of wealth and religion. The best chance that Spain could have had for quiet regeneration would have been, perhaps, under the enlightened despotism of such a king as Joseph; a prince, whose sagacity would have led to the redress of grievances, whilst his goodness of heart would have tempered the evils resulting from sudden innovation. But Joseph was a usurper and a stranger, and the national dignity would have been shocked by growing better under his auspices. Joseph has been supplanted by Ferdinand. The constitution, too, has had its day, and some other means must be looked to now, to effect the business of regeneration. Happily they are not wanting. There is in Spain a party of men, who have been awakened to a sense of their rights during the struggles of the present century, and who have known what it is to taste the pleasures of unrestrained liberty in speech and action. The representations of these men—nay, the very persecutions which they suffer, must add new numbers to the list of liberals, until they shall cease to be a minority. And thus that ecclesiastical influence, which has crushed Spain during so many centuries, must gradually go down. It is already declining. The monks are much decreased by the destruction of their convents, and the partial alienation of their

estates; the idle will soon cease to prefer a life, which from being peaceful has become precarious. The clergy have lost much popularity since the last revolution; for the people do not find that their condition has been much improved by the downfal of the constitution. The *dime*, which is a debt of conscience, and may therefore serve as a measure of the popular love, is now dwindled into a twentieth. The progressive improvement of the whole world, and that spirit of liberty which is shaking old Europe to the centre, must also be felt in Spain. The influence of free, happy, and enlightened France, now at last completely mistress of her destinies, will not be arrested by excisemen, nor by soldiery. The Pyrenees will offer but a feeble barrier to arrest the passage of thought and sentiment. The Spaniards will soon begin to compare conditions, and ask themselves, why are Frenchmen happy and we miserable? Are they more generous, more valiant, more loyal, more persevering, more patriotic? They are not. Then why should they be respected and powerful, whilst we are become the scoff of the whole world? It is because they have no clergy, owning the best of the soil, and passing their lives in untasked enjoyment; because they have no nobles and lordly proprietors dividing the country among themselves, and living by the labor of the industrious; because each cul-

tivator tills his little field, nor fears to improve it, since he knows that it will descend thus improved to his children; because all men are born to the strictest equality; because justice is there administered with more certainty and expedition than in any other country; and because they have a government, not for plunder but protection. And now, the next question is, how did France arrive at these results, and what course must that nation follow that would imitate her example? It was the revolution! Methinks I see Spain, as this magic word reverberates through the land, shaking off her long lethargy, and preparing for the struggle.

She now discovers that the clergy, in so long controlling and directing her in this world under the plea of securing her happiness in the next, did but cajole her with the view to promote their own temporal interests. The blind devotion of so many centuries is at once converted into the most dreadful detestation; and Spain seeks to expiate her past bigotry by present infidelity, and by ungovernable rage against religion, its rites, its altars, and its ministers. And if France, the land of good humor, gentleness, and unaffected amiability, was converted by a sense of long sustained injury into a nation of monsters, what will become of Spain, where the passions burn with tenfold ardor, and where man has long groaned under tenfold oppression?

It would seem that there is much chance of a revolution in Spain at some future day, and that when it arrives it is likely to be terrible. But when it shall have passed, with a fearful yet regenerating hand, over this ill-fated country, removing the abusive institutions and unjust privileges which have borne so long and so hardly upon her, and she shall have passed, as France has done, through the various ordeals of spurious liberty and military despotism, intelligence may have a chance to creep in, and the people may at length turn their attention to the enjoyment of life and the development of their resources. Nature has been most kind to Spain. Her bowels teem with every valuable production, her surface is every where spread with fertility; a kindly sun shines always forth in furtherance of the universal benignity. Her almost insular situation at the extremity of Europe releases her from the dangers of aggression; and whilst the ocean opens on one hand a convenient high road to the most distant nations of the earth, the Mediterranean, on the oth[illegible]cilitates her communications with the rich[illegible]s that enclose it. Her coasts, too, indent[illegible]finer ports than are elsewhere seen, and her [illegible]rs, not deformed by those fearful storms, whi[illegible]over more northern seas with wrecks and ruin—all, in connexion with her internal wealth, furnish the happiest adaptation to

commercial pursuits. Thus, whilst her native riches and fertility make trade unnecessary to the greatness and prosperity of Spain, her situation enables her to pursue it with unequalled advantage. Surely, where God has been thus good, man will not always remain ungrateful.

In taking leave of Spain, let us indulge a hope, that, though her futurity looks ominous, and full of evil forebodings, the present century may yet see her safely through the storm, and leave her, as she deserves to be, rich, respected, and happy.

THE END.

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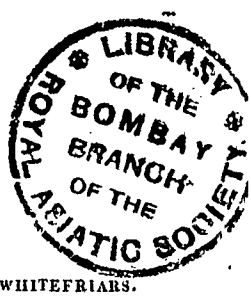


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